THE BOOKMAN

Christmas Double Number

WITH WHICH IS PRESENTED

A PORTFOLIO OF DRAWINGS IN COLOUR

By W. G. SIMMONDS

Illustrating Scenes from "Hamlet"

Frontispiece in Colour by ARTHUR SEVERN, R.I.

and other full-page colour plates by

J. M. W. TURNER
HUGH THOMSON
FLORENCE HARRISON
FORD MADOX BROWN
FRANK REYNOLDS
THE EARL OF CARLISLE

and other well-known artists

Principal Literary Contents:

Scimitar and Broadsword (Disraeli and Bright) By WALTER SICHEL

The Painter Collaborates By PHILISTINE

The Ideal Christmas By PERCY WHITE, MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS, ARTHUR RACKHAM, G. B. BURGIN, JOHN HASSALL, H. DE VERE STACPOOLE, AND MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

What was the English Reformation? By DR. WILLIAM BARRY

Fairyland By KATHARINE TYNAN

The New Maeterlinck By HOLBROOK JACKSON

Mr. Noyes's Poems. By F. G. BETTANY

The Literary Taint

A Novelist's Recollections By LILIAN QUILLER COUCH

The History of Colour-Printing By M. H. SPIELMANN

The White, White Lure By J. E. PATTERSON

Psychology and Romance By EDWARD THOMAS

Out in China By MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE

Wagner By REGINALD R. BUCKLEY

Dear Loyalty By COULSON KERNAHAN

Lafcadio Hearn By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK

George III. and Hannah Lightfoot By WALFORD D. GREEN

Alongshore By F. T. BULLEN

A Policeman's Lot By TIGHE HOPKINS

The Slopes of Parnassus By DARRELL FIGGIS

History and the House of Lords By THOMAS SECCOMBE

Etc. Etc. Etc.

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENTS

HODDER & STOUGHTON

ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

We mentioned in our last year's Christmas Number that it was the largest Christmas Number we had ever issued. But it is so no longer, for this year's is larger still. We present with it a portfolio of beautiful colour-engravings by Mr. W. G. Simmonds illustrating scenes from "Hamlet," and an unusual number of full-page colour-plates by J. M. W. Turner, Ford Madox Brown, Arthur Severn, Hugh Thomson, Florence Harrison, Frank Reynolds, and other well-known artists. The three-colour picture on our cover is from one of Frank Reynolds's illustrations to "Pickwick." With its numerous illustrated articles and reviews and two large illustrated Supplements we think it will be found that we have amply justified our announcement that this Number of the BOOKMAN would form the most reliable and exhaustive guide available to the books of the season.

From a drawing by Joseph Simpson. **Mr. Frank Brangwyn,**

Whose life and art are the subject of Mr. Shaw-Sparrow's new book, "Frank Brangwyn and his Work," published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., with whose permission we reproduce this portrait.

The January BOOKMAN will be a Joseph Conrad Number and will contain a special article on Joseph Conrad and his work by Perceval Gibbon. Other important articles in that number will include "Robert Browning," by Professor Saintsbury; "The Greatest of the Governor-Generals," by Dr. George Smith, C.I.E.; "Spell-Land," by Coulson Kernahan; "An Englishman in Ireland," by Shan F. Bullock; "Problems of To-day," by Y. Y.; "Good Gossip," by Walter Jerrold; "The Nature of Freedom," by Stephen Reynolds; "Average Humanity," by Professor Adams; "Lord Rosebery's Chatham," etc.

"The Great Empress Dowager of China" (Hutchinson) is Mr. Philip W. Sergeant's sixth biography, the more successful of the others being "The Courtships of Catherine the Great" and "The Empress Josephine, Napoleon's Enchantress." Mr. Sergeant was educated at St. Paul's School and Trinity College, Oxford, and after a period of taking private pupils he turned to literature, first as occasional contributor to the *Daily Chronicle*, with which his late father, the well-known journalist Lewis Sergeant, was connected for over thirty years. Mr. Sergeant was assistant editor of the *Outlook* when it started; in 1900 he went to Hongkong and for four and a half years edited the *Hongkong Daily Press*; and it was then, after he came back from China, that he began to write books. He has been accused of writing only about Empresses; this is not strictly true, though he holds a theory that a book about a celebrated woman attracts more readers than one about a celebrated man—with the exception of Napoleon. So far he has not

Miss Mary L. Pendered.
Photo by Ernest H. Mills.

written a novel, but he has given advice on many, for in addition to being author and journalist, Mr. Sergeant is a literary agent.

Miss Mary L. Pendered is well known as the author of some dozen novels and of many excellent short stories and articles for the magazines. Her new book, "The Fair Quaker," is a new departure for her; it is to some extent a biography, but is perhaps more accurately described as an inquiry into one of the most fascinating mysteries in English annals. It deals with the love story and remarkable disappearance of Hannah Lightfoot, known as the Fair Quaker, and declared to have been the legal wife of George III. One of her sons called himself "the rightful King of England." Certain documents referring to her lie impounded at Somerset House, and to this day nobody is allowed to examine them. Miss Pendered has been working on this book for eighteen months, aided in the necessary researches by her nephew, Mr. J. H. Pendered, and by several prominent writers who have afforded her valuable assistance.

Miss Pendered has also finished a novel, "The Secret of the Dragon: A Romance Ancient and Modern," which Messrs. Harper are publishing early next year. She spent several years in writing this story; it follows somewhat the lines of one of her most charming tales, "Musk of Roses," having a garden atmosphere, but this is mingled with alchemy, magic, and mystery, and it has more plot than has been usual with her stories. She has another novel, to be called "The Ankle-Biter," about half-finished. This again is a country tale, for Miss Pendered feels most at home in country scenes and especially in a garden. She has a good many short stories of country life (all placed in Mercia) in readiness and hopes shortly to collect these in a volume that shall be illustrated with dainty pictures.

Although the Thackeray Centenary does not occur until July of next year, the Titmarsh Club has appointed a committee to take charge of the celebrations. There will be a public dinner on the day of the anniversary, and a few days earlier the Titmarsh Club will invite to dinner the Brethren of the Charterhouse in honour of the author of "The Newcomers." Further, during July a Thackeray Exhibition will be held at the Charterhouse, and Mr. Lewis Melville, the Hon. Sec. of the Committee, will be glad to hear from the owners of Thackeray MSS., portraits, relics, etc., who will be willing to allow their treasures to be shown. The Committee is representative of many interests, and its members are his Excellency the American

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Miss May Morris,**

Who is editing in twenty-four volumes the Collected Works of her father, William Morris, for Messrs. Longmans.

Photo by Moyse, Putney. **Mr. Starr Wood,**

The well-known black-and-white artist, who has this Christmas published the first number of a humorous Annual of his own, which is reviewed in the Supplement.

Ambassador, Mr. W. Laurence Bradbury, Dr. W. L. Courtney, the Master of the Charterhouse, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Mr. Walter Jerrold, Mr. Sidney Low, Mr. Lewis Melville, Mr. Thomas Seccombe, Mr. Reginald J. Smith, K.C., and Mr. M. H. Spielmann.

"The Mulberries of Daphne," just published by Messrs. Stanley Paul, is the third of "Kate Horn's" books, and bids fair to be the most successful of the three. Her first, "Ships of Desire," was issued by Messrs. Cassell, and her second, "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun," by her present publishers. In private life "Kate Horn" is Mrs. Weigall. She is the daughter of a Lincolnshire clergyman, and her earliest recollections are of the vast Lincolnshire cornlands, of the interest she took in the village people, and of the wide and varied reading she enjoyed in the well-stocked library of her father's rectory. As a child she won prizes in the *Boy's Own* and the *Girl's Own* papers; but her first real success came with the publication of a serial, "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," in *Cassell's Magazine*, nearly twenty-one years ago, and from that time she has worked hard in journalism, and has made a comfortable income by the writing of short and serial stories. Her methods of work are methodical, but peculiar. She wakes at five in the morning, and writes for two hours before getting up, and finishes her day's work between breakfast and noon. But she finds her chief interest in her three children; "even when I am busiest," she says, "they are never shut out of my room, lest I, in turn, should be shut out of their hearts." She married when she was one-and-twenty; her husband is an officer in the artillery, and soon after marriage they went with his regiment to Malta for five years, and the scenes of many of her stories are laid in that island. Life in the big garrison of Malta was so amusing that she felt keenly the dulness of English life on first returning home, but that she has since found enough of humour and interest in it is sufficiently clear from her books.

Messrs. Cassell have issued in pamphlet form the address on "The Premature Cheapening of Copyright Books" that was delivered by Mr. Arthur Spurgeon at the International Publishers' Congress at Amsterdam. Mr. Spurgeon takes a somewhat pessimistic view of the state of things that is resulting from that cheapening; publishers may not suffer from it, he thinks, but authors will, and the new author will find it more difficult than ever to get a start, since the public will not buy, even at sevenpence, a novel by an author they have never heard

Mr. Arthur Ransome,

Whose new "Life of Poe" (Martin Secker) was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

Photo by W. Laurence, Dublin. **The Rev. E. A. D'Alton, LL.D., M.R.I.A.**

A third edition of whose important work, "The History of Ireland," in 6 volumes, is published by the Gresham Publishing Co.

of, and the popularity of these cheap books is affecting the sales of the six-shilling volumes to the libraries as well as to the general reader. It is true that a good many who now write novels might be of more real use to society if they were forced to do something with a pickaxe or a spade, but the craze for cheapness that suppresses these will also suppress the Merediths and Hardys of the future, and it is better that fifty worthless novelists should flourish than that one great one should be nipped in the bud.

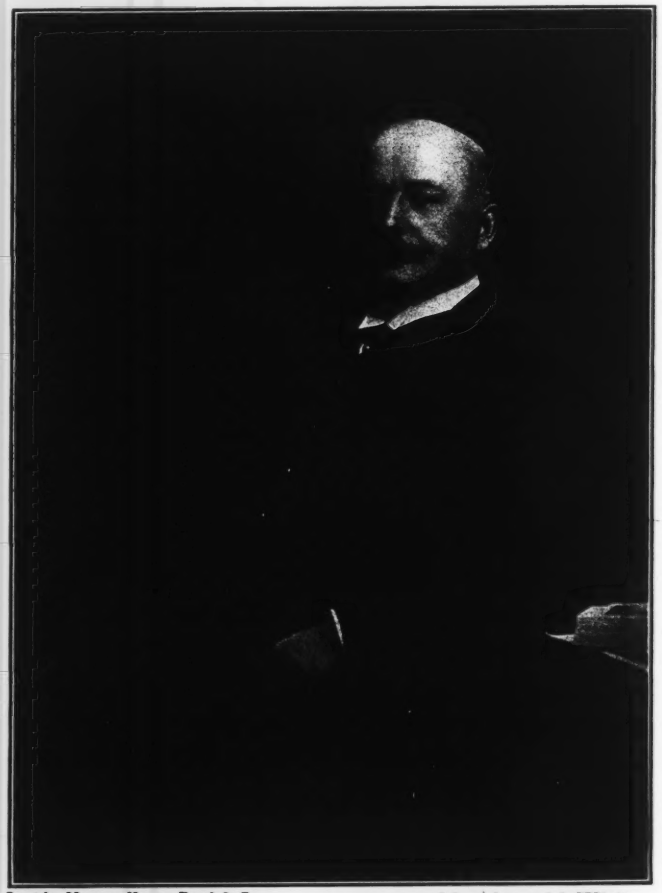
The success which many reviewers foretold for Mr. C. E. W. Bean's interesting volume, "On the Wool Track," has been more than realised, and we understand that Messrs. Alston Rivers are issuing a second impression.

Mr. Arthur H. Adams, whose "Galahad Jones," published recently by Mr. John Lane, is one of the cleverest and most humorous novels of the year, is a New Zealand journalist. He was born in Otago in 1872; took his B.A. and LL.B. degrees at the Otago University, and left there to take a position at thirty shillings a week on a Wellington paper. Three years later he became literary secretary to Mr. J. C. Williamson, an Australian theatrical manager, and whilst working with him wrote a comic opera which was produced with great success. When the Boxer rising occurred he was sent by a syndicate of New Zealand papers as war correspondent to Pekin, but had a bad attack of enteric and was invalided home. He afterwards came to London and spent three years here, not quite starving, but making a precarious living with the greatest difficulty. During his stay here he contributed an article to the *Nineteenth Century*, and his novel, "Tussockland," was published in Mr. Fisher Unwin's First Novel series. He also published two volumes of verse, "The Nazarene" and "London Streets." All three books got plenty of good notices but, he says, "no large sales." As a result of the hard times he endured he had a nervous breakdown, and after a trip to the Mediterranean borrowed the money to return to Australia. On arrival in Australia he was offered the associate editorship of the *Wellington Times*, and went from this to edit the "Red Page," the literary portion of the *Sydney Bulletin*. He gave this up to take the position he now holds as editor of the *Lone Hand*, the National Australian Monthly.

Now-a-days, Mr. Adams is more interested in writing plays than books. His editorial duties do not leave him much leisure for literary work, but he has already had several plays produced by amateur companies, the latest scoring a success in

Photo by L. W. Appleby, Sydney. **Mr. Arthur H. Adams.**

Adelaide, where it was put on by the Adelaide Literary Theatre, an organisation somewhat similar to the London Stage Society. He has another novel now in the hands of his publisher, one in a much more serious vein than "Galahad Jones," and he is at present engaged on another in the manner of "Galahad." Moreover, he has a book of plays and three books of verse waiting to be published. Mr. Adams has contributed a number of short stories to the *Sydney Bulletin*, the *Lone Hand*, and to the American and English magazines, but he is probably known best in Australia as a poet, his first book of verse there having had an unusually large sale.



Lent by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. **Mr. Arnold White.**

Whose new volume of essays, "The Views of Vanoc," has just been issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.

Mr. T. N. Foulis of Edinburgh, one of the younger publishers, has been doing admirable service in reissuing some of the more notable Scots classics. This winter he has added to his list John Galt's happy pioneer of the Kailyard School, "Annals of the Parish," now beautifully illustrated in colour by Mr. Henry W. Kerr. As a painter Mr. Kerr has long come to his own, and he has probably no equal as a delineator of those rare old face-types common to the quiet corners and cosy ingle-nooks of the land. Another of Mr. Foulis's reprints is "Jupiter" Carlyle's "Autobiography" (edited by Hill Burton), with photogravures of the Eminents whose names flit through the great Moderate's pages, and useful, up-to-date notes. In "Arran of the Bens" by Mackenzie MacBride, and "The Pageant of the Forth" by Stewart Dick, we have two very excellent colour-books. In the one, the illustrations are by Lawson Wingate, R.S.A.; and in the other, the diverse scenery of the Firth is depicted by such masters as Sam Bough, Sir W. Fettes Douglas, and D. Y. Cameron. The letterpress, too often overlooked in volumes of this nature, is written in a pleasant vein, and what is of more importance, is accurate and reliable as to the facts. In former times the Foulis press of Edinburgh bore a reputation second to none in the annals of Scottish printing, and in the Foulis press of to-day that reputation is signally maintained.

Mr. Arthur E. Baker, the Librarian and Secretary of the Taunton Library, has prepared a "A Complete Concordance to the Poetical Works of Tennyson" which Messrs. Barnicott & Pearce are publishing. The volume will consist of about 500 pages and contain 87,000 references.

Referring to our last month's notes on Mr. Algernon Blackwood, it is interesting to add that "Jimbo," which in the opinion of many of his critics is his best book, went to every publisher in London, "except," says Mr. Blackwood, "Macmillan and Hodder & Stoughton," and was rejected everywhere. It was written in his youth, when he wrote solely for the pure delight of writing it; and after its many rejections he left it lying neglected in a cupboard for many years, assuming that it was of no value.

Mr. Victor Cook, of Chichester, a gifted young author, who is already known to many by the delightful stories he has contributed to *Chambers's Journal* and other periodicals, has just published through the S.P.C.K. a capital boys' book entitled "Odin's Treasury." Mr. Cook is a brother of the Congregational Minister at Sandbach, Cheshire.

Although he did good service to scholarship, the real greatness of the late Dr. Furnivall lay in his vivid and charming personality. Early in the year, therefore, under the direction of Messrs. J. J. Munro and L. A. Magnus, a volume is to be issued which will contain brief appreciations by a representative number of those who knew him or shared his various activities. The list of contributors is a distinguished one, and includes Dr. Henry Bradley, Professor Brandl, Mrs. Laurence Gomme, Miss Beatrice Harraden, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Professor Ker, Dr. Sidney Lee, Mr. William Poel, Mr. Francis Bickley, Mr. A. W. Pollard, Mr. Thomas Seccombe, and Mr. Richard Whiteing. Subscriptions or orders will be willingly received by Mr. L. A. Magnus, 9, Grays Inn Square, W.C. The volume is to be published at 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., and the proceeds are to be given to the Furnivall Sculling Club, the characteristic institution to which the Doctor gave almost his last conscious thought.

The Christmas Number of the *Art Journal* deals with the later work of Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, as its 1886 Christmas Number dealt with his earlier work. It gives many beautifully reproduced examples of the artist's work, and contains an admirable critical article by Rudolf Dircks.

Miss Annie Matheson has written a very thoughtful and earnest booklet, "A Christmas Message," which the Almond Tree Press, Maybury, publishes; it is touched with a broadly but deeply devotional spirit and very charmingly written, and should serve as an excellent substitute for the conventional Christmas card.

"A Bibliography of Periodical Literature" has been prepared by Mr. H. G. T. Cannons, the Finsbury Borough Librarian. The book deals exhaustively with Library Economy, Printing, Methods of Publishing, Copyright, Bibliography, etc., and should be of special value to librarians. It has been a heavy undertaking, but as the compiler is not seeking profit, the book, in spite of its size and the vast amount of labour expended on it, is to be sold to subscribers at 5s. net. It will be published by Messrs. Stanley Russell & Co.

As we go to press comes the news of Tolstoy's death. He has been described as at once the greatest Apostle of Peace and the greatest Rebel the modern world has known. With his passing the cause of humanity loses one of its most fearless and powerful advocates, and the world of letters one of the few men of to-day who are not for to-day only.

NO. 4, MAIDS OF HONOUR ROW, RICHMOND.

WHEN Charles Garvice shows you over his new house in Maids of Honour Row, Richmond, the first thing he does is to open a door on the right of the panelled hall and say, "Now, that is my study; it used to be the Powder-closet." You know at once where you are. The early Georgian atmosphere of the old house is re-created for you on the threshold. You see in that Powder-closet the vivacious belles of two centuries ago, in their hooped petticoats and brocaded saques, preparing with pomander and powder-puff and rouge-pot and patch-box for the conquests upstairs. The hall fills with the magnificent shades of forgotten macaronis, and you find yourself moving among curled perukes and flowered waistcoats and lace ruffles and diamond sword-hilts and shoe-buckles. The illusion is helped by the tasteful reverence with which Mr. Garvice has restored

Photo by Richmond Camera Co. **No. 4, Maids of Honour Row.**

the old house, which a long interregnum of Victorian vandals had draped in hideous wallpapers set off with brummagem gas-fittings. It is helped still further if you know anything of its history.

The house is one of a row of four red-brick mansions facing the Green and overlooking the old Palace Gardens with their tall hedges, pergolas, and quaint devices cut in yew. They were built by George I. soon after his accession to accommodate the ladies-in-waiting of the Princess of Wales, who was then in residence at Richmond Palace. Of this early period in their history I am afraid little is known, but any one who likes to delve in the Household accounts of Caroline of Anspach will perhaps find clues to many a fascinating intrigue of which they were the setting. What the local guide-books call "a rich galaxy of beauty" attended the Court of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Richmond, and it was in Maids of Honour Row that the said galaxy spent its unofficial hours, dreamt its romaunts, and did a good deal of its love-making. Its bright particular stars were the famous "Three Marys"—Mary Lepell, Mary Bellenden, and Mary Farington—around whom fluttered all the beaux of the Court. Thus it came about that in Maids of Honour Row the elegant Lord Hervey courted Mary Lepell and carried her off to a secret wedding, in spite of the florid toasts of Lord Bath and the ardent verses of Lord Chesterfield. Somewhat in the same way Mary Bellenden became Duchess of Argyll and Mary Farington married the father of George Selwyn. Another of the Maids of Honour of this period was Mary Bellenden's saucy sister Edith, whose piquant beauty attracted the handkerchief of her Royal mistress's inconstant husband. The trick with which she routed the amorous Prince and covered him with ridicule was long the sniggering talk of the coarse gallants of the time. How the four houses were distributed among these fair ladies there is nothing to show, but any one of them will suffice to invest No. 4 with romantic distinction.

The most famous of the ascertained predecessors of Mr. Garvice was John James Heidegger, the greatest impresario of his time, whose partnership with Handel in the management of the Italian Opera in the Haymarket constitutes an important chapter in the history of music in England. He was also the inventor of the scandalous masquerade or *ridotto* which Hogarth so mercilessly satirised. Heidegger, though the ugliest man in England, was a favourite of George II., who, in defiance of the Bishops and Mrs. Grundy, created him "Master of the Revels." Perhaps this royal favour had something to do with his tenancy of No. 4, Maids of Honour Row, whither he moved in the early thirties from Barn Elms. One of his first tasks, on taking possession of the house, was to bring down some of his best scene-painters from the Haymarket and commission them to decorate the panels in the hall with a series of views of Italy and Switzerland. These paintings may still be seen, though the colours are somewhat faded. Heidegger kept open house in Maids of Honour Row. George II. visited him there, and the music of Handel and the singing of Cuzzoni and Faustina are among the delightful memories with which the old wainscoting is indurated. Heidegger died in the house in 1749.

He was succeeded, a few years later, by Mrs. Judith Levy, a wealthy Jewish widow who had a town house in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, and who had previously lived in Wellclose Square. Her husband's father was founder of the *Ashkenazi*, or German section of the London Jewish community, and her father built the first synagogue in Duke's Place. The present structure the Cathedral Synagogue of London, was built chiefly at her expense in 1790. She was a generous benefactor of her co-religionists in many ways, but she was also popular in society and was a veritable heroine in Richmond. Her house in Albemarle Street seems to have been quite a centre of fashion, and the social gossips of her day have much to say about the half-guinea quadrille she was in the habit of playing with Lady Yarmouth, Lady Holdernesse, Lord Stormont, and other persons of quality. In Richmond she was known as "The Queen of Richmond Green," and it was under this title that her portrait was engraved in

Photo by Richmond Camera Co.

Entrance Hall, No. 4, Maids of Honour Row.

Grainger's *Wonderful Museum.* She died in Maids of Honour Row in 1803 at the great age of ninety-seven. Since then no one of any exceptional interest seems to have lived at No. 4.

The house does not appear to have had any direct literary associations previously to the advent of Mr. Garvice. It is true that Heidegger signed some of the dedications of the *libretti* of the operas he produced, but it is very doubtful whether he had anything to do with their authorship. Judith Levy lived to see some of her relations achieve literary fame. Her nephew, Joy Adolphus, was physician to Frederick the Great, and afterwards wrote and published in London some curious satires in French. His grandson, John Adolphus, was the eminent lawyer, politician, and historian, and his great-grandson, John Leycester Adolphus, was scarcely less distinguished as a critic and the friend of Sir Walter Scott. John Adolphus, the elder, often visited his great-grand-aunt in Maids of Honour Row, but this was the only contact the house had with literature. Mr. Garvice consequently brings a new distinction to its many charms, and I do not doubt he will find in the grateful reaction of its romantic associations a fresh stimulus for his always delightful fancy.

LUCIEN WOLF.

Mrs. Judith Levy.
The rich Jewess, usually called "The Queen of Richmond Green."
From an old colour-print, published by Alex. Hogg in 1803.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DECEMBER, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best poem on "London" in not more than sixteen lines.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to the REV. F. HERN, of Rowlands Castle, Hants, for the following:

BY ORDER OF THE GENERAL (Stories of the Salvation Army). BY SYDNEY WATSON. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"It cannot be—it is—it is—
A hat is going round."
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *The Music Grinders.*

We also select for printing:

SEEING THE INVISIBLE. BY JAMES COATES. (L. & M. Fowler.)

"The cure for this ill is not to sit still
Or frowst with a book by the fire,
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also
And dig till you gently perspire."
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Just-So Stories.*

(Miss L. Mugford, Sutton-at-Hone, nr. Dartford, Kent.)

LET THE ROOF FALL IN. BY FRANK DANBY. (Hutchinson.)

"'But please,' said I, 'to recollect
'Twas fashioned by an architect
Who pinned his faith on Ruskin.'"
LEWIS CARROLL, *Scarmoges.*

(Kitty Gallagher, 9, Risca Road, Newport, Mon.)

A DREAMER'S TALES. By Lord Dunsany.

"Then I watched a fender walking,
And I heard grey leeches sing,
And a red-hot monkey talking
Did not seem the proper thing."
RUDYARD KIPLING, *La Nuit Blanche.*

(Miss B. W. Ramsay, Dyke, Forres, N.B.; William Morriss, 15, Wilkinson Street, Sheffield.)

FOR EFFICIENCY. By Arnold White.

"'In my youth,' said his father, 'I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife,
And the muscular strength it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life.'"
LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland.*

(Miss B. M. Bennett, "Harewood," Stubbington Avenue, Portsmouth.)

THE FOOD REFORMER'S COMPANION. By Eustace Miles, M.A. (Mills & Boon.)

"But oh, my spirit cannot rest
In Davy's Jones's sod,
Till I've appeared to you and said—
Don't sup on that 'ere cod!"
Tom Hood, *The Supper Superstition.*

(Bertram Lister, 15, Russell Street, Bolton.)

II.—This Competition would seem to have been too difficult for most of our competitors. Not more than a dozen have attempted it, and of the papers sent in, that by Mr. Herbert J. Aylmer, of 90, Somerleyton Road, Brixton, S.W., is easily the best, but he is unfortunately disqualified, because the prize was offered for "the best burlesque on the Bacon-Shakespeare theory to prove that the work of some well-known living author was really written by a contemporary," and Mr. Aylmer has set himself to prove that the works of Charlotte Brontë were written by Shirley Brooks. The next best paper (though it is not quite up to publication standard) is sent by Miss Kitty Gallagher, of 9, Risca Road, Newport, Mon., to whom the prize of Three New Books has been awarded.

III.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to J. Richard Ellaway, of Lynmoor, Basingstoke, for the following:

BRACKEN. By John Trevena. (Alston Rivers.)

"Bracken" exhibits again Mr. Trevena's striking virility, scorn of convention, and fine writing; but a certain elusiveness and unreality obscure the leading characters, and the book, though powerful and passionate, fails to hold and grip. From the creator of the dainty Pixy and the ever-bewitching Arminell, great things are expected; here, however, the magic of his delightful earlier volumes is somehow missing. We still await a book that shall be as the winds on the moor—strong and pure and free—a book John Trevena *can* write, and which shall assuredly be the Epic of Dartmoor.

Among the best of the many other reviews received are:

THE SILENT ISLE. By A. C. Benson.
(Smith, Elder.)

The best appreciation of this book can be given most worthily in the words of Wordsworth, for its contents are in truth well fitted "to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel." Best of all, the writer succeeds in bringing hope and encouragement to the ordinary wayfarer by his tactful and comprehensive sympathy, and by the intimate knowledge he displays of the needs and weaknesses of human nature. All honour is due to the writer of such a book!

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

MORE PAGES FROM A JOURNAL. By Mark Rutherford.
(Frowde.)

This book, like all Mark Rutherford's, seems to have come from the writer's heart and to throb with human feeling. The stories are simply chapters from life, and demonstrate again the author's power as the inspired historian of humble and lonely souls. He reminds us again of the ineffable balm of a deep affection, and that this is a cordial which money cannot buy, and that the otherwise poverty-stricken may possess in its fullness. Another story of an unhappy marriage is a further commentary on this theme. The miscellaneous Notes often strike home as only Rutherford can.

(W. Kent, 4, Victoria Parade, Norbury, S.W.)

THE WRECK OF THE GOLDEN GALLEON.
By Lucas Malet. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Lucas Malet writes a straightforward and very simple story. The drab life of two ladies is enlivened by a young man, who brings a whiff of the outside, busy world and its doings into their quiet lives. The dear old ladies are unconsciously acting as receivers of stolen goods for the young man in whom they put such implicit trust. It is the romance of everyday persons in an everyday street, one which must appeal to a large circle of readers by its simplicity and directness, and the sympathetic manner in which the commonplace and apparently unromantic surroundings are treated.

(Miss B. O. Anderson, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.)

MY GERMAN YEAR. By I. A. R. Wylie.
(Mills & Boon.)

The Teutons form at the present time an absorbing topic of interest, in view of the general spirit of apprehension abroad as to their ultimate intentions and imperial expansion. This volume, therefore, dealing as it does with various aspects—both military and pacific—of German life comes at an opportune moment. Miss Wylie evidently has for our neighbours a warm admiration and sympathetic affection; indeed her pen-pictures are often so *couleur de rose* that one feels they can hardly be perfectly accurate and unbiassed. Nevertheless it is a book well worth reading and one, moreover, illustrated with excellent photographs.

(Miss L. Mugford, Sutton-at-Hone, nr. Dartford, Kent.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent by J. P. Thomson (St. Andrews), Ethel M. Kempson (Birmingham), Mrs. Chas. Wright (Sutton), James A. Richards (Tenby), Dorothy K. Milum (Acton, W.), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Miss van der Pant (Folkestone), Bertha C. Priestley (London, W.C.), G. M. Ellwood (Grimsby), Thos. A. Baggs (Birmingham), Jess Pescod (Aylesbury), Lydia Dean (Wishaw), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Adam H. Robson (Gateshead), Miss C. Ryan (Belfast), Joan Harvey Hall (Aberdeen), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Miss E. J. M. Milner (Clapham Park, S.W.), Thomas G. Tibbey (London, N.E.), Mrs. H. H. Penrose (Frimley Green), E. Rippon (Hull), Florence G. Fidler (London, N.W.), Beryl M. May (Sandown, I.W.), Effie Lane (Hampstead, N.W.), Miss Perks (Norwich), and Annie E. Higgins (Hoylake).

IV.—A Prize of One Year's Subscription to "The Bookman" is awarded to E. A. Mitchell, of 15, Nicholson Road, Addiscombe, Croydon.

V.—The Special Prize of a Handsome Christmas Book for the best Christmas Greeting in eight lines of original verse is awarded to the Rev. E. C. Lansdown, of The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E., for the following:

"Heaven's benison upon you rest,
Sweet peace enfold your dwelling,
A light divine around you shine,
All shadows dark dispelling;
To-day, despite the changeful years,
My heart with yours is meeting,
And Friendship brings upon its wings
This tender Christmas greeting."

Very good verses have also been received from D. Whitelaw (Paisley), Miss Clarke (High Wycombe), William Morriss (Sheffield), James E. Ruddle (Trowbridge), T. D. Turpin (Portadown), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Beryl M. May (Sandown, I.W.), Miss B. W. Ramsay (Forres, N.B.), Mattie K. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood, S.E.), William Tranter (Manchester), Mrs. Chas. Wright (Sutton), Charles Webb (King's Lynn), Herbert Wilfrid Roe (Coventry), J. R. Ellaway (Basingstoke), J. H. Langlois (Leeds), Emily L. Court (Halifax), Miss E. A. Pearson (Fleet), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Caroline Coxan (New Malden), Miss K. Blaxill (Streatham Hill, S.W.), J. Herbert Brown (Hull), Rev. F. Balch (Montrose, N.B.), Percy W. Wilkinson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), and Vera Charlesworth Barclay (Hertford Heath).

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

MR. WALTER DE LA MARE, it is still perhaps necessary to say, is the author of "Songs of Childhood: by Walter Ramal" (Longmans, Green & Co. 1902), "Henry Brocken: His Travels and Adventures in the Rich, Strange, Scarce-imaginable Regions of Romance: by Walter J. de la Mare" (John Murray, 1904), "Poems" (John Murray, 1906). His novel, "The Return" (Arnold, 1910), and his narrative of the adventures of "The Three Mulla-Mulgars" (Duckworth, 1910) are the first books he has published since he passed from the almost twenty-years-old bondage of the City to that of Fleet Street. Apart from a few stories, not to be forgotten by readers of the *English Review*, *Cornhill* and other magazines, his work has been reviewing, and that chiefly anonymous, though not the less gladly sought, distinguished, and admired. Writing for a living has not made, and could not have been expected to make, any difference in his writing except that the prose has increased in quantity. He writes, as he has always done, airily but securely perched on a single tower whose foundation is English literature and his own personality in the proportion of one to three. He is connected with no party, school, fad, clique, or movement, but nourishes, to the satisfaction of those who know him, a curiosity, a discontent, and an optimism all equally boundless. In one thing, if only in one, he resembles many other poets of to-day—and probably most original poets of any day at their first rising: in his apparent isolation. He speaks as a solitary individual who might perhaps not write at all were it not for this solitude. He does not speak as a member of any class or body, or on behalf of anything or anybody. He has written one of the truest and least rhetorical of poems on England, and a beautiful one, called "The Englishman"; but this visible England of the map-makers, politicians, naturalists, and tourists could not easily be proved from his poetry to have had much to do with his composition. Of the current conventional writing on "Nature" he has not produced any specimens. His country is the one known to English fairies—not, however

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Walter de la Mare.

> "Young Gam and Wern and Olf and Dru and Knop;
> Trippe, Ban and Bolt, and Clum and Pust and Tarpe:
> And Robin . . ."

but the less rustic and more pastoral of them, by whom in all probability he was changed at his birth. He has not bought land, nor inherited, nor rented, nor cultivated, nor gone out to admire it, but is the master of an immeasurable strange tract. He might be thought to describe himself when he writes, in "Poems," of a little child talking to himself at night:

> "In his dark eyes lay a wild universe—
> Wild forests, peaks, and crests,
> Angels and fairies, giants, wolves and he
> Were that world's own guests. . . ."

Only this "wild universe" seems something grander and more gigantic than Mr. de la Mare's. His world has all these things in it, and very many more, yet it is also a little world, such as Cherry of Zennor saw, with her charm-anointed eyes, under the waters. His peculiar faculty makes it so—a kind of faculty with half the power of fern-seed which confers invisibility. In the best of his short stories, called "The Almond-Tree," the lonely house standing upon a heath covered with snow really was not large enough to contain the enormous cakes which were set upon its tables. But it is legitimate magic, and it is alive; the story is a kind of microcosmography of Mr. de la Mare's world, with all its loveliness, its calm and mystery, overclouded and glimmeringly candle-lit amidst the snow.

This magic is—or was until "The Three Mulla-Mulgars"—most effective and unquestionable in his poetry. For example, he gives in a few stanzas, without any deliberate aim at that, an extraordinary feeling of the great age, the smallness and insignificance of some isolated man or woman; his words, rhythms, and images combining indescribably to produce an effect as powerful as the sense of infinity which we

experience between sleeping and waking or in trance. By his sincerity, by the appropriateness of his words, he at once throws open a lattice for us to look out upon this "wild universe." "The Three Cherry Trees," for example, which appeared lately in the *Saturday Review*, needs no comment or context to admit us, though for a moment only, into the privacy of a world which is not the world of many of us. He has a sonnet in "Poems" called "Messengers," where he speaks of certain things heard or seen which stir the spirit, and then asks:

"Whence are they in a world so alien?
Are they the water-drops of that vast flood
Death shall unloose?"

And his own poems are full of these things, of images which are certainly "water-drops of that vast flood," such is the unstrained force in their suggestions of a world not alien to their beauty. It is a world of childhood, of morning freshness, of springs lovelier than are known to mortal senses, of a beauty which is capable of afflicting the beholder with keen remorse. Every one will recognise in it some elements familiar to himself. Here, for example, in "Songs of Childhood," are elves, fairies, gnomes, ogres, dwarfs, witches, witch-hares, wolves, and marineres, not carefully thought out and purged of what serious people think theatrical imperfections, but the elves, etc., of ordinary books, with only this difference—that they are made alive and in place by the synthesis of genius. Nor is there any exaggeration or emphasis, and repetitions are very few. In six lines or in sixty the effect is equally complete and independent. These elves and the like live here as in the minds of some children, and you accept the poems sometimes against the weight of your traditions and intelligence, not only because they are so gay with things like this in "The Three Beggars":

"... The sweet feast was enough for nine,
But not too much for three."

not only because of these, but because the poems are lovely and enchanted.

The enchantment is not easily explained. It is, however, easy to see in Mr. de la Mare a man with a deep love of living things, of English lyrics, ballads, and nursery rhymes, of Herrick, Coleridge, and Poe, of fairy-tales, of nonsense, of music, of the sound and mystery of names. In him these things have mingled in an unprecedented and happy manner to form, with the help of his genius for words, a new beauty. His people humanise his fairies, his fairies bewitch his old men and women, his young women and his children, as in the poem where he prays the elves to care for a child:

"Ye little elves, who haunt sweet dells,
Where flowers with the dew commune,
I pray you hush the child, Cecil,
With windlike song.

"O little elves, so white she lieth,
Each eyelid gentler than the flower
Of the bramble, and her fleecy hair
Like smoke of gold. . . ."

At moments it might even be felt that the fairies are the stronger, and that they overpower the human beings even in poems where they do not openly appear, such as "The Christening," with its diaphanous humanity:

"The bells chime clear,
Soon will the sun behind the hills sink down;
Come, little Ann, your baby brother dear
Lies in his christening-gown.

"His godparents
Are all across the fields stepped on before,
And wait beneath the crumbling monuments,
This side the old church door.

"Your mammie dear
Leans frail and lovely on your daddie's arm. . . ."

In the same way, perhaps, the goblins and ogres have tenderly corrupted or lessened the natural things with which they mingle in the world of such a poem as "The Child in the Story awakes." But this is less noticeable in "Poems," where much of the work is more intellectual, and partly given up to reflection and curiosity, to dread of "Time—with a poppied hand stealing thy youth's simplicity." We see the author not merely by what he cannot hide, but by what he tells us openly, as in the poem called "Myself," where

"Forlornly, silently,
Plays in the evening garden
Myself with me,"

and where he addresses a child:

"O sweetest, stay!
One moment in thy lonely play
Turn, child, and look
Even but a little on that great-leaf book,
Whose livelong record when thine eyes are old
Will seem, how lovely a tale, how briefly told!"

in the noble "Keep Innocency," and in the poem on ambition, which gives a good example of his style in the stanza:

"Ever the heavy billow rears
All its sea-length in green, hushed wall;
But totters as the shore it nears,
Foams to its fall;
Where was the mark? on what vain quest
Rose that great water from its rest?"

Though blank verse and the sonnet form are much used in "Poems," and their rhythm does not suit Mr. de la Mare and makes him eloquent, this volume succeeds in adding an intellectual element without losing the magical—which is no little thing. All the best work in "Poems," and even more so the poems in "Three Mulla-Mulgars" and those which have been appearing periodically in the last few years, show that Mr. de la Mare is still moving onward, achieving beauty in new as well as in the old kinds, always original and instinctive, and producing effects beyond his calculation and probably beyond our explanation, except that they proceed from the alchemy of a spirit which can dissolve the earth, like a mere pearl, to sweeten a song.

THE READER.

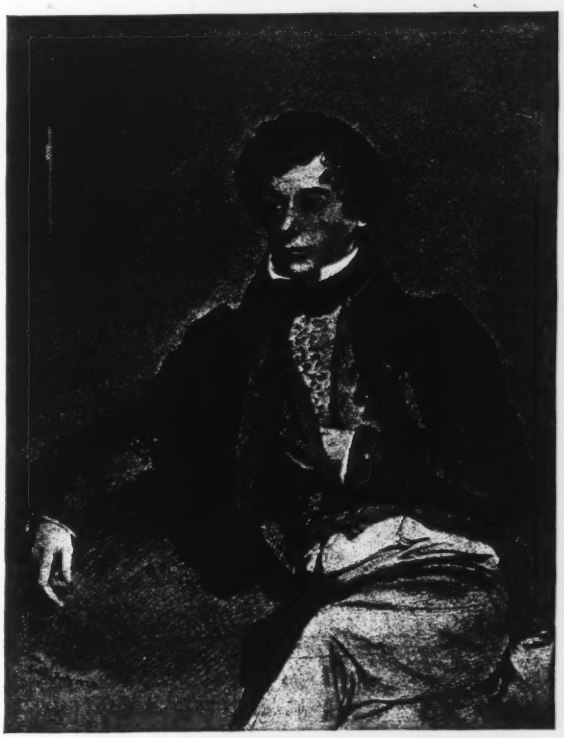
SCIMITAR AND BROADSWORD:

DISRAELI AND BRIGHT.*

By Walter Sichel.

SUCH is the rough-and-ready distinction between two remarkable personalities. Mr. Monypenny's official presentation of the young Disraeli is naturally the most absorbing. Some will differ from some of its perceptions and hold that he has not always quite got inside the man. Others may wish for a more literary treatment of a theme so romantic. But on the whole it is a difficult task well performed, revealing clear material for the psychology of its subject. Mr. O'Brien's "Monograph" is written from the reasonable standpoint of an Irish Nationalist acquainted with Bright in his later years. Though one-sided it is intimate, and its familiarity breeds respect. It is a genuine impression. In speeches, recollections, and letters, we discern the broadsword that so often clashed with the scimitar. We see the direct and dogged tribune contrasting with the fantastic, far-seeing ruler. One, the "alien," who like other great "aliens" (Bonaparte included) became identical with the country that he loved and exalted; the other, an insular reformer, who could seldom realise Great Britain. One, the Cavalier who impressed and commanded a nation; the other, the Puritan who stirred and embodied a class. Yet both, with separate standards of greatness, were themselves great, and Bright was king and interpreter of the "Nonconformist conscience."

It is true in various ways that Disraeli brandished the scimitar of Saladin which cleft many a silken cushion in twain, while Bright wielded the broadsword of Cœur-de-Lion—or occasionally, maybe, the bludgeon of Cleon. But Disraeli, for all his grace of gyration, was an armed seer. And when he entered the lists he could, if he chose, use the broadsword also. Under the arabesques of the Saracenic arch stood a solid keystone, and as his father early wrote of him, though his ideas were vast, they were always based on good sense. He was a dramatic hero, at once dreamer and doer, relating himself in several affinities to that Chatham whom he has well likened to "a forest tree in a suburban garden." He was a great diviner, a great nationalist, and a great imperialist. Literary to the core, he enacted what he wrote. Bright, on the other hand, save as regards Ireland (and to Ireland he too was an "alien"), cannot be called a statesman. He seldom discerned the whole or the distance; he had all the concentration of the near-sighted. Disraeli was a man of ideas, a genius to whom ideas gravitated. They were his living company and environment. He projected them into action, and from ideas he derived his mental ideals. Bright was not a man of ideas at all. A few strong ideals of life and conduct—moral rather than spiritual—generated his fervour, his substitute for ideas. Some of them were prejudices, nor even when they were not were those ideals always such as his fame implies. He stood surely more for the small commercialist then for the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. Nor was there a trace in him of the yeoman spirit. His vantage ground was that of transparently, triumphantly sincere antipathies. The constructive elements, the faculties for vision, the imaginative insight, were scanty. Disraeli was a temperament. Bright was not, and on his own political side he was long dwarfed by the preponderance of Gladstone.



Benjamin Disraeli, 1828.

From a drawing by D. Maclise, R.A., at Hughenden.
From "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield," by William Flavelle Monypenny. (Murray.)

In few things only can these extremes be said to have converged. Both were eminently courageous. When Bright voiced Cobden for the repeal of the Corn Laws immense courage was needed, and it was equally needed both when he denounced the rankling injustices to Ireland and when, in much riper years, he set his face to uphold Gladstone's remedies of coercion. Disraeli, too, needed more courage when he broke up his "Young England Party" on the Irish question than

* "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." By William Flavelle Monypenny. Vol. I. 12s. (John Murray.)—"John Bright: A Monograph." By R. Barry O'Brien. With a Preface by the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, M.P. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

when, conscious of superb powers, he pitted himself against Peel. Not only was his "Maynooth" speech (in an episode unreached by the present volume) a signal instance of the courage displayed earlier in his advocacy of the Chartists, but that eloquent summary of "a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, and an alien Church; and in addition the weakest executive in the world," was a conspicuous example. Bright quoted it with sour approval, and the regret that his penetrative discernment never embodied itself in action. Gladstone quoted it years afterwards with austere irony, and Disraeli commented that what he had then thought water dropped on to the sand seemed to have fallen from "a golden goblet." If those literal views be accepted, it was a case of immoral courage. But Disraeli never believed that confiscation was the remedy for an "alien Church," dislocation for absentee landlords, or severance for a "starving population," still less that alternate fits of bullying and vacillation would strengthen an executive or revive confidence. He considered (and he said so) that wise policy could effect the aims without incurring the risks of revolution. He detested revolutions, which were usually due, he thought, to cliques. He sought to graft the new ideas on to old institutions, to develop, not to uproot.

Bradenham Manor.

From a water-colour by Mrs. Partridge.
In the summer of 1829 Isaac D'Israeli and his family gave up their London residence and moved out to Bradenham, an old manor-house a few miles to the west of High Wycombe.
From "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." (Murray.)

There was another occasion when Disraeli and Bright were still more at one. Disraeli parted from his party by refusing to think that the Southern States of America ought to be acknowledged in the great civil war which was to found a modern world-Power, and for this discernment he received the stoic's praise. And there was yet an earlier meeting-ground—that of the Crimean War. Both agreed in holding that we became the cat's-paw of Louis Napoleon, that the war was a blunder, and perhaps a crime. But Disraeli's criticisms were constructive; he outlined an anti-Russian policy. Bright's were those of "peace at any price." Disraeli wished to strengthen Britain by counteracting the blunders. He urged an "inquiry" and pressed the precedent of Walcheren. That course he justified (in 1854) by repeating Canning's answer to Sheridan, who had taunted him with joining critical mistrust to patriotic concurrence.*

Courage, then, in countless instances was a common endowment. Another shared endowment was the sense of reserved force, and still another was artistry. Here, however, a distinction arises. Disraeli was a conscious artist; he subdued the web to the dyer's hand. Bright was a great, a discriminating orator, but he was not a conscious artist. Neither was Carlyle. Carlyle, like Bright, always regarded himself as an overwhelming moralist, but his artistry often went ahead of his ethical perception. When in his youth he approached the encyclopædic Goethe, it was the ethical side of Goethe that he revered. What Goethe admired in Carlyle was his powers as artist. Strange irony! What Goethe thought artistic in Carlyle was a by-product, yet it has endured. What Carlyle respected in Goethe as ethical was really didactic, yet that aspect has not persevered.

Disraeli, as a true lover of phlegmatic Great Britain, may be said to have eloped with her: Britannia ran away with Saladin. Of Bright it was said, "If he had not been a Quaker he would have been a prize-fighter." "We want to drag the delinquent before the public," he exclaimed of Palmerston in 1861. The broadsword was always threatening "delinquents" with condign punishment, and justifying its moral indignation by something of self-righteousness and self-complacency. But Bright was honest as the day, and if charity was not his strongest point, he could be as hard to himself as to others. More than this, whenever pity came into play, his compassion was most sensitive and generous. If his intellectual imagination was unsympathetic, his moral imagination was fine. He had something of the imagination that Addison had—the imagination for justice, for humanity, pure, crystal, circumscribed; unironical, dare we say it, unoriginal imagination. And, curiously enough, the resemblance is heightened by the fact that Addison and Bright both touched the confines of poetry in two differing similes of an "Angel." "Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm," says the first: this is how the second, in a memorable passage, spoke of the Crimean War on February 23, 1855:

* "It would be much more uncandid and unfair to conceal our general sentiments at the moment of expressing our approbation."

"The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land: you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal."

Here Bright reached the height of his terse, human, eloquence, yet the plea, it should be noted, is not one against a particular war, but against all wars, although he once averred that violence was justifiable if it rested "on a moral basis." The horrors of war are a misery,

Benjamin Disraeli as a Child.
From a miniature by Cosway in the possession of Mr. Coningsby Disraeli.
From "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." (Murray.)

but their self-sacrifice is their blessing, and Bright could rarely recognise that to die for one's country was a Christian act: he had what Matthew Arnold called "the bloodthirsty clinging to life." It is interesting to learn from Mr. O'Brien's pages that this famous trope of the Angel, which had come to Bright "very simply and naturally," while he lay "awake in bed in the morning," surprised him by its success. He had small personal ambition, and his title to greatness is that with strong prejudices (not always wholly unselfish) he struggled for causes. Another fine piece of direct oratory was his speech in 1875 on the Burials Bill, when he described with touching solemnity the "case" of his "own sect." It is too long for quotation, but the writer may be pardoned for alluding to what he heard; and none who heard it can ever forget those musical tones and enthralling pauses. Looking back, perhaps, over the gulf of years, the cause appears more one of party than of absolute oppression, and who can forget Disraeli's refined scorn on that occasion: "I must confess, sir, that were I a Nonconformist contemplating burial, I should do so with feelings of the utmost satisfaction"?

Bright was a born orator, and he spoke in the "grand

Isaac D'Israeli, 1834.
Lord Beaconsfield's father.
From a drawing by S. P. Denning in the possession of Mr. Coningsby Disraeli.

style," eschewing everything grandiose. Half-cultivated as was his mind, it had nourished itself on Milton, Wordsworth, and the Bible. He was never insignificant, and the march of his words was through the fields and under the skies. It is curious to compare the excellent advice given by him to young speakers which is repeated

Maria, Wife of Isaac D'Israeli, 1805.
From a picture by J. Downman, A.R.A., at Hughenden.
From "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." (Murray.)

in these pages from Mr. George Russell's remembrance with that given to the youth, then obscure, after his first public appearance (in 1832) at the Rochdale Bible Society by a Mr. Aldis, a Baptist minister. The meaning is practically identical.

Bright's great fault was, if it may be so described, a sort of inverted snobbery. He paraded his beginnings and justified, nay, hallowed, his prejudices by them. Yet he did not spring from "the people" strictly so called: he belonged to the lower middles, and his business became a thriving concern. He was nursed in prejudices—although he early travelled abroad—and those prejudices were sometimes thick as Goliath's thumb. His father had been distrained upon for tithe-rates, so straightway the son abominated the clergy and especially the Bishops. He hated what he styled the "governing classes," and one wonders if he would so have hated them had they been of his own order, or of ranks below it—the Trade Unions, for example. His invectives are not, it seems to me, without some spice of envy, and he could be unamiably obstinate. Quite late in life he seems to have put an agreeable host to inconvenience because he would not call on a lady of rank. Yet ladies of rank he liked and knew, and there is no reason why any charming lady should not be liked, save that of aggressive uneasiness. Shakespeare he misliked as well as the "aristocracy." We are not told whether he disliked squires and shooting, but he was a keen angler, and apparently he could land a salmon. He disliked most things which he could not understand and most spheres where he was ill at ease. He had strong attachments as well as strong aversions. He had a great simplicity and he loved to play with children. His affection for Cobden was pathetic and beautiful, and they strove side by side without rivalry in a cause which was then a great benefit to the poor in towns. But Bright's outlook and sympathies and knowledge and wisdom were imperfect. He was not a "clubable" man. He seems to have understood no question fully but the Irish question. His project for Indian decentralisation appears almost childish, and if Britain had been led by Bright, she would have committed suicide before her time. His history was most defective, and he never seems to have known that the English Revolution was engineered by the aristocrats whom he denounced. His work was to bring the feelings of "the people" into action. He ranged them on narrow ground and led them into battle. He was a brave general of the passions; but the passions were good passions, and he made for righteousness.

Benjamin Disraeli, 1834.

From a portrait by Count D'Orsay.
From "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." (Murray.)

Too little space is left for Disraeli, but he is more vividly remembered. This first volume unfolds the pageant of a childhood conscious of superiority, a boyhood fretting against environment, a youth confident yet despairing, affected, not from predisposition, but from the sublime impertinence of bewildered effort. The "morning and evening cane" of his travels, the green trousers of his dandy-days in London, the fire, the colour, the failure of his early hopes to be a great poet—all these made him insufferable on the surface, but irresistible directly his rich nature did itself and others justice.

We mark his placid, prosperous home, its pleasant surroundings, his precocious talents, all the shining background for the thunder-cloud of an overmastering ambition and an inextinguishable will. We see him as a boy, waywardly roaming through the classics, always poetical, never a pedant; we watch his broodings over the future, his large schemes, his realisation of the picturesque, and his picturesquing of reality. We trace him as fantast and unlucky financier, chained as secretary to a leading lawyer's desk, a lonely student, a dashing conversationalist, yet never satisfied with the heights attained, always thirsting with energetic indolence for dominion—now the genius of the lamp, now the genius of a limitless dreamland, now the natural, boyish, playful genius, yet ever the genius bent on escape from the confining bottle—an individualist to the core. Years before his Eastern tour with Meredith (the affianced of that dear sister "Su" who was his understander, inspirer, and consoler) he had journeyed in Germany with his distinguished father, and in Italy with his sparkling appreciatress Mrs. Austen and her husband. Then came "Vivian Grey" with its sad vaticinations of what might happen if his father's warnings against his mad ambition for political supremacy were disregarded; he had already pioneered the *Representative* newspaper for Murray, had visited Scott and Lockhart—and failed: Murray

had lost £26,000. He too was in debt, and strangely ill. And then followed the turning-point, the travels round the Mediterranean and Ægean, the stay in Jerusalem, "a city of stone in a valley of iron under a sky of brass." In Antwerp, in Venice (as his earlier letters—a master's letters—attest), he had found his mind; in Syria he found his soul, in Egypt he retired into the back-scenes of life and destiny. That destiny he always felt compelling. Its hour struck, after Meredith's death, in the stirring peal of the Reform Bill. He hastened home, fired with his old political musings from Bolingbroke and Burke in his father's library. Four times he assailed constituencies, but in vain. He conquered society, was beloved of Lady Cork and the Sheridans, became "the *ton*." Every one (except those haunting bailiffs) felt his genius. D'Orsay regretted in French that for the moment he could not oblige, but he lives immortalised in "Henrietta Temple," while "Venetia," one of Disraeli's finest novels, embalms the traditions of Byron (his father's honourer) and of Shelley, of whom Burton told him. He becomes the close associate of the great Lord Lyndhurst. At last he succeeds and is returned the member for Maidstone—the future Prime Minister of England, as he had assured both Mrs. Austen and Lord Melbourne. His ambition was not merely personal. He felt that he could make England great, that, as he confessed, he had a "continental," "revolutionary" mind. His private diaries excerpted in this volume are of exceptional interest, and supplement the self-revelations of "Contarini" and "Alroy." One excerpt must suffice, and it is not in the jaunty mood:

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

John Bright.

". . . How long will these feelings last? They have stood a great test, and now absence, perhaps the most fatal of all. My life has not been a happy one. Nature has given me an awful ambition and fiery passions. My life has been a struggle with moments of rapture—a storm with dashes of moonlight—Love, Poetry . . . achieve the difficult undertaking. With fair health I have no doubt of success, but the result will probably be fatal to my life. My disposition is now indolent. I wish to be idle and enjoy myself, muse over the stormy past and smile at the placid present. . . . Alas! I struggle from pride. Yes! it is pride that now prompts me, not ambition. They shall not say I have failed."

Two years later, when he had written his fine essay the "Vindication" of the British Constitution and inscribed it to Lord Lyndhurst, his once perplexed father thus addressed him:

". . . You have now a positive name and a being in the great political world which you had not ten days ago. I never doubted your powers—they were not latent to me. With more management on your side, they would have been acknowledged long ere now—universally. You never wanted for genius, but it was apt in its fullness to run over. You have now acquired, what many a great genius never could, a perfect style, and that's a pickle which will preserve even matter less valuable than what you, I doubt not, will afford the world. . . . Should you ever succeed in getting into Parliament, I well know that your moral intrepidity and your rapid combinations of ideas will throw out many a 'Vindication' in the brilliancy and irresistible force of your effusions."

Yes! that was the spark that Bright lacked, and there, at the end of one career and on the threshold of a greater, we must leave the young Disraeli. Did space permit I should like to have given his own picture of Bright as Job Thornberry in "Endymion." Bright is said to have relished Disraeli's early and anti-utilitarian satire "Popanilla." Disraeli certainly appreciated Bright's lofty eloquence, though he had a much greater regard for the more sympathetic Cobden. Perhaps Bright thought of Disraeli as of Julian the Apostate, while Disraeli may have looked on Bright as a plebeian Gracchus. Let me add two eulogies by Bright, one duly qualified, of the genius who, he said, had lugged the stupid squires in their omnibus up the hill:

". . . Is there in any legislative assembly a man leading an Opposition of more genius . . . who has given proof in every way but one in which proof can be given, that he is competent to the highest duties of the highest offices of the State? . . . Now Mr. Disraeli is a man of brains, of genius, of great capacity for action, of a wonderful tenacity of purpose and of a rare courage."

So far, homage from the broadsword to the scimitar. But, Bright continues, "He would have been a statesman if his powers had been directed by any noble principle or idea." For "noble" perhaps read "Liberal," and let the world judge between them. As for ideas, there is no question now.

Would not Bright have acknowledged that the "economic frenzy," which Disraeli foresaw would lead to huddled, congested urban populations, has at length claimed the victims of "unrestricted competition"?

Bright had nobility of soul. He was a great, if sometimes blind, force. Disraeli remains in the realm of ideas—an enchanter.

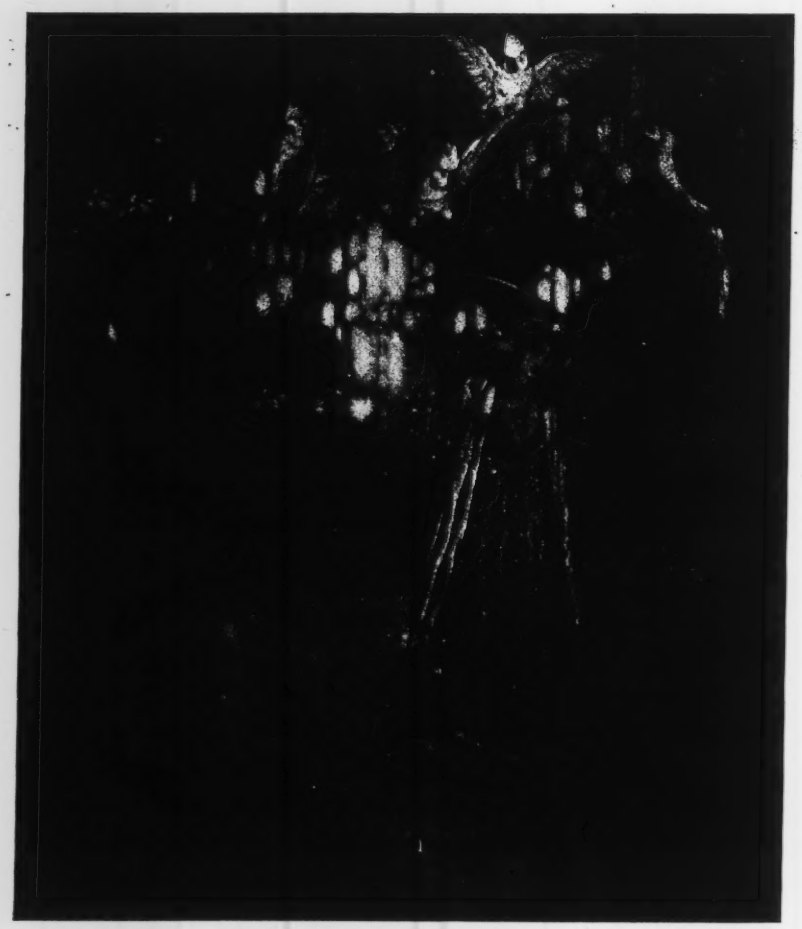
THE PAINTER COLLABORATES.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE NEW COLOUR-BOOKS.

"'Tis not so plain as the old hill of Howth
A man has got his bellyful of meat
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth,"

says Hood, and few things are easier than to prime yourself with the current cant of art criticism and pass for an art critic. There is no particular harm in your doing this so long as you are not misled by your apparent cleverness; but once you grow too confident of your own opinion in such matters you become an unreliable guide, and rather a nuisance to your friends. For when every possible word has been said, even the most innately artistic and carefully cultured taste is liable to err, and the certainty of this should keep us all wisely humble, but does not. Some of us still agree with what Ruskin thought of Whistler's views on art, and some of us with what Whistler thought of Ruskin's; but it has always puzzled me that a man who could so finely appreciate the realism of the Pre-Raphaelites and the impressionism of Turner could have had such a very blind eye for the kindred impressionism of Whistler.

That sort of partial blindness, however, often afflicts great critics when they set up to dogmatise on such questions; and the smaller ones are invariably afflicted with it. On the whole, the continual practice of art criticism would seem to have a stultifying effect on the human mind; it narrows a man's outlook instead of broadening it, and he presently attaches himself to some special school or schools of painters, and thereafter dies to the merit of many others. Raphael may be spiritual, and Rembrandt coarse; Teniers may be unidealistic and of the earth earthy; Fra Angelico and Giotto may jewel their canvases with saintly beauty and the dazzling splendours of heaven; Correggio's men and women may be grossly mortal; but I as a humble human being, willing to be pleased, can take a differing pleasure in each, without caring over much which is the greater or the less. Art unlocks a hundred doors into a hundred various worlds of beauty, and I trust I shall never be so self-confident and arrogantly eclectic as to bolt any one of them against myself.



"These no sooner saw Beauty than they began to scream and chatter."—*Beauty and the Beast.*

Reduced from one of the colour-plates by Edmund Dulac illustrating "The Sleeping Beauty, and Other Fairy Tales." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

No doubt I have my dislikes. There was a time, I confess, when I was influenced by superior critics to look down upon the type of picture that "tells a story"; but it was not long before I realised that every picture tells one, and if it tells it really well, it is a good picture. You may read more in the face of some revealing portrait, in some unpeopled landscape under a sunset or clouded for rain, than in many a big canvas crowded with notable figures enacting historic scenes. And it pleases me to play with a notion that the greatest pictures are built upon the sure foundation of some great idea: they draw something of their greatness from the harmony and approximate perfection of their colour scheme, but if wonderful and most beautiful colour effects are their highest merit, they fall short of greatness. Colour is to the picture what metre and rhyme are to the poem—only the vehicle of thought and emotion, "the golden chariot wherein king-thoughts ride"; and, for my part, I am stirred to but a cold admiration when the chariot goes by empty. This, of course, is

only what I think; you may think otherwise, and if you do I shall not argue the point; I shall hear you respectfully and be glad to acknowledge that you are as likely to be right as I am, and meanwhile I naturally prefer what pleases me to what pleases you.

After all, the art of the painter is really no hole-and-corner mystery not to be understood or valued except by the critical expert and the connoisseur; it draws its inspiration from the depths of the life we all live, and it fulfils its highest mission not when it fully satisfies the student of technique, but when it is strong enough to walk freely among the multitude and speak to them intelligibly in the large and nobly simple language that may not content a mortal expert, but is good enough for the gods. You need not be an art critic, or skilled in the technique of colour and line, to have your emotions touched to awe and worship by the sight of a miraculous sunrise; nor need you be in any peculiar way one of the initiated before you can rightly admire the great but smaller miracle of a beautiful picture. You might as well say that a perfect lyric is less than perfect to you and appeals to you less profoundly because you do not happen to know a dactyl from a spondee. The end of art is to give pleasure, and for different reasons I am as grateful for Phil May as for Rubens; neither could have done the other's work, and I should have missed much happiness if either had left his work undone.

"Away! there needs no words nor terms precise,
The paltry jargon of the picture mart
Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes,"

and the best way to enjoy life is not to shut them and believe blindly in what is seen by the eyes of others, but to keep them open and to see things for ourselves.

When I was a boy (not such a dreadful number of years ago either) picture galleries were not so plentiful, nor so easy of access as they are nowadays, and colour-books were expensive and their average of artistic merit was not a high one. So far as I remember, there was frequently a disquieting uncertainty about the colour coming down in the right place; and I vividly recall a picture of a decorous gentleman entering a room with his complexion on his shirt-front and the hue of his hair festooned across the middle of his countenance. We have made great advances since then in colour-printing and the whole art of book illustration, and publishers, printers, and artists between them have spoiled us for such monstrosities as that. Not a little of which improvement is due to George Baxter, whose life and work are the subject of Mr. C. T. Courtney Lewis's new book, "The Picture Printer of the Nineteenth Century,"[1] an able and acutely critical volume in which many excellent examples of the Baxter prints are reproduced.

The Sea-Maidens teasing Alberid.

Reduced illustration from the coloured original by Arthur Rackham illustrating "The Ring of the Niblungs." (Heinemann.)

Each winter latterly has brought us more colour-books than the last, and their general artistic excellence seems to increase with their numbers and popularity. Our tables are at present piled high with every description of them: children's books, boys' and girls' story-books, reprints of classical poets, dramatists, novelists, romancists, essayists—all of them illustrated in colour, and nearly all of them so admirably produced that in their varying kind and degree one has little but praise for them.

Three of such books that have come my way cannot of course be counted among those that contain examples of the book-illustrator's art. These are "The Louvre,"[2] "One Hundred Popular Pictures,"[3] and "Turner's Golden Visions,"[4] each of which is illustrated with reproductions of world-famous paintings. In "The Louvre" Mr. Maurice W. Brockwell and Mr. Paul G. Konody give a valuable critical survey of the paintings that are enshrined in the great National Museum of France. The book could not possibly have been more simply or lucidly arranged. Its opening chapters deal with the various Italian schools represented on the walls of the Louvre, and it passes to a study of the Flemish, German, Spanish, Dutch, and earlier and later French schools, and closes with a chapter on the inadequately represented British school. The "One Hundred Popular Pictures" are selected from the great galleries of the world, and it is agreeably clear from the comprehensive introduction of Mr. M. H. Spielmann that some of the greatest art of all ages is also the most popular. For the third of these books—turn over its pages and enjoy the beauty and the wonder of its fifty of Turner's "golden visions, glorious and beautiful." "They are only visions, but still they are art," as Constable said, "and one could live and die with such pictures." To most art-lovers these magic sunrises, gorgeous sunsets, and marvellous, shimmering dreams of land and sea, wreathed in mists of storm or sleeping under quiet moons,

[1] "The Picture Printer of the Nineteenth Century." By C. T. Courtney Lewis. Illustrated from prints by George Baxter. 21s. net. (Sampson Low & Co.)

[2] "The Louvre." 50 plates in colour. By Paul G. Konody and Maurice W. Brockwell. Edited by T. Leman Hare. 21s. net. (Jack.)

[3] "One Hundred Popular Pictures." Facsimile reproductions in colour of popular pictures selected from the World's Great Galleries. Introduction by M. H. Spielmann and Notes by Arthur Fish. 12s. (Cassell.)

[4] "Turner's Golden Visions." By C. Lewis Hind. With 50 of the Paintings and Drawings of Turner reproduced in colour. 21s. net. (Jack.)

will be familiar enough; no reproductions could possibly render them quite adequately, but I have not seen any more adequate or more satisfying than these. With Mr. Lewis Hind's scholarly estimate of Turner's incomparable achievements and an interestingly written record of his career, this book forms an introduction to the greatest of English impressionists that will not soon or easily be superseded.

Of the numerous other colour-volumes that are not devoted to the old Masters but to those new Masters who genuinely collaborate with authors, living or dead, and who have made the art of book illustration in colour peculiarly their own, I think I should without hesitation place first "The Sleeping Beauty"[1] and "The Ring of the Niblungs."[2] The former presents "The Sleeping Beauty," "Blue Beard," and other such of the world's inimitable fairy-tales newly translated out of the old French by Sir A. T. Quiller Couch and illustrated by Edmund Dulac; and surely they have never before found an artist who has so exquisitely captured the spirit of them, and given visible shape to their people with such a sensitive, subtle appreciation of the quaintness, the daintiness, the drollery and ineffable fascination that made them dear to us at first and keep them so. Tastefully and artistically printed and bound, the elegant simplicity and whole outward appearance of this volume is in harmony with its contents. Fittingly handsome of appearance, too, is Wagner's "The Ring of the Niblungs," which has offered such limitless scope to the play of Arthur Rackham's genius for the elvish and bizarre. I should have said at a venture that Wagner needed in his illustrator a robustness of treatment, a breadth and vigour of line and colour that were alien to Mr. Rackham's methods, but in that I should have been wrong; Mr. Rackham's delicate, strong line and eerie, subdued colour effects, his freakish, airy nymphs and fine-drawn hideous gnomes for all their delicacy are all vividly alive with that pulsing energy and eager intensity that inhere in whatever was Wagner's.

"There's lots of good fish in the sea."—*The Mikado.*
From one of the colour-plates by W. Russell Flint illustrating "Iolanthe and Other Operas." (G. Bell & Sons.)

If nobody were to write new fairy-tales till we tired of the old ones, what scores of pleasant authors would be following other professions! Mr. Walter Jerrold has gathered into his "Big Book of Fairy Tales"[1] the lovely, impossible romances which every child loyally believes in, or ought to believe in, and is always ready to hear retold—"Cinderella," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Aladdin," "Blue Beard," "Beauty and the Beast," "Little Red Riding Hood," and over a score of others whose names laugh to us with memories of our own childhood—tales that live for ever in the nursery, and they are here illustrated anew by that facile and fanciful draughtsman, Charles Robinson, with some thirty delightful colour-plates and more black-and-white drawings than I have stopped to count. And here is Kingsley's dainty fairy-tale for a land baby, "The Water Babies,"[2] a comparatively new fairy-tale still, but fast taking

[1] "The Sleeping Beauty, and Other Fairy Tales from the Old French." Retold by Sir A. T. Quiller Couch. Illustrated in colour by Edmund Dulac. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[2] "The Ring of the Niblungs: 1. The Rhinegold. The Valkyrie." By Richard Wagner. Translated by Margaret Armour. Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Arthur Rackham. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

[1] "The Big Book of Fairy Tales." Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 7s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

[2] "The Water Babies." By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated in colour by Warwick Goble. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

place among the old ones as one of their immortal family, and it is saying much to add that Mr. Warwick Goble's colour-pictures are in every way worthy of it. The same artist has cleverly and beautifully pictured the pretty fancifulness, the curious, elusive charm and grim grotesquerie that fill the dreamland of the child of Japan as it is opened to you in "The Green Willow, and Other Japanese Fairy Tales," [1] tales that have an odd fascination of their own, though they are slighter, more naive, more compact of nightmares and the extravaganza of dream-life than our English fairy-stories are. There is something especially mundane and homely about the brief legend of "Old Mother Hubbard," [2] for example; it is neither magical nor unreal, yet it appeals to all our children irresistibly; it isn't even a fairy-story, or has not been until now, but now Mr. Ladbroke Black has set himself to inquire into the family history of Mother Hubbard and has written "her complete story, together with the fullest recorded account of her Wonderful Dog," and a joyously humorous book it is, humorously illustrated by Dudley Tennant. Yet another modern fairy-book and one that soars above them all and is surer than any other of its welcome is "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens," [3] with Arthur Rackham's graceful and fantastic illustrations; for wherever Peter Pan goes, he is irresistible—he wins the love of the children, delights them with the quaintest and tenderest of fancies and moves them to happiest laughter; and the best of it is that adults read the book too, and are so taken with it that they forget it was not meant for them.

"With the slow, short-measured step of thoughtfulness."

From one of the colour-plates by Everard Hopkins illustrating "A Sentimental Journey." (Williams & Norgate.)

Last year Mr. Russell Flint illustrated four of Sir W. S. Gilbert's "Savoy Operas," and for this Christmas in "Iolanthe and Other Operas" [4] he illustrates another four, the three others being "The Mikado," "Ruddigore," and "The Gondoliers." It were superfluous to praise the operas, and Mr. Flint's colour-plates catch the tone and movement and manner of them with unerring cunning. Nothing could be more piquant than his Japanese maidens for "The Mikado," and if the peers and fairies of "Iolanthe" might sometimes have been touched in with a lighter hand, they are always adequate and instinct with the wry humour of the play. Moreover, the peers just now are no light matter.

Talking of plays, here are two of Shakespeare's—"The Merry Wives of Windsor," [1] with the virile, breezily humorous drawings of Hugh Thomson, and "Hamlet," [2] illustrated from the striking water-colour paintings of W. G. Simmonds. I don't like Mr. Thomson's first presentment of Falstaff, in the scene where

[1] "The Green Willow, and Other Japanese Fairy Tales." By Grace James. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

[2] "Old Mother Hubbard." By Ladbroke Black. Illustrated by Dudley Tennant. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

[3] "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens." By J. M. Barrie. With 24 plates in colour by Arthur Rackham. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[4] "Iolanthe and Other Operas." By W. S. Gilbert. With Illustrations in colour by W. Russell Flint. 15s. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

[1] "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

[2] "Hamlet." Illustrated by W. G. Simmonds. Introduction by Sir A. T. Quiller Couch. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

he enters with Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph; here the fat knight has a stagey suggestion about him—he is too light for his girth and looks as if he had been stuffed by Sir Herbert Tree's ingenious basket-work arrangement; but every other drawing of him shows him the very swollen, jovial, swaggering, grossly witty rascal that Shakespeare drew; and everywhere Slender and Simple, sweet Ann Page, and all the women of the play are depicted with a drollery and grace and easy naturalness that exactly chime with the merry riotous spirit of the comedy. If I were to select what seem to me the best of the "Hamlet" pictures, they would be the one in which the Ghost first appears to the watching soldiers—an impressive, imaginative piece of work; the scene in which the mad Ophelia appears before the Queen; that in which she wanders by the stream with her arm full of flowers; and that which shows the Ghost again eluding the startled vision of Hamlet and his mother. The face of Hamlet in the illustration to the second scene of the first act is a very subtle study in expression, and almost always Mr. Simmonds succeeds in getting into his paintings the sombre, supernatural, poignantly tragic shadow and feeling that gloom and glow through every page of Shakespeare's supreme creation.

"Building a house for Maimie."

Reproduction from one of Arthur Rackham's colour-plates illustrating "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

To their "Queen's Treasures Series" Messrs. Bell have added a new edition of Mrs. Gaskell's "Sylvia's Lovers,"[1] with Miss Wheelhouse's charming illustrations and a long and scholarly introduction by Thomas Seccombe, who has spent some time at Whitby, where the principal scenes of the novel are laid, and has gathered a good deal of new and interesting information about the originals of its characters and the places they lived in. "Cranford,"[2] the work which has given Mrs. Gaskell most of her popularity, appears also among the colour-books in the "Burlington Library" of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, who include in the same attractive series "The Vicar of Wakefield," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "The Essays of Elia."[2]

It is so many years since I read "Robinson Crusoe"[3] or "The Pilgrim's Progress"[4] that I am ashamed to say I have forgotten ever so much of both of them, but glancing over Mr. W. B. Robinson's illustrations of the one and Mr. Frank C. Papé's of the other I can feel again something of the absorbing interest and excitement with which I once dreamed through both of them and could find it in me to envy the boys who still have such glorious hours ahead of them. Sterne's "Sentimental Journey,"[5] too, comes to me with a fragrance of yesterday's memories about it. I read it first, I remember, in a dumpy, shabby, leather-bound edition, picked up on a second-hand bookstall, and here I have it transfigured, dressed in the finest of bindings and rich in Mr. Everard Hopkins's beautiful colour-pictures, with their fastidious, ruffled, fine gentlemen, the sweet feminity of their women, and the glamorous atmosphere of old France brooding restfully over them all. As typical of a bygone England, as those of a farther bygone France, are the colour-plates from water-colour drawings and the hundred black-and-white sketches of Hugh

[1] "Sylvia's Lovers." By Mrs. Gaskell. With a Preface by Thomas Seccombe. Illustrations by M. V. Wheelhouse. 3s. 6d. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

[2] "Cranford." Illustrated by Evelyn Paul. "The Vicar of Wakefield." Illustrated by Margaret Jameson. "A Tale of Two Cities." Illustrated by Sep. E. Scott. "The Essays of Elia." Illustrated by Sybil Tawse. 3s. 6d. net each. (Chapman & Hall.)

[3] "Robinson Crusoe." Illustrated in colour by W. B. Robinson. 3s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

[4] "The Pilgrim's Progress." Illustrated by Frank C. Papé. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

[5] "The Sentimental Journey." By Laurence Sterne. Illustrated by Everard Hopkins. 10s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

Thomson that embellish Miss Mitford's "Our Village," [1] the quietly humorous, quietly realistic stories of English rural life that have gone through edition after edition and been illustrated by many artists, but never more delightfully nor more faithfully than in this, the latest edition of them. Mr. Walter Raymond's new collection of stories, "English Country Life," [2] is appropriately called by its publisher the "Our Village" of the twentieth century. They are tales and sketches of life in Surrey and are written with all the truth, the keenness of observation, and imaginative insight that have given Mr. Raymond a niche of his own among authors who write of the character and manners of rural England. Two other living novelists who have books among these that have found their way to me are Lucas Malet, whose delightful new romance, "The Wreck of the Golden Galleon" [3]—the wistful, poignant, exquisitely sympathetic "middle-aged maiden romance" of the little "pony-built" Miss Miranda Povey—is cleverly illustrated in colour by C. E. Brock; and H. de Vere Stacpoole, whose novel "The Blue Lagoon," [4] unquestionably the most original and most brilliant thing he has yet done, appears in a new edition with characteristic illustrations by Willy Pogány.

"Dick and Emmeline stole up to him."

From one of the colour-pictures by Willy Pogány illustrating "The Blue Lagoon." (Fisher Unwin.)

Nothing could be more sharply in contrast with the warmth and glow of the South Sea scenes of "The Blue Lagoon" than are the hazy, cold greys and blues, the blind suns and mystic lights and shadows and eerie figures of the living and the dead and the dead-alive that go to the making of the same artist's wonderful pictures for "The Ancient Mariner." [5] And, if you are for contrast, pass from these to the bizarre and haunting beauty of Jules Guérin's illustrations to "The Holy Land," [6] paintings that are magically steeped in the sensuous purples and blues, the golden breathless days and still, clear nights of the Orient. The Pool of Hezekiah at Jerusalem, shut in by a square of houses and dark with the shadows of them; the sacred Garden of Gethsemane; the Temple of Bacchus—these and other the like historic scenes that lie about Damascus, Nazareth, Jericho, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and the Holy Sepulchre are not more powerfully and vividly described in Mr. Robert Hichens's nervous, richly pictorial prose than they are reflected in M. Guérin's paintings. The lights and gorgeous hues of the Orient shine also through the pages of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," [1] for which Mr. A. C. Benson supplies a preface; but here there is more of glitter and brightness and less of atmosphere, for the illustrations are mainly decorative. The volume is a facsimile reproduction of a manuscript written and illuminated by F. Sangorski and G. Sutcliffe and makes an uncommon and luxurious gift-book. Mrs. Meynell has written an admirably sympathetic introduction for the "Poems by Christina Rossetti" [2] that Miss Florence Harrison has illustrated. Miss Harrison is herself a poet of true inspiration, and she has brought to her work as a painter a sensitive understanding and poetic insight that have enabled her to reveal in her pictures something of the pensive introspection and religious mysticism that are the soul of Christina Rossetti's poems. In technique and composition Miss Harrison's work here is curiously reminiscent of that of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and so seems in the more perfect communion

[1] "Our Village." By Mary Russell Mitford. With 16 coloured plates from drawings and 100 illustrations by Hugh Thomson. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

[2] "English Country Life." By Walter Raymond. Illustrated in colour from water-colour drawings by Wilfrid Ball, R.E. 5s. net. (Foulis.)

[3] "The Wreck of the Golden Galleon." By Lucas Malet. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[4] "The Blue Lagoon." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. Illustrated by Willy Pogány. 5s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

[5] "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." With 20 plates reproduced by the four-colour process by Willy Pogány. 15s. net. (Harrap.)

[6] "The Holy Land." By Robert Hichens. Illustrated by Jules Guérin, and with photographs. 25s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[1] "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." Translated by Edward FitzGerald, with an Introduction by A. C. Benson. Illustrated and illuminated by F. Sangorski and G. Sutcliffe. £1 net. (Siegle, Hill & Co.)

[2] "Poems by Christina Rossetti." With 36 plates in colour, 36 full pages in black-and-white, and other Illustrations by Florence Harrison. Introduction by Alice Meynell. 15s. net. (Blackie.)

"The Gypsy tells their fortunes."

From one of the colour pictures by Margaret Jameson illustrating "The Vicar of Wakefield." (Chapman & Hall.)

with the work it illustrates. "A Picture Song Book [1]" does not pretend to be anything more than a charming Christmas gift-book, and it more than fulfils its modest pretensions. It contains forty-six old ballads and songs, giving both music and words, and to each song there is a full-page coloured illustration by the Earl of Carlisle. These pictures were painted by the Earl when he was staying in the country; they were intended only for the amusement of his grandchildren, and at the time he had no thought of publishing them. "I hope," he says in a brief and whimsical preface, "that this may be considered an extenuating circumstance." But no extenuation is necessary; those who know the distinguished work the Earl of Carlisle has already accomplished as a water-colour artist would be very greatly surprised if it were.

We reviewed last month Miss Marie Corelli's prose poem, "The Devil's Motor," [1] and I refer to it again here chiefly that I may have my personal say about the set of remarkable colour-plates with which Mr. Arthur Severn has illustrated it. There are six of these, ranging in style from the grim Dantesque vision of London at midnight—its dim row of roofs and spires and towers stretching into the black distance, its lamps and lighted windows glinting sleepily in the dark waters of the Thames, and high overhead the lurid, flashing car of the Arch-Fiend sweeping athwart a lowering sky, the clouds that are billowing after him breaking into hints of pursuing angels—to the pale tenderness of an evening landscape crossed by a moon-grey stream, and full of a sense of "the murmur of cool grasses waving in the fields of peace." For boldness and originality of conception, the effectiveness of their colour-schemes and their imaginative forcefulness, these pictures will unquestionably rank with the most memorable book illustrations of the day. It is interesting, by the way, to notice how many reviewers of "The Devil's Motor" have missed the obviously dramatic intention of the author and have ascribed to Miss Corelli herself the scorn and ironic denunciation of mankind that are expressed by the great sinister figure who dominates her tragic vision of the doom upon which the world is rushing headlong. It is the usual fate of the author to be thus credited or discredited with the sentiments and opinions of his characters, but it has happened so often that surely by now we ought to have learned the error of our ways.

> "What if our dull forefathers used that cry?
> Can we not let a bad example die?"

But I have already over-run the limits of my space, and must leave a multitude of other colour-books to be dealt with on other pages; in the meantime, here at all events are enough and variety enough to choose from and to suit almost every variety of taste.

PHILISTINE.

[1] "A Picture Song Book." With 48 Illustrations in colour by the Earl of Carlisle. 21s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

[1] "The Devil's Motor." By Marie Corelli. Illustrated with plates in colour by Arthur Severn, R.I. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS.

BY PERCY WHITE, MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS, ARTHUR RACKHAM, G. B. BURGIN, JOHN HASSALL, H. DE VERE STACPOOLE, AND MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

EVERY one has some ideal of Christmas—the Christmas he used to keep; the Christmas he would like to keep; the Christmas he feels he ought to keep but knows that he never will. We have been favoured with the following opinions from well-known authors and artists on Christmas as it is and Christmas as it should be:

PERCY WHITE
makes a suggestion.

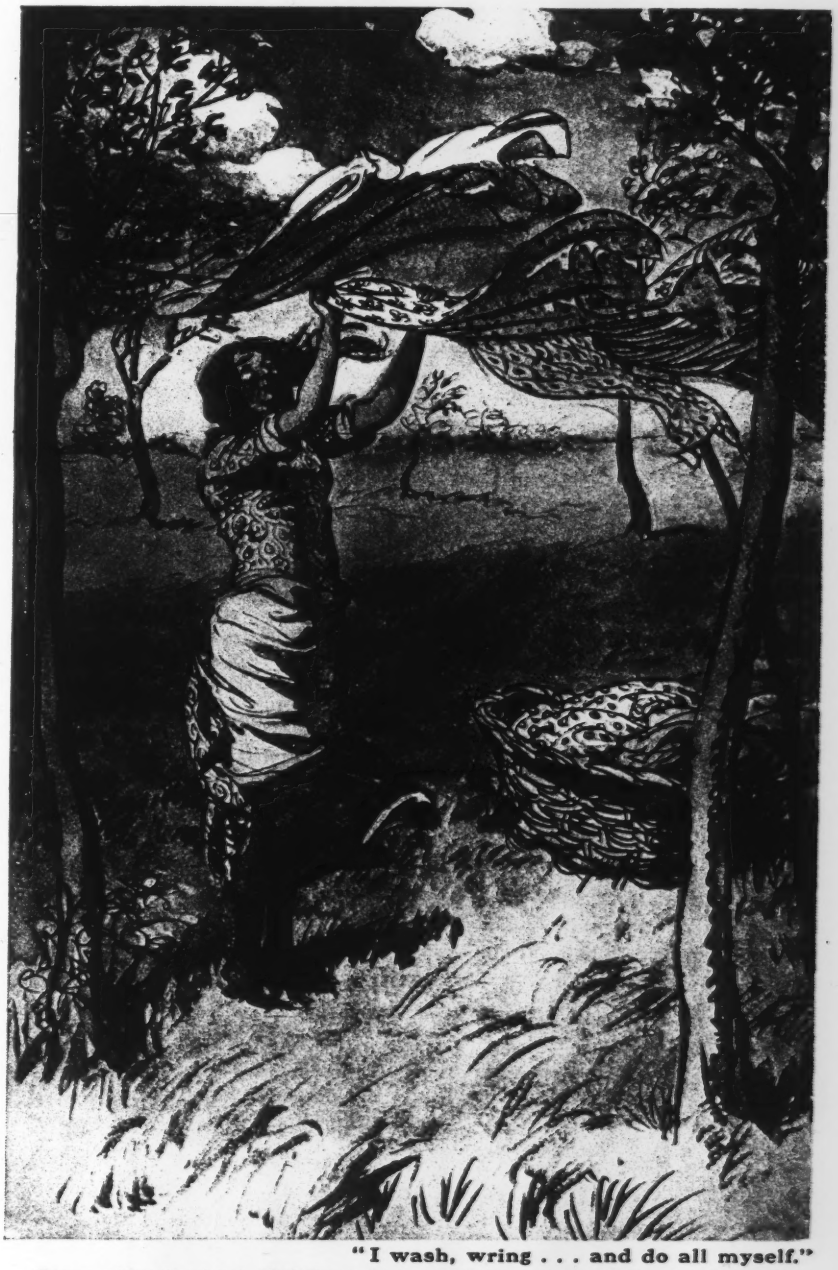
The recurrence of Christmas always leaves on my mind the impression that we have become so feverish in our efforts to preserve it that we have made it the most fatiguing season of the year. The poetry of the tradition seems to have been so crushed out under the materialism of the display, that there is a real excuse for the selfish people who run away to escape the strain. A simple and charitable festival has grown over-costly and lavish, till, in too many cases, it is more of a saturnalia than a holiday. The only suggestion that I can make is that we should slacken the pace of "Yuletide" jollity and increase our charity in wiser directions.

PERCY WHITE.

MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS
on the keeping of Christmas.

One must begin with a truism. Christ-Mass is a Christian festival. The Mass of the Infant Jesus is its highest and most fitting expression; but, like all the great Christian festivals, it has assimilated a number of heathen customs. The cult of the mistletoe, which is admittedly Druidic; the Was-Hael bowl, which is Scandinavian; the Christmas tree, which (I am told) is Saxon—these were all bits of ritual which were observed long before the Holy Birth. Whatever their origin, we love them now. They are like an old English house which has the remains of a Norman keep, a timbered gable, a Tudor frontage, perchance a Jacobean porch. They carry the silent eloquence of history, they are sanctified by centuries of Christian association, and we would not willingly surrender one.

But these are only symbols. There is one Christmas



"I wash, wring . . . and do all myself."
From one of the colour-plates by Hugh Thomson illustrating "The Merry Wives of Windsor." (Heinemann.)

custom which is not only entirely Christian, but which is an intrinsic part of the keeping of the festival. This is its social aspect. Parties of friends at Christmas are indispensable. They are the necessary and correct form of observance of that Goodwill towards Men which the Baby Guest in the Manger taught so forcibly.

In this respect, I regret the modern tendency. The irreligious say that the idea of Christmas sociability is an exploded bit of mid-Victorian sentimentalism. One hears religious people object to conviviality as something derogatory to the spiritual aspect of the feast. Both are wrong. Christmas is the feast of Goodwill towards Men, the feast of reconciliation, the day on which all who have no gathering at their own hearth should find a welcome at some one else's.

Whether we celebrate it with British, Danish, or Saxon rites, let us do so, as far as we possibly can, in community and reunion.

GERTRUDE M. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.

ARTHUR RACKHAM
wants to alter the date.

I'm really afraid I have nothing to say on the subject of Christmas. It is one of the institutions I have taken for granted as I found it. If one is forced to consider it, one might suggest that the date of the celebration of Christmas should be moved to a pleasanter time of the year.

ARTHUR RACKHAM.

G. B. BURGIN:
His wants.

No, I do not consider that Christmas is kept in an ideal way nowadays. The "good old Charles Dickens Christmas" is deader than the proverbial doornail. It had its drawbacks; there was an overpowering amount of conviviality of a more or less arduous nature in it; but it certainly kept up the best traditions of Christmas, made people more charitable, more kindly disposed to one another, more willing to bury the hatchet and to remember the season of universal peace and goodwill. The children revelled in it—now they want to play Bridge; the young people kissed beneath the mistletoe—now they say, "Kiss her under the mistletoe and be booked by the old birds! Eh, what?"; the old people sat and thought of the days of their youth, of those loved and lost—now they drink equally hard and lie about their prowess at golf; in the old times the servants loved their master and mistress and were the first to wish them happiness on Christmas Day; now, they wonder how soon they can decently give notice because they are expected to carry coals upstairs.

On Christmas Day I want those I love and who love me, in spite of my errors of omission and commission, to write and tell me so. I want to sit and think of the swiftly flying years and what yet remains for me to do. Then thank the Power which has helped me over life's thorny path. I want to meet old friends and find them younger; I want to lay in a stock of hope and courage for the next twelve months; and, lastly, when we are sitting at our comfortable Christmas feasts, I want to think of those who "broken by Fortune dwell in Alsatia."

GEO. B. BURGIN.

JOHN HASSALL
has it.

So far as I am concerned I am quite incompetent to judge of whether Christmas is kept in an ideal way by the general public, because the festival starts with my family three or four days before the 25th unofficially. All the stockings are filled on Christmas Eve; the Christmas tree is decked from top to bottom, and the house more like a wood with the amount of foliage that is put up. On December 25 itself we are so busy that I've no idea how other people spend the day. With us it couldn't be more ideal.

JOHN HASSALL.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE
and his Ideal.

You ask me whether I think Christmas is kept in an ideal way nowadays. I think it is when the keepers of it conform as far as possible to the old kindly traditions.

Here is my formula for an ideal Christmas: *Make it a happy time for children.* That includes every ingredient necessary, in whatever station of life we are.

I do not know how it is with others, but in my own case Christmas induces a kindlier feeling towards mankind in general, and I am sure that extra warmth of feeling comes from the embers of old Christmases; the recollection of the kindliness of grown-up people experienced in childhood.

It is really the great children's festival—long may it flourish.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK
praises the German way.

I naturally think that Christmas is kept in the ideal way by Germans and that it hardly counts anywhere else. Christmas is the tree and the tree is Christmas, but you must have it as Germans do on Christmas Eve in the seclusion of the family. How can a country be said to keep Christmas that has a tree any day and hangs presents on it and asks a juvenile party to it? The presents must be on little tables and never on the branches of the tree. That is hung with lights and sweetmeats and small fantastic toys and tiny red apples, but no one strips it. For days before Christmas you watch the streets and market-places of your town, wondering which tree the Christ Child will bring to you, and on the Eve, with none but your own people by, you find it lighted and trimmed, scenting the room. All your life you remember the moment when you see it, as the glowing one to which the other days of the year lead. In Munich people take a tree to the grave of their beloved dead and light it there. Then they go back to the one waiting for them in their home.

CECILY SIDGWICK.

WHAT WAS THE ENGLISH REFORMATION?

By Dr. William Barry.

ANY writer deserves congratulation who will undertake the study of a seemingly worn-out problem in the light of new ideas. All the more if his subject chances to be English history. For reasons which lie deep in the national character, that history, as read and taught in our schools, remains a "fable agreed upon," mostly of a Whig or Macaulay-like pattern, and in the main political, touched up here and there with picturesque incidents. The late Professor Freeman did all that eloquence and learning could attempt, to break the barrier which divides the story of these Islands from that of Europe at large. But our schools remain doggedly insular still, nay something less, for they seldom hear even of Scottish or Irish events, except as bearing on the Englishman's adventures abroad. To elementary and public-school education Europe may be known as a geographical term; but as the subject of a development which connects the Roman Empire with our twentieth century it is a land unexplored by teachers "as they make them."

No Catholic would ever take so contracted a view; for, by definition, his Church is international; its outward shape during a thousand years was called Christendom, and England was one of its provinces. Down to the year 1534 Englishmen were members of a vast federation, over which the Pope ruled by means of his Canon Law. The Act of Royal Supremacy meant nothing else than a revolt from this Latin Union, the beginning of a self-centred Orbis Britannicus, and a start on original lines of enterprise, ending in the Empire of to-day. Merely to outline these undeniable facts will suggest a philosophy of the Reformation which, in our schools at any rate, is overlooked. Yet we can scarcely now fail to perceive that religious controversies do not explain the events of the sixteenth century, as neither do they exhaust them. What larger principle, then, shall we take to guide us? What, after all, was the English Reformation?

Mr. Lumsden * proposes to follow up this surely most absorbing inquiry from original documents and the evidence of contemporary literature, not without help where it is given by thinkers of our own time. His first volume may be described as a prelude or intro-

* "The Dawn of Modern England: A History of the Reformation, 1509–25." By Carlos Lumsden. 9s. net. (Longmans.)

The Sweetmeat Bazaar, Damascus.

From one of the colour-plates by Jules Guérin illustrating "The Holy Land." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

duction, and its opening chapter strikes the warning note. He is a Catholic, therefore likely to furnish a point of view to which readers are not accustomed, and so far an advantage when we are breaking fresh ground. He has read a portentous number of books—his bibliography extends over twenty-one pages—and if he can digest them all he is a miracle of learning, an orthodox Henry Thomas Buckle. Indeed, his great undertaking reminds us of Buckle's too ambitious effort, which would have discovered a formula not unequal to the civilisation he surveyed on all sides. To condense Calvin's "Institutes" and Henry's Acts of Parliament; to sum up in luminous periods after the manner of Gibbon the confused and shifting politics of an age when every little Italian Court had its secret intrigues and its public "orators"; to trace the beginnings of the capitalist régime as it emerged from the ruins of Feudalism—who is sufficient for these things? They have not been successfully brought out in the "Cambridge Modern History," though its merits as touching the general account of the Reformation are conspicuous. Perhaps the task lies beyond man's power. If in any degree feasible we may attribute our surer grasp of the phenomena to the increase of documentary knowledge, and our better insight to the laws of perspective. For the Reformation as a whole lies behind us; it is something complete and, in a sense, finished. All that lay in it had been pretty well realised when the "Rights of Man" in 1789 gave political expression to the "Right of Private Judgment," proclaimed at Wittenberg in 1517. Disentangled from the mightier movement in which it was an episode lasting nearly three hundred years, the strictly religious programme of Luther, Zwingli, or Calvin may be studied by itself. As for the Royal Supremacy, dear to England, it was destined to give way before a popular Constitution and the reign of law, with a tendency ever growing towards the pure secular State. Undoubtedly such results were contained from the first in the breaking-up of Christendom. But once more we find ourselves in front of the question, "What caused that breaking-up?" Bishop Creighton held that all attempts to account for the change we know as the Renaissance had been unsatisfactory. In that case a new attempt may be pardoned. Even the statement of the riddle would, let us hope, yield some not unworthy consequences. I think Mr. Lumsden has a claim to so much recognition as this, if to nothing more.

But his preliminary chapter—a bird's-eye view—discloses many fields of interest, while the last sixty pages, dealing with economical statistics under Henry VIII., are well worth reading. I wish the author had expanded these parts and ruthlessly sacrificed the details of European politics which lie huddled between them. Mr. Lumsden has neither Macaulay's vivid style nor Gibbon's genius for condensation. He writes carelessly, and he believes that "facts" are "dull." Now to most of us facts are interesting and principles are dull. The infallible receipt for composing a dull history I take to be this, that we should keep our eyes exclusively fixed upon the inferences we are going to draw from the facts we narrate. Froude is the master whose enchanting touch Mr. Lumsden recalls by contrast, and whose example might have taught him a lesson in the magic art of presenting past events as though we saw them on the stage. It was not impossible to tell us all we needed in a few clear chapters, as the foundation for Mr. Lumsden's reasoning. But he is at once too particular and too hurried; we lose the philosophy without gaining a definite picture of the world it is called upon to explain. Had there been misrepresentation of facts which later intelligence might correct, well and good; but we are all now agreed on the chief points of the history. It does little credit to any of the great persons concerned. Virtue, public or private, was not common in those days of a new-found freedom. Let us turn to the secret yet decisive motive-power which King and Kaiser, Pope and Reformer, alike obeyed, and which fully warranted the name of Renaissance or new birth ever since bestowed on it.

English Whig historians never have grasped any but party principles, and those political; hence the inadequate treatment of history in our text-books. I should much have preferred an account of the Renaissance by Adam Smith to one by Macaulay. For Adam Smith would have reduced its phenomena to their economic basis; and whatever else we do, this must be done. Our present author, transcending the Whig low levels, takes his prospect-glass where he can perceive the changes in land-tenure, in enclosures, in commerce, in capital and enterprise, in the standard of living, in luxury and labour, that brought about a fresh grouping of rulers and ruled. The Catholic indictment of these changes, so far as they made against the old religion, is confirmed by the Socialist. Karl Marx and Mr. Hyndman agree with Sir Thomas More, with the defenders of monasticism, with writers like the German historian Janssen, who declare that the Reformation confiscated the patrimony of the poor and labouring class in favour of a new rich caste, whose wealth was gradually divorced from all idea of social service. Feudalism went out with Catholic dogma; Capitalism took the place of both and holds it to this hour. In the Middle Ages freedom was severely limited by duty towards the commune; property was a trust, usury a sin; private means paid taxes in the shape of charity; and the individual could not plead against Church or State that he was free to do as he liked with his own. The basis of society was an ordered communism—trade-guild, town-corporation, monastery, feudal tenure—elected Emperor and Pope at the head of the system. Absolute private capital was unknown and inconceivable. The last word of this legislation we may read in the sumptuary laws which regulated the price of commodities, the food and raiment of the various orders which made up the social hierarchy. No man was supposed to live or die to himself. In religion such is the Catholic idea; in morals the French call

it solidarity; in politics it should furnish principles for the just distribution of wealth and transform the licence now enjoyed by riches to definite public obligations.

But the idea which inspired Renaissance and Reformation alike was, in Mr. Lumsden's rendering, exactly the opposite of all these things. It substituted the individual for the commonwealth, the Ego for the brotherhood. The Reform justified by faith and without works, and accordingly works of beneficence were no longer done from a sense of duty, if at all. It overthrew monasticism and transferred to private plunderers the lands which had been left, on socialised terms, mainly to the lower classes. It made poverty no longer a Christian virtue but a crime, and stigmatised it as pauperism. Interest and self-interest became leading motives, acknowledged now to be legitimate and in fact supreme, whereas the medieval faith sacrificed this world to the next. At length, although Mr. Lumsden has not arrived within centuries of the great anarchist development under Bentham and the preachers of Laissez-faire, it was held that the one duty of government consisted in the defence of free private contract. The State was a policeman; the cash-nexus became the only bond of society; economics were a matter of bargaining without reference to ethical or humane considerations. Such was the conception of the Liberal State, atomic not organic, not a divine institution but a free-will association, limited in its outlook to the present world. In short, and perhaps all too sharply, we may affirm that the medieval order was framed in view of the "Beyond," as a pilgrimage to eternity; the modern, which began with a revolt from the Papal "Kingdom of God," rests on man himself, the creature of a day, and leaves religion to our particular thoughts, while founding culture, civilisation, commerce, art, and government on freedom of contract or the "voluntary system." But here I must break off, commending Mr. Lumsden's volume for its bold and suggestive treatment of a subject so vast.

FAIRYLAND.

By Katharine Tynan.

"Oh, let's away to Fairyland,
To Fairyland, to Fairyland;
Oh, let's away to Fairyland,
Where all the woods are merry."

THERE was once a little girl who went to school to a very, very old-fashioned convent-school in Ireland. At home she had been used to browse at will on books, for though she had a pious mother who said "Don't!" when it was a question of her little girl reading books not pious, she had a big-minded, kind father who said, "Let her; it will do her no harm." So she had read everything, from the Family Bible to "Lady Audley's Secret," with some very queer things in between.

Figure to yourself, then, this small person of eleven tied down to a convent-school library, which, however, contained "The Heir of Redclyffe" and a volume of religious poetry—Anglican—which had a great vogue in the——oh, ever so long ago, and was called "Ezekiel, and Other Poems." There were also the religious novels of the late Lady Georgina Fullerton, "Fabiola," "Callista," and "The Last Days of Pompeii" in a French translation.

Out of these the young person who had been accustomed to browse wrung a quite extraordinary amount of sweetness. But perhaps dearest of all was some collection which included within its borders "The Ugly Duckling" of Hans Andersen, and a bit from Kingsley's "Water Babies." Since then these have represented fairyland to her; and now that she is quite old she could almost repeat "The Ugly Duckling" verbatim for her children. She did indeed introduce her own children to it at a tender age, with the result that a sensitive boy of five, at the glorious ending, which yet

From "The Scottish Fairy Book." (Fisher Unwin.)

They sported in this charming way.

From "Folk-Tales of Many Lands." (Harrap.)

makes her ancient heart swell within her, where the poor brow-beaten Ugly Duckling turns into a most beautiful Swan, suddenly burst into tears. "It isn't the top," he sobbed, "nor it isn't the bottom; they're all right; it's the middle where he was so mis'able."

A good deal of water has flowed under the bridges since Andersen's Fairy Tales were first sprung on a happy world of children. So beautiful and ever fresh are they that one thinks of a most wonderful rose-tree in a glorious forest, and all the children sitting down under the sweet shadow of the roses reading "The Ugly Duckling," and "The Tin Soldier," and "The Red Shoes," and "The Wild Swans," and ever so many more delectable things. And, oh yes, that blessed miscellany of the convent-school also contained "The Pine Tree" and "The Daisy." Over "The Daisy" the little girl of long ago nearly broke her heart.

And here is Hans Christian Andersen,[1] the dearest friend of the children of the world, brought out in a most lovely new edition by Messrs. J. M. Dent, and illustrated by that delightful and most imaginative artist, Mr. Maxwell Armfield. I think Mr. Armfield must have loved Hans Andersen very much when he was a little boy, or he would hardly have been able to produce such illuminating pictures of the stories. It is a ticklish thing to illustrate such a one as Hans Andersen, for every child will have just its own preconceived idea of how things looked. I turn to my dear "Ugly Duckling," and I find a most delightful picture of the old mansion, with its moat under the spreading dock-leaves, in the shade of which the Ugly Duckling was born. It isn't exactly as I saw it; but then I saw it as the haggard, or stack-yard, of a long, low thatched farm-house in Ireland, behind which was the pond tangled over with weeds, with the little island in the middle, which, if you watched it very patiently and quietly, might yield up the wonderful sight of a water-hen and her little brood swimming out on the waters of the pond and scurrying back to shelter if one but moved. Happy, happy country children who make their own *milieu* for the stories they love best! Mr. Maxfield Armfield must have been a country child. But for the children even the town has its "deare secret greennesse"; and I must ask the next town child I meet to give me his or her *milieu* for "The Ugly Duckling."

And now another Grace after Meat—meat eaten so long ago, but so filling and fattening to the child's imagination. Here is Kingsley's "Water Babies," of the immortalities like Hans Christian Andersen. Kingsley was a lucky man. There was hardly anything he touched in which he was not brilliantly successful. What with "The Water Babies" for the children and the "Heroes" for the boys and girls, what with "Alton

"He was too fat to walk."

From "Gervas and the Magic Castle." (Duckworth.)

[1] "Stories from Hans Andersen." Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent & Sons.)

Locke" for the young man bent on re-making the world and "Hypatia" for the serious, and "Westward Ho" for the adventurous, to say nothing of the poetry—"The Sands of Dee," and "Oh, Sweet it was in Avis," and that very mid-Victorian "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever," which, *mirabile dictu*, is not yet out of fashion—he was an uncommonly lucky man. And here we have "The Water Babies"[1] brought out beautifully by Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack, with coloured pictures by Katharine Cameron, who by this time must be a great favourite with the children, seeing all the lovely books she has illustrated for them. If anything could make "The Water Babies" more delightful and acceptable to children, it would be these pictures by Miss Katharine Cameron.

There is always, or nearly always, a poet locked up in the heart of a child. One remembers Swift's tale of the Irish bishops—how they set out from London holy and reverend men, but on Hounslow Heath, Boxmoor, or some such place beloved of highwaymen, they were seized upon by the Knights of the Road, who changed garments with them and rode away to Ireland and took their sees, which transaction to Swift's mind was fully explanatory of their later actions. Well, somewhere between childhood and manhood some brigand, or else some dull and commonplace person, turns the poet out of the heart that had housed him and takes up his own habitation therein. Here is a book which will appeal to the poet not yet dispossessed, Mr. Maurice Baring's "The Glass Mender, and Other Stories."[2] Mr. Baring has a beautiful prose style, and he has not waited for this book to tell us that he has the mind of a poet. He has the clear and lucent imagination which shakes down, as it were, myriads of flowers in a green and golden forest, so that he is of the authentic company of those who are born to write fairy stories and not made to write them. The coloured illustrations have a certain Japanese oddity, and one is pretty sure the children will like them; but if they don't they can listen to Mr. Baring's "Song of Spring" with their eyes shut and imagine the rest.

"The Scottish Fairy Book," by Elizabeth Grierson,[1] is the third of an excellent trio, of which the other two are "The Welsh Fairy Book" and "The Irish Fairy Book." One rather wonders how they kept from overlapping, for certainly some of these Scottish Fairy Tales were familiar to my Irish youth. "The Black Bull of Norroway" is one dearly beloved of my childhood. The collection is full of the Celtic imagination. The very titles will fill the poet in the child with thrills and shudders of anticipated delight. What about "Gold Tree and Silver Tree," "The Well o' the World's End," "The Milk-White Doo'," "Courteous King Jamie"? Is there not a world of promised delight in these? The book is profusely illustrated with a wealth of fancy by a new artist, Morris Meredith Williams, and will bring untold delight to the child who is happy enough to receive it as a Christmas gift.

From one of the colour-pictures illustrating "Santa Claus's Partner." (Chatto & Windus.)

And here is "The Book of Betty Barber,"[2] illustrated by that king of them all, Mr. Arthur Rackham. Certainly we give the children of our best in these happy days for children. No more crudities, no more carelessness, but the most airy and delicate imagination among our draughtsmen. One wishes that Mr. Rackham would illustrate the poetry of Mr. W. B. Yeats. "The Book of Betty Barber" is published by Messrs. Duckworth, and if it were not that the children like colour one would say it was a pity to colour these precious drawings.

"Gervas and the Magic Castle," by B. V. Harvey,[3] is another of Messrs. Duckworth's publications, and one marvels at the cheapness of the price, for the stories are good, the verse gay and deft, and the illustrations charming. One need not be a very good boy or girl, or one's friends very rich, to be rewarded by this delightful book.

And here are "Celtic Fairy Tales,"[4] in Messrs. Jack's charming "Told to the Children" Series. The stories are of the best, the format dainty and delicate, and the price moderation itself. In the children's Valhalla,

[1] "The Water Babies." By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Jack.)

[2] "The Glass Mender, and Other Stories." By Maurice Baring. Illustrated. 6s. (Nisbet.)

[1] "The Scottish Fairy Book." By Elizabeth Grierson. Illustrated. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

[2] "The Book of Betty Barber." Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

[3] "Gervas and the Magic Castle." By B. V. Harvey. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

[4] "Celtic Fairy Tales." Retold by Mrs. Louey Chisholm. Illustrated. 1s. and 1s. 6d. (Jack.)

Mrs. Louey Chisholm, Messrs. Jack's particular wonder-worker, has an assured place.

"Santa Claus's Partner," by Thomas Nelson Page,[1] although it is published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, has a transatlantic origin. Perhaps the "onlie begetter" of a book in this delightful vein is our own particular Charles Dickens, and here is a book which one might keep on one's bookshelf side by side with "The Christmas Carol." Among the multitude of fairy stories, this fairy story, which any man of moderate wealth might make come true, is very welcome. There is here the true spirit of Christmas, warming and expanding, and the book with its delightful American illustrations, deft and brilliant, will be enjoyed by the elders before being passed on to the children.

"Little Lady Grimgruff," by Marie Bayne,[2] is of obviously Celtic origin. The writer, whose name we do not remember to have heard before, asks in a foreword where the fairies have gone to. Well, the question has been asked before.

> "But since of late Elizabeth,
> And later James, came in,
> They have not danced on any heath
> As in the time hath been."

They have not danced—perhaps—to mortal eyes often. But there are still eyes anointed so that they can see the fairies. I could an I would quote you a recipe to anoint the eyes so that the fairies would be visible. Said a small boy of my acquaintance, on being told that if he fasted three days he could see the fairies, "H'm! Could I eat a fairy, then?" Some of the fairies, and the most delightful ones, have been caught fast between the pages of this book.

"Aunt Maria's Dressing-Table," by Helen Reid Cross,[1] consists of the tales Aunt Maria used to tell her little niece, of the Golden Pig who was a Tape Measure, the China Hen, the Scissors who was a Crane, and all the other creatures of the Dressing-Table. The book has a certain old-fashioned fragrance, and the pictures are outlined so that the children may colour them for themselves. This is sure to be a popular book.

"Fairy Tales from Many Lands," by Lilian Gask,[2] has things new and old, gathered at sweet will from the fields of many countries. Here is Canon Schmidt's "Basket of Flowers," dear to my childhood, as well as the legend which has often been told of the monk who listened to the White Bird's Song the length of a day as he thought, not realising that it was his whole life that sped by. These and very many others from France, from Spain, from Russia and Italy, from the frozen lands and the sunny lands. Miss Gask has the Golden Key.

Last, but not least, of these Guides to Fairyland comes dear Mrs. Ewing, who deserves her immortality as a school-room classic. "The Brownies, and Other Tales" is published by Messrs. Bell at 2s. 6d. net, and it is cheap at any price.[3] I really envy the little girl who is given this book for a Christmas present. Dear, delightful, fragrant Mrs. Ewing! What thronging memories she brings back! We, too, have been in Fairyland.

[1] "Santa Claus's Partner." By Thomas Nelson Page. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)
[2] "Little Lady Grimgruff." By Marie Bayne. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Sands.)

[1] "Aunt Maria's Dressing-Table." By Helen Reid Cross. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)
[2] "Fairy Tales from Many Lands." By Lilian Gask. 5s. net. (Harrap.)
[3] "The Brownies, and Other Tales." By Mrs. Ewing. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net. (Geo. Bell & Sons.)

New Books.

THE NEW MAETERLINCK.*

For some years the genius of Maurice Maeterlinck has been testing itself against what is foreign to the essentially Maeterlinckian drama—that compact drama of spiritual force which was so rare at its best that it had almost to abandon the human and find expression through the soul of symbolic creatures which even their creator called marionettes. The first complete sign of this variation from an accepted dramatic tradition was "Monna Vanna." In this play there was little of the old Maeterlinck, little, indeed, peculiar to any one dramatist. Excellent as it is, it is excellent because of Maeterlinck's skill as an artist and not because of any distinction of vision. "Monna Vanna" is the sort of play the late Wilson Barrett might have written had he possessed the necessary skill. In "The Blue Bird" Maeterlinck returns somewhat to his earlier vision. Here are all the themes of the plays for marionettes, but popularised and prettified. "The Blue Bird" is, however, the real thing garnished for human nature's daily food; or rather it is Maeterlinck peptonised.

In his latest play, "Mary Magdalene," he once more enters a new realm. There is nothing remote about this remarkable work, remote as its theme may be. Every action rings with reality, and if the movement of the earlier acts is somewhat slow, ample amends are made in the fine crescendo of the climax. As one reads the play, such musical comparisons force themselves upon the mind; indeed, "Mary Magdalene" is a symphony upon the theme of Christ and Mary, beginning in quiet statements of the circumstances surrounding the immortal story, and gradually accumulating force until, culminating in the full movement of the last acts, it reveals the eternal tragedy of man's relation to God. In this play Maeterlinck is more realistic and more modern than he has ever been, but the very modernity of his language helps him in visualising for us that vague Roman-Judaic civilisation in which the religion of modern civilisation was born.

With superb skill and an almost entire absence of archæological reference Maeterlinck re-creates the atmosphere of

* "Mary Magdalene." By Maurice Maeterlinck. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Photo by Hoppe. **M. Maurice Maeterlinck.**

Judea during those days of unrest which surrounded the first preaching of the Christian Gospel. Christ never appears upon the stage in person, but only as an influence and a voice. At the close of Act I. this voice commands the stage like the symbol of a new faith. Mary Magdalene is with Lucius Verus, a military tribune of Rome, and Annœus Silanus, an old Roman philosopher, on the terrace of the latter's garden at Bethany. Near by is the house of Simon the Leper, who has been miraculously restored to health by a certain Nazarene. They discuss the circumstances surrounding the coming of the strange Preacher whose influence upon the weak and the poor is already beginning to disturb the tranquillity of the authorities. Presently a noise is heard from the terrace; at first it is dull and confused, but gradually it grows louder and more definite. "Sounds of a crowd forming and hurrying, stones rolling, children crying, dogs barking; shouts that grow more and more distinct." These resolve themselves into cries to bring the sick and announcements that He is going to speak. The Romans realise that it is the Nazarene in Simon's garden. There are cries of "Hosannah!" and "Master! Master!" Then "An incomparable silence, in which it seems as though the birds and the leaves of the trees and the very air that is breathed take part, falls with all its supernatural weight upon the countryside; and, in this silence, which weighs upon the people on the terrace also, there rises, absolute sovereign of space and the hour, a wonderful voice, soft and all-powerful, intoxicated with ardour, light, and love, distant and yet near to every heart and present in every soul—'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!'" The Romans listen enthralled but irritated, and Mary rushes down the garden towards the speaker. She is reviled by the mob, who prepare to stone her, when the voice is heard once again: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her!"

The climax of the play is reached after the arrest of Christ when Mary is asked by Verus to renounce her new-found faith in Christ and follow once more her old life by giving herself to him; in return he offers to set the Nazarene free. The final act in which Mary struggles with the demands and taunts of Verus rises to the highest point of dramatic art. Maeterlinck has never done better work. Then Verus turns to the converted, to Joseph of Arimathæa, the blind, the halt, the leprous who have been cured, and each in turn reviles her for not giving way. A voice outside is again heard. Christ is being led to Pilate. Verus pleads. The Saviour can be saved if Mary will give the Roman her promise. Throughout that last scene she remains silent and impassive, deaf to all pleadings, until the end, when the blind man of Jericho calls, "He falls! . . . He has fallen! . . . He is looking at the house! . . ." Verus makes one more effort: "Magdalene, I still promise you . . ." But Mary Magdalene, without stirring, without looking at Verus, in a voice from another life, full of peace and divine certainty, refuses the bargain. "Go!" she cries. Verus goes out as the voices in the street shriek "Crucify Him!" and Mary remains motionless "as though in ecstasy," illumined with the light of the departing torches.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

MR. NOYES'S COLLECTED POEMS.*

Turn up the name of Mr. Alfred Noyes in "Who's Who?" and you will find his age given as exactly thirty. "No more?" you will ask. Yet so young a poet as this is to be seen issuing, and finding a publisher of note for, a collected edition of his works. Who with such a case before him will venture to deny that some men can make poetry pay? For it is not as if Mr. Noyes had ever sacrificed his ideals to any pursuit of popularity. It has been his good fortune to voice the imperialistic spirit in an age enthusiastic for empire, but his has been no mere banging of the big drum, and though the long epic of "Drake" stands to his credit, it is his lyrics that have won him, and rightly won him, his large circle of admirers. Melody and imagination are his in no common degree, and it is on the one hand the colour, on the other hand the lilt of his verse, which have charmed his contemporaries. We do not go to Alfred Noyes for a profound philosophy of life or expect him to throw light on the problems of man's relations to Nature. We turn to him to be transported from reality, or rather to be shown the world transformed and lit with magic light and flowering with romance. Mr. Noyes may not plumb deep into life's mysteries, but he retains the child's sense of wonder; he has vision, as we say, and a fancy that runs riot and a sensitive ear; he can wed words that call up the loveliest of scenes to most fascinating harmonies of sound. None of our younger men has experimented so freely in prosodic directions as he—the variety of his rhythms is remarkable; none has been so prolific alike in musical and pictorial invention. Mr. Noyes walks through our town thoroughfares or country lanes and sees enchantment everywhere. The news-boy darting through the traffic and illumined by the flare of the street lamp is for him a modern Hermes. The hansoms and motor-cars are strange monsters with diamond eyes that run errands in the service of love and beauty. His very tramps figure in extraordinary adventures as they doze on the turf under the mid-day sun. His sailors are "singing seamen" who have caught a Greek god in their nets or have met Prester John on their voyages. It is just this glamour Mr. Noyes can throw over every-day conditions that makes him so true a poet, for in our most exalted, that is to say our best, moments we know full well that this world, which often enough we move through so listlessly, is a perpetual miracle, that the sun's daily rising and the glories of the stars, the pageant of the seasons and the discoveries of science, are

* "Collected Poems." By Alfred Noyes. 2 Vols. 10s. net (Blackwood & Sons.)

marvels that should hold us agape with delight and gratitude. They grow too familiar and we become purblind, and the poet's function is to clear our eyes of the dust of use and wont and remind us that we live in fairyland. Mr. Noyes has fulfilled this duty with a sincerity and a sustained passion about which there can be no mistake.

The title, "Collected Poems," has a note of finality about it. But we need hardly fear any exhaustion of this writer's Muse, though he may have chosen—and very naturally—to revise and bring together compositions many of which are now out of print. When you come to think of it, his is a very considerable output for a man of his years and fully justifies the publication of the new edition. These two handsome volumes represent a dozen years' work, and a fine record it is. "Drake," of course, fills more than half of one volume. Still, we have here too not only the more familiar poems that were issued along with "The Enchanted Island," but also the "Forty Singing Seamen" and those two delightful fantasies, "The Flower of Old Japan" and "The Forest of Wild Thyme." A re-reading of those only confirms the impression originally produced of the intensely lyrical quality of Mr. Noyes's verse. "Drake" is a wonderful *tour de force* and compels admiration for the vigour and the high spirits with which its narrative is maintained. But after all it is the more pictorial passages that stay in the memory, and it is curious to note how skilfully and inevitably the poet makes his blank verse sing: take the description of Drake's crew, collecting treasure from a prize ship:

"The naked-footed seamen bathed sea-deep
In gold and gathered up Aladdin's fruit—
All-coloured gems—and tossed them in the sun.
The hold like one great elfin orchard gleamed
With dusky globes and tawny glories piled,
Hesperian apples, heap on mellow heap,
Rich with the hues of sunset, rich and ripe,
And ready for the enchanted cider-press;
An emperor's ransom in each burning orb;
A kingdom's purchase in each clustered bough;
The freedom of all slaves in every chain."

Purely lyrical, you must confess, some of those lines, and it need hardly be said blazing with colour! There we hit on one of Mr. Noyes's weaknesses. He is so fond of elaborating his pictures that he cannot resist an epithet that suggests colour. He is also rather too much inclined in the narratives he assigns to characters to forget their idiosyncrasies and speak through their mouths. Thus in the tale of "The Tramp Transfigured"—which proves, like "Bacchus and the Pirates," his possession of that rather rare gift in poets, humour—he makes his hero talk too much like a scholar:

"Don't you make no doubt of it! The deeper that you look, sir,
All your ancient poets tell you just the same as me.
What about old Ovid and his most indecent book, sir,
Morphosising females into flower and star and tree?
What about old Proteus and his 'ighly curious 'abits,
Mixing of his old grey beard into the old grey sea?
What about old Darwin and the hat that brought forth rabbits,
Mud and slime that growed into the pomp of Ninevey?
What if there should be
One great Power beneath it all, one God in you and me?"

And in "The Forest of Wild Thyme" you will find him crediting the children who tell the story with phrases and thoughts only possible to maturity.

It is in the ballad and kindred metres that Mr. Noyes is irresistible. Let him get a good swinging tune, as he has never any difficulty in doing, and his words take step, as it were, without any word of command. Listen to this:

"And still of a winter's night, they sing, when the wind is in the trees;
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding,
Riding, riding,
A highwayman comes riding up to the old inn-door."

Or this again, which is none the worse for having an echo of William Morris:

"You that have seen the world and its glory
Change and grow old like the love of a friend;
You that have come to the end of the story,
You that were tired ere you came to the end;
You that are weary of laughter and sorrow,
Pain and pleasure, labour and sin,
Sick of the midnight and dreading the morrow,
Ah, come in; come in."

Would you have a different strain?

"All along the purple creek, lit with silver foam,
Silent, silent voices cry no more of home!
Soft beyond the cherry-trees, o'er the dim lagoon,
Dawns the crimson lantern of the large low moon."

And Mr. Noyes can sound a graver music, as in "Mount Ida," an elegy written like "Lycidas" and "Adonais" to commemorate the untimely end of a life full of promise and cruelly cut off:

"For thou wast ever alien to our skies,
A wistful stray of radiance on this earth,
A changeling with deep memories in thine eyes,
Mistily gazing through our loud-voiced mirth
To some fair land beyond the gates of birth;
Yet, as a star thro' clouds, thou still didst shed
Through our dark world thy lovelier, rarer glow;
Time, like a picture of but little worth,
Before thy young hand lifelessly outspread,
At one light stroke from thee
Gleamed with Eternity;
Thou gav'st the master's touch, and we—we did not know."

"Mount Ida" is a new and, it will be seen, for all its indebtedness to Shelley, a beautiful poem specially contributed to this edition.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE HISTORY OF COLOUR-PRINTING.*

Colour-printing is enjoying an immense vogue, and, applied to books, its success, great as it is, has certainly not reached its full development. The aristocratic coloured mezzotint and line-engraving of two hundred years ago originated a popular demand; later on, the wood-block and the lithographic stone met the more insistent requirements of the public, until at last, now that the demand has developed into a loud and increasing clamour, the three-colour process, and kindred methods, are scarcely sufficient to satisfy the voracious appetite. From books and magazines, colour-printing has spread to the weeklies, and although a first attempt in a daily newspaper did not succeed, the time will surely come when coloured "pictures" will replace the half-tone illustrations in the dailies, which we all thought so wonderful when they first appeared. It must be six or seven years since the late Mr. Pulitzer of New York consulted me about starting such a venture in London, in happy ignorance of the obstacles that barred the way. But things are moving fast, and while in one direction we witness technical improvements, in another we see the democratisation of a movement in which high quality is certainly not of the first importance. The story of the great development which has been built up out of thousands of details and accumulated inventions has never hitherto been told in a consecutive and compendious form; Mr. Burch's book, therefore, deserves respect for its originality and even more for the skill with which it has been put together. In certain directions it is not exhaustive, but as a conspectus, packed full of information, it is valuable and interesting, while for the general reader who is alive to the significance of the subject it is instructive and entertaining as well.

This history of the art of colour-printing goes back further than most people have any idea of; a chapter is devoted to that which was produced in the fifteenth century, when the object sought was, within limits, to imitate illuminations. The reader may here be warned

* "Colour-Printing and Colour-Printers." By R. M. Burch. Together with "Modern Processes," by W. Gamble. 12s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

that Mr. Burch uses freely the sixteenth-century term "Chiaroscuro," as indicating colour-work (as it certainly was sometimes used), and not merely in its true meaning of light and shade work. It is a little arbitrary, but only needs to be understood to be accepted for the purposes of exposition. This early history is curious and interesting, but attention is most keenly aroused when we come to the first three-colour process—the process of Le Blon in the early years of the eighteenth century. It will come as a shock to many people to know that the present popular method of picture reproduction in its chromatic essentials—bar only photography—was known and practised by an artist of French extraction born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and was worked by a commercial company in this country close on two hundred years ago. Le Blon's method was to engrave in mezzotint three plates of the same subject, one for the yellow ink, one for the blue, and one for the red; and, what is more, in the old days they printed in the same order as now, even to the occasional use of a fourth block, in this case black, which was printed last. The results Le Blon obtained were so fine that copies have been varnished and mounted and were mistaken for the originals—just as Vincent Brooks's miraculous oil-colour print of the Lumley portrait of Shakespeare (miscalled by Mr. Burch "the Chandos portrait") has to my knowledge misled not collectors only but—strange as it may seem—even the heads of art galleries.

The work of Le Blon's brilliant successor, Edward Kirkall, is accorded the recognition that is its due, as well as that of the numerous French and German inventors who, during the eighteenth century, carried on the development, each in his own way and method, whether of etching, line-engraving, mezzotint, xylography, or lithography, or a combination of any of these. These were the fore-runners of George Baxter (who does not arouse the author's enthusiasm in any marked degree) and his licensees, of that vigorous and "brainy" editor-publisher-colour-printer Charles Knight; of Edmund Evans, whose genius—for it was little less—is best remembered by his facsimiles of Kate Greenaway's drawings, and of the others who maintained the qualities of relief-printing against the advancing development of chromo-lithography. The many horrors produced by some of these processes, commercially used, have prejudiced the public against them; yet when we look at the finest results with which they are to be credited, we are fain to admit an excellence which modern days find it hard to beat.

The work of to-day is treated here with a fullness and thoroughness, as to both the historical and technical sides, that render the chapter a trustworthy encyclopædia of the subject. The various phases are bewildering in number as they are in process; and as we consider the inventiveness that has evolved so startling a change not in important art-reproductions only, but in book-illustration, our admiration grows for the wonderful ingenuity and scientific resource with which artistic results have been obtained. There is greater accuracy and there is a diminution of that vulgarity which to so great an extent marked the middle period of the history of colour-printing. The art is no longer a mystery; any one may now learn to appreciate the mechanics of it, and become something of an expert in judging of rival claims and of individual performances.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

THE WHITE, WHITE LURE.*

Times without number, particularly of recent years, the questions have been asked: Is all this Polar exploration worth the candle? Will the result pay for the lives and the money spent on it? And we may talk ourselves black in the face about its helps to science, to geography, meteorology, tides, currents, magnetism, etc.; its stirring of that emulation, indomitableness and thirst for knowledge without which man would be much further below the angels than he is; and of its proof that man can still be, personally, as profitlessly self-sacrificing as ever he was in the so-called heroic times of past centuries—in spite of all this and all that could be argued therefrom, the man in the street will doubtlessly keep his own opinion that the whole business is merely a gross waste of time, money, and life. Well, let him think so. The wheels of the chariot of progress will never be spragged, either by the contentions of the backward or the terrible privations of the wilderness and its tremendous calls on the highest forms of courage and endurance. So it is that we find a man like Commander Peary returning from ultimate success after twenty-three years of continual effort and seven previous failures. But were they failures, now that the total is cast up and the sum is footed? No, decidedly not. Singly and in the aggregate they formed that massing of experience without which even this last venture would have been futile. And he who doubts this has but to read that finesse of detail with which the Commander laid his minute yet flexible plan, which has proved to be the foundation of his success. As for the wonderful pull of it all: in one of the many paragraphs where the truly intrepid explorer shows his quality as a writer he says:

"It is a strange and powerful thing. More than once I have come back from the great frozen spaces, battered and worn and baffled, sometimes maimed, telling myself that I had made my

* "The North Pole." By Robert E. Peary. With an Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. With 116 Illustrations from Photographs. 25s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Deck Scene on the *Roosevelt*.
From "The North Pole," by Commander Peary. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

last journey thither, eager for the society of my kind, the comforts of civilisation, and the peace and serenity of home. But somehow, it was never many months before the old restless feeling came over me. Civilisation began to lose its zest for me. I began to long for the great white desolation, the battles with the ice and the gales, the long, long Arctic night, the long, long Arctic day, the handful of odd but faithful Eskimos who had been my friends for years, the silence and the vastness of the great, white, lonely North."

His general appreciation of the Eskimos and their value in Arctic exploration is seen all along this fascinating and vivid narrative that crowns the polar efforts of three centuries. Chapter VII., which deals with "The Odd Customs of an Odd People," is an addition to Rasmussen's classic of its kind, "The People of the Polar North." But perhaps one of the most impressive features of the whole is his repeated feeling that this was, indeed, his last venture; that, come failure or success, his fifty-three years of life, twelve of them spent inside the circle of that luring bluey-white desolation, would prevent another essay. Here it is that we see the intensity of the drama. And it is easy to realise how this thought pressed on him during the great struggle of working the vessel to Cape Sheridan, where she would be left, while the much greater sledge journey was made over those 400 odd miles of rough ice, hummocks and lanes of open water caused by the heaving-up of tides.

Yet all was not sadness, privation, and dreary humdrum. Witness the sheer joy—and the danger—of hunting walrus, bear, and musk-oxen, all so simply and realistically done, and ever with an eye to the telling details of the scene and the affair. Witness also what Commander Peary says of the North Grant Land char, "a beautiful mottled fish, weighing sometimes as much as 11 or 12 pounds. I believe that the pink fibre of these fish is the firmest and sweetest fish fibre in the world. During my early expeditions in this region, I would spear one of these beauties and throw him on the ice to freeze; then pick him up and fling him down so as to shatter the flesh under the skin, lay him on the sledge; and, as I walked away, pick out morsels of the pink flesh and eat them as one would eat strawberries." Every land has its indigenous pleasures. Then there was the keeping of the fifteenth birthday of Marie Ahnightito, the Commander's daughter (who was born farther north than any other white child known), when fifteen candles blazed on the supper-table, where fresh bear steaks and a special cake were the *pièces de resistance*. Then came the oppressive silences of the long, long night, when you could hear a marble fall a hundred yards away; Christmas and its simple feasting; and the dawn of the long, long day, and away went the great party of seventeen men and 140 dogs on their thirty-seven days' journey to the Pole. How it was all accomplished—how one assistant after another turned back with a couple of Eskimos and a practically empty sledge, after doing his share to help the main party forward by carrying supplies for it; till Captain Bartlett reached latitude 87° 47′, and there, grieved that he had not gained the 88th parallel, left the Commander, his negro servant Henson, and the four Eskimos to make the Pole itself; how all this was done in the face of gales, great ice-pressures, the impressive ghostliness of that occasional, grey, shadowless light, ice that crunched and divided at the very entrances to their igloos and left wide lanes of black water—for all this the reader must go the book itself. No review could do it justice.

But one interesting and perfectly human point may be noted; it needs no explanation:

> "We were now at the end of the last long upward journey. Yet with the Pole actually in sight I was too weary to take the last few steps. The accumulated weariness of all those days and nights of forced marches and insufficient sleep, constant peril and anxiety, seemed to roll across me all at once. I was actually too exhausted to realise at the moment that my life's purpose had been achieved."

But a little sleep, and there came fresh mental bearings of the situation, and the glory and the glow of it all was felt. When soundings had been tried, observations and photographs taken, and mementoes left, the return journey began, and was done in sixteen days; for which remarkable speed, largely made possible by following the old trail, Ootah gave his own explanation: "The devil is asleep or having trouble with his wife." Then, as they came within sight of

> "the little black ship lying there in its icy berth with sturdy nose pointing straight to the Pole—I thought of that other time three years before, when, dragging our gaunt bodies round Cape Rawson on our way from the Greenland coast, I thought the *Roosevelt's* slender spars piercing the brilliant Arctic sunlight as fair a sight as I had ever seen. As we approached the ship I saw Bartlett going over the rail. He came out along the ice-foot to meet me, and something in his face told me that he had bad news even before he spoke. 'Have you heard about Marvin?' he asked. 'No,' I answered. Then he told me that Marvin (the meteorologist, who was the last lieutenant but one to return to the vessel) had been drowned at the Big Lead coming back to Cape Columbia. The news staggered me, killing all the joy I had felt. . . . It was indeed a bitter flavour in the cup of our success."

And there was the drama again—a sounding in that well of human feeling, futility, and impotence, whence comes all that makes life worth living, gives it grip, and cannot be eliminated either in the most frozen or the most torrid of the earth's corners. Marvin's sterling qualities had endeared him to all. Such is the price of our advancement, no matter in what direction we push forward—sacrifice; Nature demands it, and sees that her altars are ever hot and smoking under its Zoroastrian supplies. And this is what Commander Peary saw when his grief had somewhat subsided.

As for Mr. Roosevelt's introduction, well, "good wine needs no bush." Moreover, the bush is nothing to the wine in this case. The illustrations are excellent, and the same must be said of the appendices and index.

J. E. PATTERSON.

PSYCHOLOGY AND ROMANCE.*

Those who remember Mr. de la Mare's "Henry Brocken" will not be prepared for "The Return" or even for "The Three Mulla-Mulgars." In "Henry Brocken" the hero was an enchanted reader, and his adventures were among the men and women of his books, with Annabel Lee, Dianeme, and Jane Eyre. All the adventures were distinct from one another and many were charming in themselves, but they were hung upon a thread which was strong enough only for an essay or single story. "The Return" is a closely knit novel of modern life. The chief character, Mr. Arthur Lawford, formerly a fair-haired and commonplace man, has been changed in a churchyard into a dark, altogether different type, to his own surprise and dismay. The churchyard evening is described with sufficient magic to cover, perhaps, an even greater change. From that point Mr. de la Mare sticks closely to his business of showing the gradual change in Lawford's character and the attitude of his wife, the servants, and his acquaintances. The wife, whose first step is to have a bed made up in the spare room for Lawford, is a very subtle study, and wherever she appears she is at once a living presence, visible and spiritual. Such is his new character that Lawford, with most un-Lawford-like agility, pretends to be a strange Dr. Ferguson, in order to quiet the servants' suspicions. But nothing else in the least extraordinary takes place. There is no sensationalism and no farce, though there is a certain mystery over the common things, and an effective glint of humour. In a few days Mrs. Lawford leaves him alone in the house: he spends most of his time with two new-made friends, a

* "The Return." By Walter de la Mare. 6s. (Arnold).—"The Three Mulla-Mulgars." By Walter de la Mare. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

brother and sister, inhabiting an old mill-house which has an atmosphere not altogether of this world and yet a great reality; he falls in love with Miss Herbert, and his talk with her and her brother makes the second part of the book as fascinating as it is uneventful. He takes leave of us at the moment when he is recognised without misgiving by an old friend of his mother's, whom he had tricked only a few days before in his involuntary disguise: his return has been made, and we are left to imagine him going on with his Lawford life, not without hauntings from the face and personality which he had endued in the churchyard. It is an honest and brilliant book, worked out with equal skill, scrupulosity, and temperament.

It is difficult to be moderate in speaking of "The Three Mulla-Mulgars," it is so singular and so beautiful. It might tempt a reader to enumerate all the few good stories for children, simply to say that this is different and as good. It is at least an excellent achievement in an altogether unexpected kind. A definition of it is not easy. It bears signs of having grown out of a tale told to children: the language of the Mulla-Mulgars, or royal monkeys, for example, is in part a child's perversion of English, but in part a suggestive and delicious instrument far beyond the researches of layman or philologist. Possibly the outline of a great part is due to improvisation, or a series of improvisations. It has that freshness, but no flimsiness or mere liveliness. The adventures grow out of one another as they might have grown in a happy and fruitful mind that knew Mandeville, Purchas, and children and their folk-tales and nursery rhymes, familiarly. But it must not be supposed that the adventures form a disconnected series like those of Brocken. They make a continuous whole, where every part is delightful in itself as well as in its promise and retrospect. It would be possible to quote a score of different pages for the charm of their beauty, their wonder, their exuberance, or their humour, and these qualities would be telling even in isolation; but in their setting the charm is doubled. The three Mulla-Mulgars were born in the tumble-down hut long ago built by a Portugese traveller "lost in the forest 22,997 leagues from home." The Portugall's skeleton was left untouched—"the Portingal dangling with his bunch of wild-cats' tails in the corner." And when their mother had died and the hut was burnt down by too glorious a fire one winter's night, the three, Thumb, Thimble, and Nod, set out to find their father, who had gone back far over the mountains of Arakkaboa to his brother "Assassimmon, Prince of the Valleys of Tishnar." How they travelled through the frosted forest, how they were captured by the burrowing Minimuls, who bind and fatten their prey, how they fought with eagles on the mountains, how Nod's wonderstone was lost and found, and how Nod dwelt as a pet with the shipwrecked sailor, old Andy Battle, who taught him English, the story tells. Not only are the brothers three, but the youngest is the most important; wherein Mr. de la Mare, original as he is, shows that he abides by the old laws of the folk-tales. He has a Mulgar journey-song in English, and a song in the original Mulgar tongue. Andy Battle's two songs are among Mr. de la Mare's best verses, and in their place they have an exquisite added delicacy of effect, as poetry perfectly quoted always has. Every rift of the story, of its little description and its much narrative and dialogue, is loaded with fairy gold and wondrous and quaint gems. Nor must it be thought that it is the work of mere fancy. It has imaginative truth. It satisfies the mind while it astonishes. That it contains no natural history and might have been written before Darwin, though not before Garnier, does not detract from its truth. There is as little condescension to probability as to mere improbability. In the world which Mr. de la Mare creates these things are the facts of life; probably he has the history and geography, as he certainly has the ornithology, of the Mulgars' Land at his finger tips. He has been those 22,997 leagues to the Portugall's hut and beyond Arakkaboa with the three Mulla-Mulgars, or "Mulgars of the Blood Royal." He has put upon his title-page the words: "What pleasure have great princes!" and in spite of many precedents we cannot but believe that the pleasure of the author was also great, so happy and beautiful is his book.

EDWARD THOMAS.

Li Hung Chang in 1900.

A photograph taken when he was seventy-eight.
From "The Great Empress Dowager of China," by Philip W. Sergeant. (Hutchinson.)

OUT IN CHINA.

Mr. Johnston has produced a really valuable work, a book not only to read and to read carefully, but to possess and refer to again and again.* If some eighteen or twenty books like this could be produced about different parts of China, we might really get to know something of this huge country and the millions that inhabit it. Mr. Johnston, who has lived for years at Wei-hai-wei as District Officer and Magistrate, is evidently not only a most careful but a sympathetic observer. Chinese might read his book with as much pleasure as Europeans, and probably learn almost as much; as, having told us of the geography of the district, the writer proceeds, in 449 well-printed pages, to tell us of its History and Legend; Chinese Chronicles and Local Celebrities; British Rule; Litigation; Village Life and Customs; its Women, Widows and Children; Family Graveyards; Dead Men and Ghost-lore, and all the different religions of the district, reserving one chapter for its future.

The most interesting parts are possibly where he gives instance upon instance to show how afraid Chinese men sometimes are of their wives, and where he describes the marriages between dead people—a custom we have not come across in Western China. But how often have we not heard of a sorrowful mother wandering through the evening darkness calling to the soul of her child to come back—come back! He becomes poetic as well as exact, telling how the girl, Chang Shih, had been betrothed since early childhood to a youth who lived in a neighbouring village, and, although he died, yet would marry him, and was buried in his grave. The Chinese shield their corpses from cats, as do the peasants in the Orkneys and Shetland, where, when a death takes place, all cats

* "Lion and Dragon in Northern China." By R. F. Johnston, M.A. (Oxon.), F.R.G.S. 15s. net. (John Murray.)

are locked up. At the great Conference in Shanghai in 1900, when women from all parts of China compared notes, Lady Blake, the President, again and again told us of Irish customs that were identical with what the speakers called "curious Chinese customs."

Some of Mr. Johnston's judgments with regard to Chinese usages are delightful reading, and I wish I had room to quote his beautiful and solemn warning to those who seek to change China altogether, in which case "she will have left behind her very much that was good and great, she will have parted with much that was essential to her happiness and even to her self-respect, she will be a stranger to herself." In place of beautiful ancestral temples he predicts we shall then see "thousands of village police-stations." But does he not forget that those working amongst Chinese will, like himself, learn tolerance, insight, and sympathy?

Like all Mr. Parker's books, there is much original research in this volume,* much matter, therefore, for other writers upon China to draw upon. It consists chiefly of the original studies from which his more popular work, "China and Religion," was compiled. It will repay study and careful reading, and for purposes of reference will be most useful. Type, paper, and get-up are excellent. I am precluded from saying much about the illustrations by finding my own photograph the solitary illustration to the chapter "Chinese Literati and Religion." The picture appears flattering, but the exalted position is even beyond flattery. The others, however, are more appropriate, and have the great merit of not being such as one could buy of any photographer.

It is always a difficult task to make bricks without straw, and Mr. Sergeant has really very little to tell us about the late Empress Dowager.† He has found no private Chinese Diary, like Messrs. Bland and Backhouse. He went out to edit the *Hongkong Daily Press* in 1900, and he tells quite pleasantly what he, as a Hongkong editor, was able to learn. He does not succeed in explaining the wonderful influence the late Dowager Empress had upon the destinies of her country. He protests a good deal that she was not as bad as some of us, he thinks, believe her to be. At the same time he demurs to the pictures drawn of her by Mrs. Conger, Miss Carl, and Mrs. Headland. As the two first ladies could not speak Chinese, and Mrs. Headland, who did, frequently served as their interpreter, this may rather be called her view, and the picture of the late Dowager Empress that she, a favourite doctor among the grand Chinese ladies of Peking, thinks it most expedient should be given to the world.

If, as Mr. Sergeant would have us think, Tse-hsi was born and bred in Peking, one of my prettiest stories about her is untrue. Curiously enough, it is again from the United States Legation that I heard it, from the at that time Chinese Secretary. Tse-hsi's father had died, and she and her sister and widow mother, very ill supplied with food and funds, were making their way down the over-crowded Han river on the long journey to Peking, when one night a present of food and money was sent to their boat by a Chinese official. Their profuse thanks awoke him to the mistake his servant had made, but he thought it best to let the mistake stand, saying to the youthful Tse-hsi: "Do not thank me. Now my old friend, your father, is dead, you must look upon me as your father." Then, in the congestion of boats, departed, as he had come.

Years afterwards, to his intense astonishment, he received some high promotion, and, going to Peking to thank for it, was about to prostrate himself before the then Empress Dowager, when, to his yet further surprise, she caught his hands, saying, "Fathers do not kneel to their daughters," and recalled to him the incident of his very practical help in their time of need.

Whatever was Tse-hsi's true character, according to stories told of her she never forgot a service. Her character has once, at least, been told from her handwriting by Mr. Dimsdale Stocker, who, however, only saw a photograph of it on that occasion. He pronounced her "Cultured, with considerable force of character, decidedly go-ahead, and with concentrative ability, and persistent; decidedly scheming, with great capacity for being very merciless outside her own circle. The reverse of extravagant, inclined though to spend large sums of money within her circle; decidedly artistic." He repeated, "Very artistic, ambitious, *must* rise to the top of the tree, with the force begotten of destructiveness. Where ambition is concerned, the reverse of scrupulous."

Mr. Sergeant's volume is eminently readable, and well got up and illustrated. It would be interesting to know who photographed the late Emperor, the unhappy Kwang-hsü, at the age of three. The child looks so energetic, and there is no indication of the long chin of later years.

We should like to know why this very slight volume,* compiled from letters and diary matter in 1900, was not published then and is now. It reads a little as if—now that good, kind Mr. Conger is dead—it were an attempt to establish Mr. Squiers of the United States Legation, the lady's host, as the man of the siege, or at all events of the United States Legation, and indicates a very unpleasant state of friction there, on which no previous author has touched. The writer says in her preface, "I have endeavoured to avoid all that can give offence or displeasure to those mentioned." One wonders what the volume would have been like if this endeavour had not been made. No account of that wonderful siege can possibly be uninteresting, but flippancy and bad grammar are not pleasant, and, whilst we can fancy the writer lively enough company, our heart smarts for Mrs. Conger, recently left a widow. Were this not so indeed one feels several of the incidents and statements made could hardly have been published. In all the many talks with Americans who had been through the siege, and in all the many accounts written of it, we cannot recall any similar exaltation of the First Secretary of Legation in 1900 at the expense of the United States Minister to China. It is popularly supposed that our characters are greatly formed by our circumstances, yet those who go through such a remarkable experience as the Peking siege seem for the most part unchanged by it.

ALICIA LITTLE.

* "Studies in Chinese Religion." By E. H. Parker, M.A., Professor of Chinese at the Victoria University of Manchester. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

† "The Great Empress Dowager of China." By Philip W. Sergeant, B.A. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

WAGNER.†

When a man's work is the direct expression of his life, the raw material of his art and the records of his private affairs may well be considered together. This satisfactory translation of Madame Gautier's vivid book takes us into the comparative calm of Wagner's home at Triebschen, while the beautiful edition of the Tristram legend leads us to the quarry from which he hewed the elements of his great music-drama of personal passion at a period when he was wracked with an unhappy marriage and torn by longings for the intimate, complete union which was denied to him. In his music-dramas Wagner does one of two

* "Behind the Scenes in Peking. Being Experiences during the Siege of the Legations." By Mary Hooker. (John Murray.)

† "Wagner at Home." Translated by Effie Dunreith Massie from the French of Judith Gautier. 12s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)—"The Romance of Tristram and Iseult." Translated from the French of Joseph Bédier by Florence Simmonds. Illustrated by Maurice Lalau. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

things: by the force of his music and poetry he pours out the lava of his own emotions in "Tristan and Isolde," the universal struggle between pure love and sensual passion in "Tannhäuser," the ultimate faith to which he attained in "Parsifal": or, with all the accessories of tone, scene, and song, he sets forth his political beliefs and world-philosophy by means of the national legend of the Nibelungs. If we consider "The Nibelungs' Ring" as being to Wagner what "Faust" was to Goethe, "Tristan and Isolde" finds its analogy in the relationship of the Sonnets to Shakespeare rather than in the less mature ritual of love contained in the fragrant pages of the "Vita Nuova." As composer Wagner has been excelled in impressionism by Débussy, as a complex wielder of the orchestra by Strauss. But as poet, lover, and as mystic he stands beside Shakespeare, Goethe, and Dante. In this mood one takes up Madame Gautier's book without fear of being disconcerted by the free use of the term "Master," or out of sympathy with the painful suspense with which she and her party, including Villiers de l'Isle Adam, approached the railway station at Lucerne. Here they were met by the Master in person, and conducted to the Hôtel du Lac, where they stayed as his guests, paying daily visits to the villa at Triebschen. Here Wagner was living with Cosima and their children. The "sturm und drang" of the "Tristan" period was past, and the "Ring" was in process of composition. Madame Gautier watched him, stepping tiptoe, as it were, to behold genius in the throes of creation. As he composed, "his face with its aureole of silvered hair was calm, and still more luminous than usual were the rays that beamed from his large eyes." He wrote in a little curtained shrine perfumed with rose extract, an atmosphere very different from that of his wretched Paris rooms where he transcribed music for the street-organ. Already the young King of Bavaria had sought him out, bidding him write the masterpiece of which he dreamed. And Madame Gautier was able to nurse "Fidi," the baby whose birth caused Wagner to write the famous "Siegfried Idyll," which a little band played beneath the mother's window. The unruly Fidi of these pages is the typical young German artist whom I met at a recent Bayreuth Festival. Madame Gautier was, of course, the daughter of the poet Théophile. Liszt, half priest and half magician, passes like a shadow through these pages, and one of the most interesting stories in the volume is that of his reconciliation with Cosima, his daughter, who still lives at Bayreuth and at her home on the Grand Canal, Venice, where Wagner died.

Cosima Liszt has been blamed by many for leaving her first husband, Conductor von Bülow. But this volume shows that she brought Wagner a little of love's sunshine, and supported him through the trials that beset the production of "The Rhinegold." Liszt forgave her, and she has always found in Hans Richter a supporter. As a young man he entered Wagner's household in the strange manner described in these pages, and year by year he is to be found at Bayreuth conducting the works whose very creation he shared.

The love that Wagner bore for Cosima is indeed the spiritual passion that one would expect from the composer of "Tristan." Yet it was not so always. His student days were given up to excesses. His first wife, Minna Pläner, was an actress, ambitious, irritable, and jealous. And Wagner's habit of platonic friendship made matters worse. The first studies for "Tristan" took the form of five songs, written in 1857–8, to poems by Mathilde Wesendonck. At that time the Wagners were living in a house provided for them by Mathilde's husband. This passionate friendship is written on all the pages of "Tristan," and a story akin to it is mirrored upon the deep waters of the legend to which we must turn. But it is impossible to leave this study of "Wagner at Home" without thanking the author for the pictures of the composer as practical joker, tree-climber, generous host, and vigorous leader of picnics. Hero-worship is so much happier if an occasional smile interrupt the devotions.

The new illustrated edition of the legend is founded upon a fragmentary twelfth-century romance by Béroul. But it has been welded into organic form by Bédier, a man steeped in ancient mystery, with a mind coloured by modern thought. Working upon his material much as did Wagner, the result is homogeneous, and forms the best narrative version that I have seen.

The illustrations by Maurice Lalau show Wagnerian influence to such a degree that the book may be regarded as a commentary in black print and by coloured plate upon the drama of "Tristan and Isolde." The work is accessory to Wagner, both before and after the fact. It is a link that binds the old bards and jongleurs with the new. Not only has the illustrator caught that gorgeous, almost exotic ecstasy that the subject demands, but, with one or two exceptions, he has kept the central figures heroic. The picture of the marriage of Marke is full of ceremonial splendour. The drinking of the potion and the death scene convey the simplicity of a tragedy, which in its main outlines has the religious austerity of the "Œdipus."

Tristan, the nephew of King Marke of Tintagel, slew in equal combat Marhaus, the Irish hero, who held Cornwall in fee for his king. Later, when Tristan went to Ireland to claim Iseult as his uncle's bride, to seal a pact, he was wounded while slaying a dragon. He is nursed by Iseult, who is a magic maid as well as a beautiful. But she discovers that it was he who slew Marhaus, her lover, and is about to kill him with the pointless sword (the point of which she found in Marhaus' body), when he looks into her eyes.

The tale from that point follows the well-known version of Wagner's music-drama. Its very style is in keeping with the archaism of the German master, who, as Nietzsche well observed, "constrained our language to revert to its elementary state, in which abstractions have as yet no place, but where poetry, imagery, emotion, take on a concrete shape."

The present figure of Tristan differs from that of Malory's mad tilter. Indeed I love my "Morte D'Arthur" so well that I seldom read the pages which travesty the hero of song and sword. As King Marke says in Bédier's book, as he blesses Tristan: "Blessed be the master who taught thee. God loveth good singers. Their voices and the voice of the harp pierce the hearts of men, awaken their beloved memories, and make them forget many a grief and many a misdeed." Tristan is the warrior and the harper: Iseult the inspirer and healer. There is an equality between this heroic pair as of gods mated, rather than as among mortals, marred and hampered by custom or habit. Need one wonder that Wagner took them as symbols of elemental Man and Woman in his drama of physical and spiritual Love?

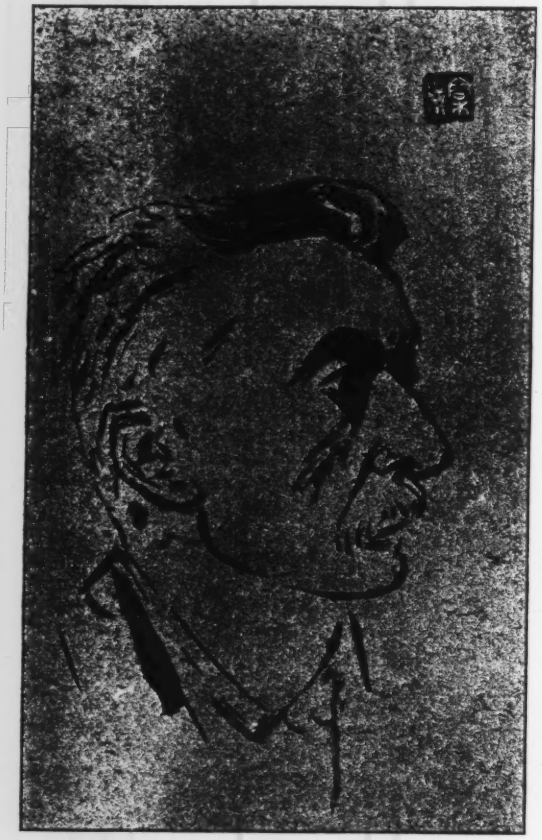
The tale is full of Love's perfume. The rose and its thorns are there. And when Tristan, wounded by Life, "laid him down with a will," Iseult turned toward the East and prayed to God. "She laid down beside her lover, kissed him on the mouth, and clasped him closely in her arms: mouth to mouth, and body to body, she gave up the ghost and died beside him for grief."

Thus again was Love crucified, and Marke caused to be made a coffin of chalcedony for Iseult, the other of beryl for Tristan. "And he carried their beloved bodies back with him in his ship to Tintagel." And fair flowers grew over the tomb, and a green and leafy brier. Nor did Love die when the petals were shed.

REGINALD R. BUCKLEY.

LAFCADIO HEARN.*

How can one define the peculiar charm of this book? Much of it, perhaps most of it, arises out of the unique and fascinating personality of Hearn himself; but not a little of it comes from the style in which Mr. Yone Noguchi and Mrs. Lafcadio Hearn have written it all—a style that is so beautifully simple, so vividly expressive, so sensitive and entirely native to the writers that you hear the voice speaking in it, airs of remote quietness breathe through it, its pleasant word-pictures are touched in with delicatest blues and greys, and exhale elusive, exotic Japanese fragrances. It is scarcely likely that we shall ever get any more intimate and finely sympathetic account of Hearn's life in Japan than is given in these pages. You see him at work in his study, or wandering in his garden, treating his trees and flowers almost as if they



Lafcadio Hearn.

Frontispiece Portrait, by Shoshu Saito, from "Lafcadio Hearn in Japan," by Yone Noguchi. (Elkin Mathews.)

had human feelings and affections—"He laughed with the flowers and birds, and he cried with the dying trees"; you see him sitting with his wife, that gentle, patient woman who was the happiness and the inspiration of all his later years, listening eagerly to her stories of her own people and commenting on them with the whole-hearted interest of a child; you see him teaching his children to be kind to animals and insects, himself attending to their general education and assisting their understanding with drawings of his own; and at night when they look into his study to say "Good-night, Papa San," you hear his answering good-night, and "Have a good dream."

There is an amusing and slyly satirical record of the revolt among the students when Hearn was dismissed from his post as teacher at the University; they were all keen to have him back, but some were afraid of having to suffer for their loyalty, and some were delightfully reckless and extravagant in their determination to keep him. "They thought at once," says Mr. Katsumi Kuriota, one of Hearn's students, "that there was no greater teacher of literature than Hearn in Japan." And in an extract from the diary of another student, Mr. Kaworu Osanai, you have these little personal sketches of him:

"I sat by the window of the class-room, and looked out when the rattling sound of a jinrikisha was heard, in which I saw a little man somewhat stooped, wearing a hat which you might see in one of the pictures of the age of Cromwell—that high hat with a large brim, such as a Korean might wear. There he was—Mr. Hearn. . . .

"He walked round the garden pond as usual after one hour's lecture; and I saw him sitting on a rock by the water, and he began to smoke. He loved solitude; I wished I could approach him, but I looked upon him with the utmost patience from a distance."

Mr. Noguchi, too, and Mrs. Hearn emphasise his love of solitude; self-exiled from his own race, living in seclusion far in Japan, he shrank from visitors, and loathed and ignored all formal social observances; he was always happiest shut in with his books, his work, his devoted Japanese wife and his children. When he was away on a holiday with his little son living in the squalid fisherman's hut by the sea, he enjoyed himself greatly, yet you find him in the frequent letters that go home to the "little Mama" saying, "I feel lonely at times. I wish I could see your sweet face," and "Mr. Papa and others wish to see Mama's sweet face." There is something very winning and very tender about these half-playful, half-earnest letters to his wife; one is thankful for every one of them that is given, and wishes there were more. It is clear that to Mr. Noguchi this writing down his own knowledge of Hearn and getting together the memories of others has been a labour of love; it is strange how the shy, solitary man made friends of all with whom he came much in contact, even of the old fisherman who was landlord of that hut by the sea where he passed his annual holidays, and who said when he was told of his death, "He was the only perfect man whom I ever came across. But he is no more now. I feel almost like crying when I think of him. I am extremely lonesome for him, when, as now, the summer is approaching speedily. My heart is sad."

It is a beautiful book beautifully produced; as unconventional in its inward and outward appearance as was the life of Hearn itself, and the living spirit of Hearn is as surely enclosed in its pages as it is in the lovingly tended shrine that still stands in the Japanese home that was his.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

* "Lafcadio Hearn in Japan." By Yone Noguchi. Frontispiece portrait by Shoshu Saito, with sketches by Genjiro Kataoka and Mr. Hearn himself. 6s. net. (London: Elkin Mathews; Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh.)

GEORGE III. AND HANNAH LIGHTFOOT.*

The principal interest of this book is not its matter but the light which it throws on the working of the human mind. It is not evidence or reasoning or even credulity which induces belief, but simply the desire to believe. Miss Pendered is quite shrewd enough to perceive the glaring absurdities of the "evidence" which is brought forward to "prove" that George III. either eloped with or married Hannah Lightfoot; she points out many of the absurdities herself; but she loves her romantic story, and even though she refutes it herself she is not going to abandon it. By way of adding unexpected delight to the discerning reader she begins her book under the auspices of Anatole France, and ends it with a quotation from Cardinal Newman! Anatole France is quoted: "The embarrassment of the historian increases with the abundance of documents"; and Newman: "Conviction is

* "The Fair Quaker: Hannah Lightfoot and her Relations with George III." By Mary L. Pendered. 16s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

From a mezzotint by Burford after a painting by H. Hysing.

Prince George.

A very early portrait of George III., taken during the lifetime of his father, Frederick, Prince of Wales.

From "The Fair Quaker," by Mary L. Pendered. (Hurst & Blackett.)

based not upon absolute proof but upon implicit conviction." The abundance of documents never yet seriously embarrassed the historian guided by implicit conviction. Another characteristic origin of human belief is repetition. "What I tell you three times is true." Miss Pendered finds the same legend repeated by a copyist, and the mere repeating increases her implicit conviction..

Very little is really known about Hannah Lightfoot. She was born in 1730 in Wapping, and lived with her mother's brother, Henry Wheeler, a linen-draper, in St. James's Market. Her family were Quakers and worshipped at the Westminster Meeting. In 1753 she was married to Isaac Axford at Keith's Chapel, Mayfair; in 1756 she was "disowned," or excommunicated, by the Quakers' Meeting. Miss Pendered prints a facsimile of this minute, which has already been printed by the Friends' Historical Society. It is an interesting document:

"Whereas Hannah Lightfoot, a Person Educated under our Profession and Who for several years past resided within the compass of this Meeting, did then Enter into a State of Marriage by the Priest with one not of our Society which is directly repugnant to the good Rules and orders well known to be Established amongst us on w^ch^ this Meet^g^ appointed Friends to visit her who Several endeavoured to find where she was in order to speak with her But to no Purpose nor could they obtain any intelligence where she is. We therefore being desirous (as much as in us lies) to Clear the truth which we Profess and our Selves from any Aspersions w^ch^ through the Misconduct of the said Hannah Lightfoot may be cast upon Friends do hereby testifie against Such her Proceedings as aforesaid and disown her for the Same as one with whom we can have no fellowship untill from a penitent Mind and true Contrition of heart she shall be induced to specifie her unfeigned Sorrow for her Offence and that this may be the Case is what we truly desire."

This excommunication demonstrates no offence by Hannah except that of marriage otherwise than by the Quaker ceremony, but an earlier minute shows that she was suspected of living apart from her husband: "Informed by Her Mother that She was Married by a Priest—but was not fully Satisfied she was Absented from her Husband." The only other certain fact is that Robert Pearse, by will dated 1757, left £40 a year to the sole use of "Mrs. Hannah Axford, formerly Miss Hannah Lightfoot, niece to the late Mr. John Jeffreyes, watchmaker in Holborn." It is not known when Hannah died, but Isaac Axford married again in 1759. A portrait, said by tradition to be of the Fair Quaker, is at Knole; but the tradition is a vague one.

The earliest mention of the George III. legend in print dates from 1770, when the *Public Advertiser* hinted that the king might publish "Letters to a Fair Quaker"; in 1776 the *Citizen* announced that it would publish the history and adventures of Miss L—htf—t, with "some striking pictures of female constancy and princely gratitude." These are some evidence that the legend began reasonably early, but at that period—the years of Wilkes and the quarrel between the City and House of Commons—every possible libel was being circulated about the king. When we consult the more trustworthy chronicles of social gossip we find Wraxall dismissing the affair as one of innocent gallantry, and Horace Walpole making no mention of it at all, although such a story would have been grist to his mill. Mrs. Piozzi, in a note to Wraxall, said that George's son by Hannah was yet alive; but Mrs. Piozzi would say anything. The legend gained new life in the 'twenties and 'thirties of last century, and it is then that the preposterious story that George married Hannah was invented. There is absolutely not a tittle of evidence in favour of this story: the mad case of "Ryder *v.* Attorney-General" contained nothing madder than the "certificates" of this marriage. There are two of them, one showing the marriage in April 17, 1759, the other showing the marriage on May 27 of the same year. Each is signed J. Wilmot, but the earlier one is signed by George P., the second by George Guelph! Each purports to be witnessed by W. Pitt. Imagine the great Commoner, engaged in 1759 in winning Canada and India, witnessing this marriage twice in one year, first at Kew and afterwards "at their residence at Peckham." He appears again as witness to Hannah's will in 1768—at a time when he was so ill that he could not see his most intimate colleagues in the Ministry.

Miss Pendered has a delightful phrase: "the giddy waltz of interrogations round this mystery of the Fair Quaker." Nothing could more aptly describe certain methods of investigation. The question which she herself finds more persistent and baffling than all the rest is, Why did Hannah disappear? At the risk of making the waltz still more giddy we ask one more question, Did Hannah disappear?

WALFORD D. GREEN.

DEAR LOYALTY.*

It is to Mr. Austin Dobson, not to Lord Byron, that we owe the true interpretation of a great Spanish classic. When, in "Don Juan," the latter said:

"Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away,"

his understanding of chivalry and of Cervantes was less than that of Mr. Dobson, whose familiar sonnet on Don Quixote concludes:

"Alas! poor Knight! alas! poor soul, possest!
Yet would to-day when courtesy grows chill,
And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest,
Some fire of thine might burn within us still;
Ah! would but one might lay his lance in rest,
And charge in earnest—were it but a mill!"

* "Dear Loyalty." By Reginald Evans. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In Mr. Reginald Evans's novel, appropriately named "Dear Loyalty," these same "fine loyalties," of which Mr. Dobson so eloquently sings, are made to live for us once again, and once again in a Spanish setting. That chivalry and quixotic devotion to ideals—so far from having been "smiled away" either by Cervantes or by Byron—survives in Spain to-day, Mr. Evans has made very clear in the best picture of Spanish life and character of which I am aware in the pages of a modern novel.

Reading "Dear Loyalty," one asks why—outside the opera—one so seldom finds the scene of a play laid in Spain. And, speaking of plays, let me add that managers, on the look-out for a novel that has not only the necessary dramatic situations, but also a picturesque, unhackneyed, and beautiful background of stage scenery, would do well to cast a considerate eye over the pages of Mr. Evans's book.

The plot I do not propose to outline, for the laying bare of the bones of a plot conveys as little idea of the symmetry and subtlety of a story as the exhibition of a skeleton in a case can convey any idea of the warm colouring and contours of the human form. But Mr. Evans's story is vertebrate. He has studied the anatomy of his art to purpose, and it is because the underlying skeleton of his story is so carefully and so skilfully constructed that the clothing of flesh and blood, with which he has thereafter endowed it, makes so harmonious a whole. That the early work of a writer who is "strong on plot" should incline in parts to melodrama is not surprising. In the early work of many novelists who have since attained to eminence, the situations are often more lurid, and the characters more sharply silhouetted in shadow, or more generously flooded with light, than in their later work. Yet, as Stevenson has reminded us, when speaking of his "Travels with a Donkey," these early works possess a simplicity of treatment which, afterwards, often passes out of their author's reach.

Mr. Evans's novel, though occasionally decorative to the point of glitter, is never obscured by detail; and the plot—his elaborate descriptions notwithstanding—is worked out with the directness and simplicity by which Stevenson set such store.

As a novel, not by a professional man of letters, but by a busy financier, as I understand Mr. Evans to be, "Dear Loyalty" is a remarkable book, and himself one of the most remarkable men whom finance has produced. I use the last word in the sense in which it was used by Leslie Stephen, who once remarked that "when one of our great public schools is said to have produced one of our famous men, the word 'produced' means 'failed to extinguish.'" Finance has very evidently failed to extinguish romance in the person of Mr. Reginald Evans.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

ALONGSHORE.*

Sonorous and beautiful in its apt title, the book in hand must needs be a good one to live up to the great meaning of that fine word. So that I almost dreaded to open it, but sat as if fascinated by the magic word, with it echoing through my soul like the thunder of the surf and the hollow murmur of the rising gale. And indeed there was some ground for dread. For even in reading works that rise like beacons amid a dreary flood of salacious drivel one is often brought up with a crash as of a stone between the teeth unwittingly at some piece of clotted nonsense born of ignorance and reared upon conceit. How great then the relief to come upon a clean and honest record of life lived here in England under primitive conditions and in contact with primeval verities, yet in nothing ignoring the present. How good

* "Alongshore." By Stephen Reynolds. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Our own Beacon Light.

From "Alongshore," by Stephen Reynolds. (Macmillan.)

to listen to a man who knows and has an almost uncanny power of imparting what he knows—of putting the matter so rightly and certainly before a reader that his immediate surroundings fade and only the story is real.

These bits of life (for it would be an impertinence to call them essays or articles or reports) are of the nature of the highest type of war correspondence. Only they are better because they are written by a unit of the forces in action. Yet there is an unconscious *insouciance* (not to be pedantic) about them as if it mattered very little to the writer whether anybody read them or not so long as he recorded faithfully what he knew to be the facts about the life he was living, and what he could see and believe about those matters external to himself: the age-old, day-young, changeful yet changeless sea, with its faithful servants, the winds, weather and men.

And while he is thus recording events in a strong simple English that bites into the memory, he makes us all his debtors, especially those who through the happenings of nature or advancing years can only enjoy the deep fierce thrills he makes so real by proxy or vicariously. In spirit he carries us with him and his fellows, these fine wholesome men whom the winds and waves have moulded to much of their own primeval naturalness. It is not until, as occasionally happens, he expresses his opinions, that one is compelled sometimes, however reluctantly, to disagree with him. As for instance where on p. 75 he eulogises the practice of babes sleeping between their parents and, as if reminded of one of the dangers attaching to the bad practice, asks "Shall not these who gave life sometimes also crush it away?"

Among other things for which this book is extremely noticeable are two important omissions. The first is that

nowhere except in the Phantasy (24) is the sexual side of life obtruded. In works of this kind (but oh! how far behind it) unfair advantage of the reader is often taken to slip in, as it were, a mass of nauseating detail such as would be entirely suspect in a work avowedly fiction. It is hardly too much to say that in many cases foulness is thus instilled before the reader is aware. As for the exception mentioned (story 24) it is, I doubt not, very beautiful, but I do not understand it. Only I am certain it can do no one any harm.

The second omission is of a different character, and I leave it an open question whether it is good or not. It is the utter absence of any attempt on the writer's part to exploit the religious side of life in connection with humble conditions. In the work of a writer for whom I have a great love, Mr. Norman Duncan, there is brought out while dealing with the lives of the Labrador fisher-folk a terrible picture of added torment through their religion. They do not merely live lives of almost incredible hardship, but they have ever present before them the dread of an unspeakably horrible hell after those lives. Without intending it even, one feels fiercely resentful of such a needlessly superposed cruelty upon those sadly overburdened folk.

From anything of this kind Mr. Reynolds's book is free. His friends may live hard lives, but the note of them is brave enjoyment, comradeship with their surroundings and an easy ability to make the best of everything:

> "'I've lived rough; I've been hungry; I've gone barefooted; and I'd wear down you youngsters yet. Just you come 'long wi' me . . .' But they don't go; they don't take up the challenge. Benjie would win. He has won already. After a long life, which no one would call successful in the worldly sense, he finds it in him to say often, 'If I lives to be a hundred, an' I hope I may. . . .'"

That is the spirit of the book, and I venture the opinion that it is a high and splendid one, worthy of all honour.

In another direction, hardly to be expected, but none the less welcome and valuable for that, this book is to be welcomed. It imparts a great deal of information upon many subjects whereof the majority of us are sadly ignorant and conveys intensely valuable hints in almost insensible fashion. I would especially note the sections "Winds and Waves" and "Longshore Fishing." But I find with acute regret that I have exceeded my allotted space and conclude with the deliberate conviction that this is the best work on the topic that I have ever read.

FRANK T. BULLEN.

A POLICEMAN'S LOT.*

Was Falstaff in repentant humour when he told the frowning Justice he had lost his voice "with holloaing and singing of anthems"? He was chuckling in his great throat. Is Sir Henry Smith, who also has dwelt in the heart of the world, knelling the woe of years when he makes abstract of a round sixty as "most of them misspent"? He is thinking—as his closing pages witness—that there was much of June in those years, and that age is not always the worse for having heard in youth the chimes of midnight. There is now quite a series of Memoirs, beginning perhaps with Serjeant Ballantyne's, which throw for our generation a few shy beams on the Haymarket and Piccadilly of the 'fifties, what time the theatres were closing, and in places licensed and unlicensed shows of other sorts were opening. All or most of these books have come to us from men who were afterwards pretty well forward in their generation, and the Adam unregenerate in the reader of a later day rather approves these veterans who review their frolics with serenity and commit them remorselessly to print.

But what an opening is this for the commendation of a book about criminals and crime! It is Sir Henry himself who pulls me up. "The burden of my song," he somewhere says, "is crime and criminals." Happily, however, for those to whom crime and criminals are not everything, Sir Henry is by no means exclusively concerned with the froward and their goings on. He is still, he tells us, "desperately keen on racing." He recalls with enthusiasm "many a grand day" with hounds, the Tyndale in Northumberland, the North Cheshire, and other packs of note. He has shot partridge and pheasants and grouse, and had his share of deer-stalking. He has played golf, and enjoys the distinction of having given up the game. He has soldiered with the Suffolk Artillery Militia, whose colonel, because of his admiration for Mr. Gladstone, found it next to impossible to get officers in the county. In fine, Sir Henry has lived in deeds as well as years, and clear it is that life has never staled for him. He writes with a native heartiness, gives thanks to heaven, and cracks his friends to the skies. A capital and refreshing book, not in the least spoiled by its discursiveness.

Sir Henry, whose "father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather were all ministers of the Church of Scotland" (Burns touched up his grandfather in "The Holy Fair"), was cousin to R. L. Stevenson, but seems to have known this delicate magician only in his sixes and sevens. He remembers little Stevenson, with an air of the child Samuel, creeping downstairs in his nightgown to the room where prayers were being read, with this expostulation to his father: "Why don't you speak louder? I can't hear a single word." He speaks of Stevenson as "ill-fated," but within its span his life was not incomplete; and if his death were in some degree a sacrifice, the gods threw incense on it.

Sir Henry's first taste of police work was in "one of the largest Scotch counties," where he was associated with a Chief Constable whose mornings were despatched with method. Arriving late, the Chief would ask for letters, and receive the stereotyped reply that there were none. He then proposed to his assistant an adjournment to the club, where he called for whiskies. These disposed of, billiards or a stroll improved the hour until lunch-time, and after lunch the Chief repaired again to the office, to learn with surprise that there were still no letters. "In fact, there seldom were any. I can honestly say I have seen more work done in my office in the City in one day than you would see in that office in a year." The whiskies eventually ended the Highlander, but before this Sir Henry had shifted to Newcastle, where he saw some rough and dangerous work about the Quayside. He was well toward in his forties when he found settled employment at the Old Jewry, which is the Scotland Yard of the City. In time he succeeded Major Bowman as Chief Superintendent, City of London Police, under that gifted officer, Colonel Sir James Fraser. Six years later, Fraser retiring, Sir Henry Smith (not as yet answering to that style) was appointed by the Corporation to the high office of Commissioner. Perhaps not every one is aware that the metropolis owns two police forces. The Metropolitan Police is commanded from the Home Office, the Commissioner being directly responsible to the Secretary of State. The City Commissioner, on the other hand, is a regular autocrat in his way. He chooses "fit and able men" who "shall obey all such lawful commands" as they may receive from him; and, within the Act, he handles this force as he thinks fit. Sir Henry Smith is the only man who has commanded both police forces of London on the occasion of a signal function of State.

This was the second or "Diamond" Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and concerning the laborious making of this splendid and tremendous pageant Sir Henry leads us a

* "From Constable to Commissioner: The Story of Sixty Years, most of them Misspent." By Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry Smith, K.C.B. With a Portrait. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Recollections of Forty Years." By L. Forbes Winslow, M.B., D.C.L., LL.D. 12s. 6d. net. (Ouseley, Ltd.)

little behind the scenes. He served on the St. Paul's Committee (entrusted with the details of the service on the Cathedral steps) and on the Procession Committee. One of his colleagues on the first of these was Dean Gregory, who wanted the Aldermen to face the royal carriage, with their backs to Ludgate Hill, where they would "look so well in their robes" and enjoy "a beautiful view of the cathedral." Sir Henry politely observed that in his opinion the Mansion House was for the civic fathers the ideal situation. From there, he said, "they will have a beautiful view of the Bank of England, an institution in which they take a far deeper interest." Dr. Temple laughed for all the committee, and Sir Henry had his way. Queen Victoria was anxious principally on two points: that all her subjects in the streets should get home unscathed, and all her guests in the procession get back to Buckingham Palace without taking a wrong turning. Most of us probably remember how sublimely well the consecrated day was ordered, how nobly the people marshalled themselves in millions, and what an immortal time the pickpockets had. One reward was greatly earned: Mr. Henry Smith, C.B., became Sir Henry, K.C.B.

The Jubilee pickpockets remind me that thus far I have scarcely allowed Sir Henry to breathe a hint of criminals or crime. He and his detectives, to whom he gives such handsome eulogy, have hunted rogues the length of Europe and America (those are good tales concerning Athens and a wayside station out West), and he himself has been often on duty in Newgate on mornings when the hangman has had to make an early breakfast. He draws a strange, pathetic picture of the last moments on the gallows of the girl-murderess, Ellen Pearcey: half-standing, half-swaying on the drop; wan, fragile, dazed, and quiet as a stone.

One dreadful memory is here awakened. In the falling 'eighties, beginning with the Christmas week of 1887, we had Jack the Ripper. Phantom-like, he pursued, until July of 1889, the pariah women of East London. Eight murders, signalised especially by nameless mutilations, were to his credit. For a year and seven months the deeds of this dark assassin were the nightmare of London. No incubus or demon accepted in the middle ages by the church and law spread a wider terror over any given area. Appearing suddenly in midwinter of 1887, he as suddenly vanished in midsummer of 1889.

"There is no man living who knows as much of these murders as I do," says Sir Henry Smith; and one night he was almost certainly within a bare five minutes of the Ripper. This was the Ripper's gala outing, distinguished by a twofold murder, September 30, 1888. Disturbed, it would seem, in the slaughter of Elizabeth Stride in Bernard Street, Whitechapel, he fell maniacally upon the next woman he met, the Catherine Eddowes whom he accounted for in Mitre Square. He himself, upon Sir Henry's showing, must on that crowning night have had a sniff of death—the death that, in the moment of inflicting it, he was eight times marvellously shielded from. The Ripper baffled Sir Henry, as, with accustomed candour, he acknowledges.

To the same problematic murderer, who worked as easily and securely as a thug (and seemingly with equal consciousness of salvation for an artist at the game), Dr. Forbes Winslow devotes a chapter filled with curious suggestion. Dr. Winslow's Ripper is a well-to-do homicidal maniac, with religious views and of an epileptic habit, who forgets the murders as soon as he has committed them and attends the early Sunday services at St. Paul's Cathedral. It is entirely possible. Dr. Winslow is at this moment pursuing the Ripper into South Africa, with a heat for the chase that palliates his large indifference to grammar. He has stood up for women under sentence of death, and this shall count for him.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

A MODERN SADDUCEE.*

There is something strangely pathetic in the appearance of Mr. Podmore's last book at a time when the very question he disputes with such skill in its pages has been finally settled for him. Engaged for many years in sifting the evidences for man's personal existence after death, he acquired a reputation as the most formidable and aggressive of sceptics. Yet at the outset of his career his attitude was that of a believer in psychical phenomena and its implications. It was a remarkable metamorphosis. Perhaps it may be explained in part by reference to the puerility of much that passes as Spiritualism. His mind loved a "nipping and an eager air"; it could not long endure a sickly atmosphere.

"The Newer Spiritualism" is the phrase he employs to denote the later phases of investigation into the occult. The 'sixties and 'seventies of the last century had produced a large and varied crop of spiritualistic wonders. Tables had floated in the air; concertinas had discoursed music without visible agency; there were trances and "speaking with tongues"; Katie King had materialised in the presence of Sir William (then Mr.) Crookes, and Mrs. Guppy had been wafted through space from one part of London to another in the twinkling of an eye. It was all inchoate and very bewildering. Spiritualists hailed it as the beginning of a new dispensation, but theologians talked gravely of new and crafty devices of the Enemy of Souls; the man in the street scoffed, and scientists (with one or two notable exceptions) treated the whole business with disdain or indifference. Then came the work of Psychical Research proper, with Mr Podmore in the rôle of candid friend. Methods of investigation were systematised, séances organised, and Mr. F. W. H. Myers gave valuable aid by devising a new vocabulary of technical terms adapted to the needs of the inquiry.

It is with these later developments that the book is mainly concerned. It opens with an able résumé of the "Older Spiritualism" (which is subjected to remorseless analysis and dissection), and then passes to a consideration of the results tabulated by the new school. Negative in outlook and almost wholly destructive in tendency, the volume is yet a scholarly and thought-provoking contribution to psychic literature. It is the utterance of a writer with a point of view, and moreover of one who was too acute a reasoner to present his conclusions as final. He is the shrewd advocate, not the judge. Withal his case ends on a marked note of indecision: "If we reject, for the present at any rate, the explanation suggested by many of the trance utterances themselves, that of communication from the dead, we must seek for some other cause adequate to the effects." That cause, he concludes, may lie in telepathy—"communication [between embodied minds] apart from the recognised sensory channels." And so the issue is left—"Telepathy *v.* the Spirit Hypothesis." Here, surely, are all the materials for a metaphysical version of "Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce." But in the meantime the opposing side has lost its ablest advocate.

D. G.

THE SLOPES OF PARNASSUS.†

One of the causes of the present neglect of the Muse is not far to seek. He would be a rash man who denied

* "The Newer Spiritualism." By Frank Podmore. 8s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

† "The Hours of Fiammetta." By Rachel Annand Taylor. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"Pietro of Siena." By Stephen Phillips. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.) "The New Inferno." By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)—"Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics." By Bliss Carman. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Wild Fruit." By Eden Phillpotts. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

(From a print by George Baxter.)

From "The Picture Printer of the Nineteenth Century (George Baxter)."
By C.T. Courtney Lewis.

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that the age is scarcely in the mood to hear poetry with avidity and attention. But to find in this the answer to all things is rather too comfortable a faith to bear much resemblance to truth. For there never was an age anxious to hear poetry. It is the essential business of poetry to testify to certain elements of eternity in man that man's sloth is only too anxious to forget. Now and again, however, a poet arises, or a generation of poets, whose voice on these matters is so unmistakable, so high, so earnest, that men are bound to hear, their own souls compel them to hear, if not to heed, and we speak of this as a poetical age. Such voices are lacking now, and in consequence the present age wins the contrary title. But the truth is rather that no poet has the faith or the courage to ring out a clear piercing voice on the things his instinct teaches him.

Mrs. Taylor herself does not lift this reproach. Readers of "Rose and Vine" will know that they have to expect of her a verse beautiful but intricate and exotic. Nor will they err. In "The Hours of Fiammetta" she has found a theme that peculiarly lends itself to intricacy. "There are two great traditions of Womanhood," she says in her preface. "One presents the Madonna brooding over the mystery of motherhood; the other, more confusedly, tells of the acolyte, the priestess, the clairvoyante of the unknown gods. This latter," she continues, "exists complete in herself, a personality as definite and as significant as a symbol," and it is to this latter family that Fiammetta belongs. Sixty-one sonnets, cast in the Shakespearean mould, are given up to the exposition of her moods. Mrs. Taylor will probably expect the criticism that some of them defy meaning, and her response would probably be that some important moods of the soul are as meaningless but as entirely significant as a colour. She would probably say that to portray such moods is essentially within the proper function of poetry, and that therefore any such portrayal can only serve to convey the fit and proper hue. Which is a resolute belief, but she must not complain if her poetry thereby wins its way rather to a conservatory amid rare exotics than touches the deep heart of man. Given this limitation (and limitation it is) her book is noteworthy, putting her unquestionably among the great sisters of song. She has not aped masculine achievement; she has uttered out her own heart, and the result is, in its own cloudy and intricate way, superb and worthy of all praise. It leaves us further advanced in the things of the heart. Take these lines, addressed to her own soul (it is noteworthy that their excellence is their simplicity):

> "Yet, fierce insurgent, cease vain wars to wage!
> Art thou so pure as to decline, forsooth,
> These penitential usages of age
> That expiate proud cruelties of youth,
> And bring thee to the last and perfect art
> To love the lovely with a selfless heart?"

or the complete sonnet "Hypnerotomachia."

With "Pietro of Siena" Mr. Stephen Phillips returns to poetry after a long silence, and the return is not happy. This is a drama, and neither Mr. Phillips's instinct nor versification is dramatic. His instinct is theatrical, but this is quite a different thing. Over and over again in this play situations are arranged before us (obviously arranged), and we know that their intention is to arouse us; but, unfortunately, they do not. And the cause is very simply explained. Mr. Phillips's characters possess no psychology at all: in other words, they do not work themselves to their situations by force of their own natures and in virtue of their own vitality; they are puppets whom Mr. Phillips places deliberately in such and such positions. There is no development, no sequence, no cause and effect, and the result is not only that we are not touched, but, furthermore, we are exasperated. Such a scene is that between Pietro and Gemma! He has lusted after her, promising her her brother's release (whom he has just consigned to death) as the price of her submission. So she has come to submit. But because she chooses to speak nearly forty lines in contempt of him and the deed, Pietro, whom we last heard in cynical dispraisal of moralities, is won to such a love for her that he would make her his wife. And, more wonderful still! no sooner has he done so than she consents to wed him, kissing him in pledge of it. And they straightway rank as firm and noble-minded lovers! So it is with the conclusion. Gemma's brother, released from prison, has come hotly to demand death rather than acquittal with dishonour (which his previous conduct would not have led us to think it likely he would do); and Pietro's soldiers come to be avenged on him for holding truck with the enemy. He tells them that he intends to wed Gemma. This, we might have thought, would have further complicated the situation; but Pietro says:

> "A golden morning on us all descends,
> And I foresee a golden morning wax
> Into a deeper life between us two,
> Bringing not bloodshed nor old enmity,
> But on our houses and Siena peace."

We are bound to accept his statement; for with this the play ends—ends, but not concludes, for there is no conclusion. His style, too, is undramatic. Verse, to serve drama, must be supple and flexible; neither of which his is. His characters all speak in lines that are stiff and awkward, resounding with Shakespearean and Tennysonian echoes. After reading this play the reader will turn with some refreshment to "Measure for Measure," the plot of which has served as inspiration for "Pietro of Siena."

In "The New Inferno," Mr. Phillips is more successful. In a poem entitled "Cities of Hell" in his New Poems he found Hell to be a continuation of earthly conditions of unhappiness in the incorporeal Beyond. "The New Inferno" is a deliberate expansion of this, taking the first book of Dante's "Divine Comedy" as model. He sketches the parallel even so far as to imagine the messenger, that comes to escort him through his new Inferno, as sent from another Beata Beatrix, who thinks he has better to do

> "Than still to rail on at the world's neglect;
> Than still to coarsen what was once so fine."

All subjects are open to a poet's treatment, irrespective of previous handling: while some subjects offer themselves naturally as a perennial theme to the poet. But in breaking a new lance at Dante's theme Mr. Phillips starts off with a heavy disadvantage. For it is obvious that Dante verily believed in his Inferno; and therefore gave it a terrible reality that holds the imagination spellbound. But the New Inferno is to its author an insecure speculation; and therefore it is to the reader a thing difficult to grasp. As an idea it fails of entity and cohesion: in a word, conviction. Nor does the versification aid us. The poem is in blank verse stanzas of four lines apiece, which is an artificial device that meets its own exposure in the two stanzas in the poem that arrest the ear as having their even lines rhymed, for the movement has not the paragraphic quality of blank verse. But take these two lines:

> "That most conspicuous catastrophe,
> No change or alteration ever brings."

Mr. Phillips wrings a reluctant, and cloying, sweetness from syllabic insistence. It is the same everywhere, and becomes an uneasy device of words. Cantos II. and III. are undoubtedly the finest in the poem, and deal with "The Corsican who shook and lost the world":

> "All motionless, upon a frozen Alp,
> With dreary stare and hands behind him clasped."

It is ambition, pitiless power, and ruthless will that have created for Napoleon this frosty splendour of a world; and it is his Inferno. He is to remain thus till Josephine shall melt it with the love she shall re-create in him. The thought is finely conceived, though the conception surpasses the achievement.

Mr. Bliss Carman's "Sappho" is choicely bound, exquisitely printed (at the Florence Press) on paper it is a pleasure to look at and handle. And its contents are equally worthy of praise. Purporting to be imaginary translations of Sappho's lost works they are unrhymed, to their inestimable loss. For lyrics in English demand rhyme: without it they are amorphous and incomplete. That Mr. Bliss Carman should have done so well without it is to his praise. They have all of them the flavour of Greek verse; and their colour, balance, passion in dignity, and marmoreal exquisiteness give just the charm that is demanded. They are for the few, these lyrics, for their charm is remote; but by those few they will be read and re-read. Take this poem—and think, too, what it gains from the accidental rhyming of the last lines of the two stanzas:

"Once you lay upon my bosom,
While the long blue silver moonlight
Walked the plain, with that pure passion
All your own.

"Now the moon is gone, the Pleiads
Gone, the dead of night is going:
Slips the hour, and on my bed
I lie alone."

It would be churlish to find fault with Mr. Phillpotts, for he tells us in the outset of his book that

"Mine's but a syrinx rough,
Won from a reed-bed by an unknown river.
Would that it were enough
To make one heart throb or one eyelid quiver;
But here's no song of might,
No thunder from the height."

Moreover, it might be difficult to disagree with him. Yet this book is an index to much that is perplexing in modern poetry. For here is a man of earnest thought and some power over words that strangely fails to move us; and furthermore, is content at that. Most of these poems are dialect songs (that give dialect the go-by now and then, for euphony's sake), and heavy elaborate scenery painting, such scenery painting as Mr. Phillpotts gives us in his novels, only in metrical arrangement. They lack the transmuting touch of imagination—as distinct from a limiting optical perception. Why is that? Mr. Phillpotts comes to us with his own avower. After having, in "Apennine Nights," described a supreme night and dawn, he says:

"And I win nothing from this vision. Mine
No song of triumph—not for me to turn
The poet's raptured, ever-living line,
And wet man's eyes and make his spirit burn.
My humbler part to tell the mystery,
Not knowing whether any meaning be."

A spirit more deadly to poetry can scarcely be imagined. It is not thus that the great compelling song shall come. For the Poet is the Seer and Prophet of Eternal Beauty. His theme is urgent with conviction in him. Mr. Phillpotts himself proves it. For the finest poem in this book is transcendental: it is entitled "Lamia of Sunset."

DARRELL FIGGIS.

THE LITERARY TAINT.*

One undeniable quality in "The Creators" is its amazing cleverness. The characterisation is clever; the dialogue is clever; the style throughout has a hard-cut brilliance that is admirably suited to its theme. You are puzzled at first as to the spirit in which the story is written; Miss Sinclair seems to take her chief characters seriously and to believe in them, as they believe in themselves. But by degrees you come to a realisation of the fact that "The Creators" is a subtle and illuminating essay in ironic comedy, and you go on to admire what Laura, talking of the cheap fiction with which she deliberately fooled the inferior public, describes as "the splendid, the diabolical irony of it."

Here is presented a wonderfully, almost cruelly lifelike group of those fussy, self-complacent, amusingly conceited little literary people who are so sure that they are great literary people and meet to talk of their own genius, the genius of each other, and to pour contempt on the mere outside public and the paltry critics who intrude upon their obscurity and try to mar the greatness of their souls by making them ignobly popular. They are so wrapped up in themselves; move in such a narrow circle, the limited literary circle that imagines itself so nearly limitless, that before the end you are curiously impressed with their shortsighted outlook on life; you share their feeling, and are cramped by it, that the world is made up of a number of dazzling men and women who are gloriously cursed with genius and a few common persons whom they may look upon and condescend to, thanking God they are not as those normal human creatures who are fit for nothing but to serve as foils to the bright spirits who cackle as continuously over their precious genius as any hen does over a quite unastonishing egg. George Tanqueray is a great novelist; so is Jane Holland. At the outset they are both much too great to be popular; but by degrees and to her own and Tanqueray's distress, Jane achieves popularity.

"They had found each other before the world had found her. That was the charm which had drawn them together, which, more than any of her charms, had held him until now. She had preserved the incomparable innocence of a great artist; she was free, with the freedom of a great nature, from what Tanqueray, who loathed it, called the 'literary taint.' They both avoided the circles where it spread deepest, in their nervous terror of the social process of 'getting to know the right people.' . . . Below these infernal circles they had discerned the fringe of the bottomless pit, popularity, which he, the Master, told her was '*the* unclean thing.' So that in nineteen hundred and two George Tanqueray, as a novelist, stood almost undiscovered on his tremendous height."

One day Tanqueray meets Owen Prothero, a great but unrecognised poet, and Prothero reads one of his poems to him and to Nina, who is also something of a writing genius, and when the poet ceases:

"Then Tanqueray spoke one word. 'Splendid!'
"Nina turned her head and looked up at the poet. His eyes were still following his vision. Her voice recalled him."

She asks him to go and fetch the rest of his poems, and whilst he is out of the room Tanqueray asks, "How can you stand his eyes? It is like being exposed to the everlasting stare of God." And Nina admits "It is, rather."

Later, you find Nicky, a delightful person, a charming poet who is not a genius, declaring to the notable editor, Brodrick, that Tanqueray *is* great, and Brodrick responding, "Too great for the twentieth century." Elsewhere you have Laura, another writer and again something of a genius, talking seriously with Prothero of *his* genius. "They were both aware of his genius as a thing that was and was not his, a thing perpetually present with them but incommunicable." All the way through you have this little circle discoursing of their genius, especially of the genius of Tanqueray and Jane; Tanqueray will not marry Jane, and Jane will not marry Tanqueray for fear the influence of each should be detrimental to the genius of the other. In due course Tanqueray marries a "h"-less lodging-house servant and neglects her, though she is the most natural and most lovable woman in the book; Jane marries the famous editor Brodrick, and thereafter Brodrick and his family discuss her genius and how the exercise of it is shattering her health, and Jane takes herself as solemnly as they take her; she agonises over the writing of a new novel, and when she publishes it, it is as if a new

* "The Creators." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Constable.)

star had risen and all her friends look up at it with awe and wonder. Long before the end you glimpse the sly satire underlying that eulogy of Tanqueray's about her freedom from the "literary taint."

If this were all the book it would not be enough; but it is not all. The study of the small and very self-conscious literary temperaments of this group of "creators," the narrowness of their interests, their complacent scorn of the outer world that has other interests, their sublimely soaring conceit of themselves—it is all done with an irony and insight and easy skill that could scarcely be praised too highly, and it is all woven into a profoundly interesting story that is a masterpiece of construction and that lends itself perfectly to the full development of its characters.

A. ST. J. A.

HISTORY AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.*

There may be those still living among us who will live to see a Chamber of Peers near Baker Street Station, where, annexed to the Chamber of Horrors, Lord Milner, Lord Kitchener, Lord Curzon, and other notable specimens of an extinct species will stare the silly throng into a transient emotion of regret for the brave days of old. The date, November 25, 1882, upon which "Iolanthe" was first produced will then perhaps be recognised as the writing on the wall, while the year 1910 will be memorable for the amazing bouquet of literature which the House of Lords, like a Roman candle, produced before it went pop. The blood and behaviour of its Lords has naturally ever been the doting object of contemplation in a country where snobcraft has been carried to the highest pitch of perfection yet conceived in the cis-lunar universe; but the constitution of our Lords, which many have similarly regarded as the finest in the world, has never yet been subjected to so drastic a critical method as that which we have now to record.

In the days of Elizabeth the Lords still had a kind of halo of demi-divinity about them. They were almost princes of the blood. They paid for their grandeur in a peril which kept the death-rate of peers at a level above that of the most deadly trades now in operation. There were only fifty-nine peers then, and they formed a powerful corporation—they appealed to the imagination; Shakespeare had represented them as the foils and chopping-blocks of a breed of native kings as jealous as Turks and as cruel as Spaniards. Under James I. and Charles I. long and distinguished service to the State came to be no longer considered a necessary condition of a peerage. The sale of peerages began. A title was regarded as a fitting consecration of wealth, and the halo which had hitherto attached to an ancient nobility of birth and service began to dissolve and to disappear. A peer who had left England in 1641 and come home with the king to sit in the restored Upper House of 1660 would have perceived the difference at once. The legal and social privileges of the peerage were now the same as they had been, but they were no longer regarded as part of the natural order of things, and had not the same support from public opinion. The old instinctive deference to rank as an indefeasible mark of ancient and illustrious birth had largely disappeared. There was less respect and more criticism. The divinity that was wont to hedge a peer had vanished.

The process of this change of sentiment is worked out in a magisterial way by Professor Firth in his new book on "The House of Lords during the Civil War." This is a timely exercise in social antiquarianism, as complete in its way as the same author's "Cromwell's Army," and a model of the perfection to which the work of historical illustration may be brought by a real master of the craft. As in the case of the two authors whose works are now to be considered, Mr. Firth writes with an academic detachment and an impartiality which render it no easy task to discover his political complexion. But Mr. Firth, Mr. Marriott, and Mr. Temperley are alike in this, that they regard a second chamber of some kind or other as absolutely indispensable. "Hard experience," says Mr. Firth, "had convinced the Englishman of the seventeenth century of the necessity of a second chamber." All writers are agreed upon the importance of this problem, or discovery (whichever you please to regard it), and are equally agreed as to the strange lethargy with which the whole subject is envisaged by the electorate of the present day.

The Passing of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords.

From an engraving after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.
From "The Mother of Parliaments," by Harry Graham. (Methuen.)

Mr. Temperley dwells especially upon the prevailing ignorance as to the methods adopted by foreign nations to secure the advantage of a bicameral system. He shows us Lord Morley speaking in the House of Lords and describing the Senates of Australia as purely nominated chambers. As a matter of fact, Australia affords us the most perfect examples we have of elected democratic Senates—Senates which are, in fact, so democratic as to outbid the Lower House for popularity. Alone among the Upper Houses

* "The House of Lords during the Civil War." By Prof. C. H. Firth. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)—"Second Chambers." By J. A. R. Marriott. 5s. net. (Clarendon Press.)—"Peers and Bureaucrats." By Prof. Ramsay Muir. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Senates and Upper Chambers." By H. W. V. Temperley. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)—"The Mother of Parliaments." By Harry Graham. With 20 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

of the world the Senate of Australia is less conservative than the House of Representatives. Nor are these mistakes by any means confined to the critics of the Lords. Both Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour speak as if the only alternative to a system of two chambers is the wild-cat Government of such a State as Costa Rica. Why Costa Rica? It is selected, of course, because it suggests a state of affairs bordering on anarchy, and the implication is that such must be soon the fate of any unicameral country. Yet, as a matter of fact, Norway, Bulgaria, a fair proportion of German States, Canadian provinces, and Swiss cantons, Greece and Montenegro, are all governments with a single chamber, and serve to show that single chambers can exist in States that are relatively tranquil and well-governed. Such comparisons as these have little binding force either way. The plight of the Mother of Parliaments (of which Captain Harry Graham gives an excellent popular history, picturesque and anecdotal) would indeed be pitiful had it to go to school among the recently emancipated vassals of the Ottoman Turks. What alarms quiet thinkers at home, and shocks sympathetic critics abroad, is the discovery that our Constitution seems to have quite suddenly and unexpectedly got into an *impasse*. The traditional power of automatic adjustment which we were generally supposed to have inherited from the age of Simon de Montfort seems to have deserted us like a virtue of which the force was ultimately spent. The anomaly has not really been sprung on us suddenly, for foreign observers have long noted that the House of Lords was a piece used by the Tory party as a bishop or knight of their own colour upon the chess-board of party politics. Hitherto they have refrained from using their piece conspicuously at critical points in the game. Last year, however, this tradition was abandoned. The anomaly has been dragged out into the glaring light of popular criticism.

The consequences of this have been twofold, and neither of them reassuring. The hereditary chamber, the self-complacency of which, since its rapid recovery after the passing malady of 1832, had hardly been ruffled, sets to work in feverish haste to put its house in order. Hitherto it had listened to the cry of "Wolf" with equanimity. Now it scented danger on the breeze. Regardless of appearances, the majority in the Lower House decided to treat the second chamber not so much as a problem as an obstacle. To this obstacle they propose to apply the vulgar blasting apparatus of the party system. The result will probably be unexpected. But in the meanwhile the would-be reformers have sacrificed a permanent and national to a merely temporary and party advantage. The House of Lords is probably the weakest second chamber in the world already. It is also the most hereditary: it is weak because it is "hereditary." It has long outgrown the old families who had already under Edward I. a mysterious right to the direct summons to the Magnum Concilium. An hereditary chamber of successful tradesmen has no earthly claim upon our respect. The hereditary element has become a complete anomaly. To cut it away would have revived the credit and reason of the second chamber to an almost miraculous degree. Instead of resorting to this necessary surgery the Lower House, in an unworthy spirit of malice, have decided to let the disease be, but to tie the Upper House up, and to confine it with bonds so that it can move neither hand nor foot, reduced to the pitiful condition of a mummy in a museum.

As I have said, our historical guides are all agreed as to the necessity of a second chamber. For my own part, I cannot see that their arguments are absolutely conclusive; apart from the break with historic tradition, the added weight of responsibility and the fear of a referendum would possibly work wonders with a Lower House. But continuity is a valid argument, and, granted the need of a second chamber, the question how to constitute it is threshed out in these books with great industry and acumen. Mr. Marriott's is primarily an historical essay on the subject, with numerous object-lessons. Mr. Temperley has delved deeper, and furnishes a thorough survey of the bicameral institutions of the modern world. It embodies a vast amount of research, and forms an invaluable reference-book to the whole subject, with valuable notes and bibliography. Mr. Ramsay Muir's "Peers and Bureaucrats" will appeal to a much larger public. It is a rousing and rhetorical call to arms, a rallying cry to all who wish to imbrue in the blood of the Lords. It is full of admirable instances and ingenious proposals. A second House, chosen by proportionate representation for a longer term, with an age limit, and representing many more shades of opinion than is possible under present conditions, seems to be his main remedy. All four books deserve careful attention: Mr. Muir's and Mr. Graham's to read, Mr. Marriott's to mark, and Mr. Temperley's, if not to learn, at least to preserve carefully as a work of reference.

The conclusion derived from a careful perusal of these works, whose deductions are at times not a little distracting, is one to which I should like to direct the attention of all fellow-Conservatives, the great desirability, namely, of getting rid of the peerage altogether—as at present forming the greatest possible impediment to a finer and fuller freedom of action within the Conservative party. Conservatism cannot possibly stand alone. It must draw to itself new principles of reform, upon which it can react with a wise spirit of conservation. Alliance with the House of Lords is like being tied to a corpse, by which the vitalising elements are continually and for ever being obstructed. Property, like Labour, is sufficiently represented in the Lower House; what is needed in an Upper Chamber is pre-eminently brains, capable of sifting social ideas. To create such a House would be possible enough, if we may judge by the Benthamite capacity for constitution-mongering shown by these writers. To preserve peers as a prehistoric caste under glass and to give them nothing whatever to do would be to constitute a danger—a constant thorn, at least, in the side of the commonwealth. Noble blood, if it means anything, would make itself felt in the *ex-officio* portion of the Upper House. Had its owners any capacity for reform they would have shown it before the crisis began to concentrate their intellects. As it is the *ex-officio* element is choked by hereditary titles, not three per cent. of which go back beyond Pitt; just as the Conservative party is asphyxiated by the stifling fumes of ancient wealth and hereditary beliefs. Peers and veto alike should be swept into limbo. Both are relics of barbarism. What we want is a strong Upper Chamber based upon brains. What we shall get is first a paralysis of the peers by means of either swamping or veto-limit. For this we shall have to thank the Radicals. Then, when the peers are quite powerless, and have lost even the semblance of being a protection to the State, they will be carefully reformed by the Tories.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

A NOVELIST'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

"A group of very little children, all dressed up and starched out, were being shepherded along the corridor of an English country house, to be ushered into the dining-room with dessert, according to the fashion of a bygone period—when one of them, the youngest, called a halt outside the door, and lifting up her face to the solemn butler in charge, demanded of him to blow her nose for her."

This is Mrs. Walford's earliest recollection; she was three years old at the time, and on a visit to her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller-Maitland, near Henley-on-Thames. English on one side and Scotch on the other,

* "Recollections of a Scottish Novelist." By L. B. Walford. 10s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

Mrs. Walford, however, knew far more of Scotland than of England in her younger years. Her father, John Colquhoun, author of "The Moor and the Loch," good sportsman and clever naturalist, had a fancy for indulging both of his tastes, and where better could he do it than in his own country?

Mrs. Walford writes with a light and pleasant pen. The ordinary doings of a Scottish household become quite entertaining as she tells of them, and she has glimpses of notable persons to give us, too. At one time the "Residential Tour" led the Colquhouns to a home on the Dee-side, and here is a homely picture of the greatest lady in the land as she passed along that way:

"Prince Albert, ever courteous and kindly, and on the look-out to acknowledge loyal greetings, laid his hand on the Queen's arm to draw her attention to our little assemblage; but at the moment her Majesty was taken up with tying the Princess Royal's bonnet-strings, which she was tugging at in the fashion peculiar to arbitrary mothers. The little Princess was holding back pouting; and as the carriage slowed down . . . we had the satisfaction of seeing our gracious Sovereign Lady obliged to postpone her maternal inclinations, and bestow the light of her countenance elsewhere. Her face, we then saw, was radiant with sweetness and happiness. She wore a dark blue 'Ugly'—a concoction of silk and wire, supposed to be a protection from the sun, and it did not misbecome her. She also wore a tartan cloak, and the little Princess wore the same."

Later in the book there is a somewhat loosely written but interesting reference to Sir Walter Scott:

"We Colquhouns have been asked over and over again 'How is it that there is scarcely any mention of your family in Scott's famous novel "Rob Roy," which is cast in your own country, and wherein the best scenes take place on your own lands?' The same inquiry has been made respecting 'The Lady of the Lake,' wherein the solitary reference to us is scarcely polite and certainly not true. . . . But Sir Walter had his own reasons for putting such statements into the mouth of our hereditary enemies, the Macgregors. When engaged on the novel—which preceded the poem—he travelled down to Loch Lomond-side to collect material and obtain local colour, and presented himself at the then Sir James Colquhoun's door, confident of welcome and assistance. But he had reckoned without his host. That Sir James was my grandfather, and as stupid a country magnate as existed, though perhaps it is not for me to say it. Truth, however, will out; and we descendants of the worthy gentleman—and no one more than his own son, my father—had cause to rue his pride and pompous stupidity as regards the famous author. Who and what was a mere Edinburgh lawyer to the Chief of Colquhoun? Mr. Walter Scott—he was not yet 'Sir Walter'—might be a clever man of letters, but he was a person of no consequence, and he slunk out by a back way to avoid an intrusive, prying body, having ordered *the butler* to show him round! Such an affront was never forgotten nor forgiven."

Mrs. Walford's own literary beginnings and later experiences are full of interest. She herself has worked hard and conscientiously at the grind-work of writing as well as in her deservedly successful novels, and she never practised or approved of carelessness or untidiness. It is a goodly list of novels which stands against her name—books which brought her into pleasant intercourse with the firms of Blackwood and of Longmans. As journalist, too, she met, and wrote for, many a distinguished editor; and it is with the skill and charm of both novelist and journalist that she has written this bright and anecdotal volume of "Recollections."

L. QUILLER COUCH.

Novel Notes.

THE LITTLE WIZARD OF WHITE CLOUD HILL. By F. E. Crichton. 3s. 6d. (Arnold.)—**LITTLE JENNY JARROLD.** By S. G. Arnold. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

Two clever books about children, "The Little Wizard of White Cloud Hill" and "Little Jenny Jarrold," are fortunately published this season when one is casting an eye round for suitable gifts to give as Christmas presents.

Photo by Francis Byrne & Co. **"Kate Horn" (Mrs. C. E. C. Weigall).**

The first of these two would be a doubly useful book to buy. It would not only be read with keen enjoyment by children themselves, but by all grown-ups who care for true-to-life studies of children. The story is simple and straightforward and told with a quaint charm and a sympathy that unquestionably prove Mrs. Crichton's understanding of children to be far from a surface one. Her children are no pen-and-paper puppets, but real live little people whom it is a delight to become acquainted with. "Little Jenny Jarrold" would appeal more to grown-ups than to children. It is not so much a story for children, but a story about children. The author has a distinct and vivid style, and writes in a skilful, easy manner of the doings of Jenny, "one of nine"; not a book with a plot, but just a glimpse into a few years of Jenny's life that holds one interested from first to last. Both books are admirably illustrated: the former by Dorothy Foulger, and the latter by Florence Meyerheim.

THE MULBERRIES OF DAPHNE. By Kate Horn. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Daphne runs away. She wins our sympathy at once, for she is being sold into a marriage with the wealthy Sir Lewis Salmon by her impecunious mother, Lady Lemprière, whose establishment in Mayfair is threatened with a financial crisis, in spite of an income derived from the fashionable hobby of collecting secondhand furniture and disposing of the same at greatly enhanced prices. Leaving behind her the life of Mayfair, with its aimless round of pleasure-seeking, its shams and its shallows, Daphne buries herself in a little village in the heart of Surrey, there to meet life and love under less artificial conditions. The change of scene gives the author the opportunity for some vivid studies of the types of countryfolk still to be found in our old-world villages. Better still is the picture of Major Trent's household in Aldershot, the carelessness of his listless invalid wife, and the laughable struggles of Terence Sullivan, his soldier-servant, to perform the part of an Admirable Crichton by acting as mother, nursemaid, and

cook to the numberless children. Eager for experience and anxious to earn a living, Daphne takes this impossible household in hand, and is working wonders when her furious fiancé, Sir Lewis, runs her to earth. The story tells how Daphne averts the ruin which Sir Lewis is preparing for the brother of the man she loves by revealing a shameful skeleton in the rich Jew's cupboard. Mrs. Solomon, the skeleton in question, is the most remarkable character in the book. The plot, for the most part, runs on rather well-worn lines, but the characterisation throughout is decidedly original and effective.

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA. By Rhoda Broughton. 6s. (Macmillan.)

This novel ends with the question, "Did she or did she not?" Did Miss Susan Field stick to a man whom she had discovered to be a liar, a libertine, and a swindler, but who said he loved her? Miss Broughton does not often leave her readers in such perplexity, but most of them will guess that "Mr. John Green" succeeded in his suit. The book revolves around two people who chanced to meet in a Riviera hotel, and the slow growth of a warm feeling between them is cleverly analysed by the authoress. She has relieved the situation by introducing three delightful characters in Mrs. Pattison, her son, and her son's irrepressible, vulgar, and unselfish fiancée, Miss Jessica Bodger, but the absorbing interest of the book lies in Miss Field's relation to a man whom she discovered to be a rascal. The strong emotional pulse of Miss Broughton's stories is felt in this novel; in addition, there is a sympathetic sketch of love touching a forlorn lady in the semi-comfort of hotel life. The restraint shown in handling the situation at the close is, perhaps, the chief artistic flaw in the book, but, as a story of temperament, it is decidedly ingenious and attractive.

THE BUNGALOW UNDER THE LAKE. By Charles E. Pearce. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

"The Bungalow Under the Lake" is a thrilling story of plot and counter-plot. Even the most exacting and blasé of sensation-lovers will be unable to repress a gasp now and again. The idea of a man paying a doctor (for private reasons) to drug him so that he will appear as if dead for a week seems excellent material to begin work upon; at any rate Mr. Pearce has found it so. The doctor, who proves to be the villain of the piece, alters the drug and keeps up the feigned death for longer than he promised, until he finds a hiding-place for the "dead" man in a bungalow that is built under a lake; and there he keeps his victim to further his own plans. The author makes his story entirely convincing until he comes to describe poor people. He is not at his best when dealing with these. But he knows how to tell a good tale, and no one who starts reading this one is likely to lay it down until he has come to the end of it.

THE McARDLE PEERAGE. By Evelyn Tempest. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In "The McArdle Peerage" Miss Evelyn Tempest has proved herself a novelist with an excellent sense of character and no mean literary ability; the book is conspicuous for its originality of plot and its humorous and gently ironical treatment of a burning question. Mr. McArdle, a genial middle-aged Scotchman, who has made his millions in Burma, returns to England to spend them. True to his race, he has his ideal still before him, and starts in a very business-like way to secure a peerage. He interviews the Government on the subject and is informed that the Premier is interested in an experiment in practical Socialism which a certain Mr. Purefoy is anxious to carry out, and that he would consider very favourably any capitalist who cared to finance the scheme. Mr. McArdle knows nothing and cares less about "Socialism," but this does not affect his purpose, and the "Dawnland" colony is founded with his guarantee of fifty thousand pounds behind it. Incidents in the life of "Dawnland" make up half the book, and the attempt and failure to force communistic ideas on a collection pretty equally composed of purposeful and characterless men is dealt with in the spirit of good-humoured chaff. The only force which keeps the settlement together is provided by Mr. Purefoy, and his pathetic attempts to carry out the principles of true communism against hopeless odds only end with the breakdown of his own health. The strong and purposeful gradually constitute themselves the supervisors of the weak and characterless, and the triumph of individualism is complete when the whole farm is bought up by a Scotch giant whose thrift and energy have made him master of the situation. The experiment fails, but McArdle gets his peerage. A general election is imminent, and the Opposition, returned to power purely on the failure of the "Dawnland" scheme, show their gratitude to their greatest benefactor, the man who has unwittingly proved practical Socialism a delusion. Miss Tempest has a shrewd understanding of the Scottish temperament, and her sketches of McArdle and Duncan Bell rank high amongst character-studies.

THE TORHAVEN MYSTERY. By J. B. Harris-Burland. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Harris-Burland's latest book is one of the best mystery stories we have read for some time—until we get to his explanation. It was rather too bad of him to spirit a young lady out of a railway carriage which is occupied also by her father, her lover, two friends, and a queer stranger; then to have her body washed up by the tide on her father's property; and to permit the stranger in the railway carriage to be mysteriously murdered, and to find that he was carrying a very large sum of money in his bag—to do all this, and then to allow a large number of police and private detectives to discover that the young lady committed suicide, and that the mysterious stranger was murdered by——, but that is the real crux of the mystery. There is no reason why we should spoil the book by giving it away altogether, for, as we have already said, the story is developed with great skill, and it will keep any reader guessing. Mr. Harris-Burland is already in the first rank of sensational writers, and "The Torhaven Mystery" presents many of his best characteristics.

THE GLAD HEART. By E. Maria Albanesi. 6s. (Methuen.)

Ellen Milner is a beautiful, well-nurtured girl whose father dies suddenly, leaving her with what her author seems to regard as a useless pittance of £100 a year, and who, thus thrown upon the world to work for her own living, develops rare virtues. She is a delightful heroine, fresh, sincere, and endowed with a pluck which most older women would lack. Both the glad heart and the sad heart are exemplified here; the one is Margaret Marillier, an authoress and the mother of three quaint children; the other is Lady Norchester, who from being a beautiful village girl deeply in love with Harry, Lord Norchester, is, even against her will, persuaded to accept his name. The marriage is disastrous for both, for Miriam is so slighted by his relations and is so sensitive to public opinion that she rapidly deteriorates, indulges in paroxysms of rage, uses bad language, and takes to brandy occasionally for support. To this impulsive creature Ellen goes as guide and companion, and for a time seems to work wonders. This is really the most interesting part of the book. Though the number of characters somewhat complicates the plot, it is an extremely good story: Miriam and her husband are very difficult people and are drawn with subtlety, while Dick Framley, the good angel to everybody, deserves all the happiness he gets in the end.

THE GREAT OFFENDER. By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

"The Great Offender" is a domestic novel written with a simplicity of style and idea that is peculiarly charming. It is ostensibly the confessions of an old lady, a clergyman's widow, who plays the part of peacemaker and guardian angel in the confined society of a provincial town. Mrs. Constance's next-door neighbour is a colourless, well-meaning widower of the name of Lascelles, who in middle-age brings a second wife to Southease. Grave doubts are expressed amongst local gossips as to the respectability of this lady, who has a theatrical temperament and a veiled past. Mrs. Constance, however, takes her under her wing, and it is not long before Mrs. Lascelles confesses to her the particulars of her several *liaisons*. One after the other her former lovers come to Southease, and Mrs. Constance deals with them personally, and by gentleness and tact induces them to see the error of their ways, and persuades them to leave well alone. The book is well written, and is easy and interesting to read. By far the most convincing passages are those which deal with the gossipy inhabitants of Southease; and here the novelist has more scope for a certain delicate humour which pervades the whole book.

THE HAUNTED ISLAND. By E. H. Visiak. 2s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)

This is a small book of pirate romance in the seventeenth century, "being the history of an adventure to an Island in the Remote South Sea. Of a Wizard there. Of his Pirate Gang; His Treasure; His Combustible; His Skeleton Antic Lud. Of his Wisdom; Of his Poesy; His Barbarous Cruelty; His Mighty Power. Of a Volcano on the Island. And of the Ghostly Terror." The hero is the younger brother of a Navy lieutenant who steals his ship in order to secure the pirate treasure on the island. Mr. Visiak has caught the weird romantic note of the peril, and his pages are so full of adventure and superstition that one forgets how often this kind of thing has been done already. The reader will get his fill of romance, served up geographically and freshly. It is a short book, and very few will be able to lay its crisp, exciting narrative down before the scoundrels get their desert in the closing chapter. This is largely due to the skill with which Mr. Visiak has managed to catch the antique atmosphere and dialect of the period, without allowing his style to lapse into conventional affectations.

SEEKERS ALL. By Mrs. Kenneth Combe. 6s. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons.)

There is no intricate plot in "Seekers All." It is a straightforward love story told with an unaffected intensity of feeling. Mrs. Combe excels in presenting a lucid analysis of the complex feelings and motives which inspire the simplest words and actions of her characters. Barbara Lister's mother was married for her money, and the "remembrance scourged her; there was no single recollection that did not sear and wound." Fearful lest her daughter should meet a like fate, she provides that Barbara's wealth shall be kept a secret until after her marriage. Rumours of riches, however, are not easily dispelled, as Barbara finds to her cost when Arthur Graham, the man to whom she loses her heart, transfers his affections to another on being informed of her comparative poverty. The friend in her hour of need proves to be Arthur's badly used half-brother, concerning whose passion and poverty there is no shadow of doubt. His efforts to shake off the drab bondage of a bank-clerk by patenting a novel collar-stud are cruelly terminated by the discovery that his invention has been stolen by a fellow-lodger, and all hopes of securing Barbara for his wife are apparently extinguished. We say "apparently," for of course Mrs. Combe sees to it that true love wins before we come to the end of what develops into a very charming romance.

The Bookman's Table.

SEYMOUR HICKS: Twenty-four Years of an Actor's Life. By Himself. 2s. 6d. (Alston Rivers.)

If one were inclined to deal at all severely with Mr. Seymour Hicks for imagining that the public desires to read a volume of something over three hundred pages descriptive of his life as an actor during just under a quarter of a century, that inclination would be disposed of by the whimsical frankness of the dedication and preface to "Seymour Hicks—By Himself." Whilst leaving to the reader the questions how far "sheer impertinence" and "a lack of humour" are responsible for his effort, Mr. Hicks pleads guilty to "the hope of advertisement." Such genial candour is very ingratiating; and it is mere justice to Mr. Hicks to admit that he has succeeded admirably in his modest ambition to supply us with "what might serve as a lyric to the music of a railway train—or haply save us buying a bromide at the nearest chemist." For his book is very readable indeed; and like his stage art it suggests here and there that behind the breezy humour and the grease-paint we may find (if we have the necessary gifts of sympathy and vision) a strong personality and a certain serious purpose. In an illuminating sentence, Mr. Hicks writes of "the body I am condemned to drag through musical comedy after musical comedy (the titles alone of which differ)"; and in his dedication, he speaks of "that half of my profession who think I can't act," and again of his "enemies who say nice things of me": both rather poignant and significant sayings to one versed in the things of the theatre. From the pecuniary point of view Mr. Hicks has been very successful, although his managerial enterprises have not all made material additions to his bank balance. No man on our stage has worked harder or owes his prosperity more entirely to his own energy and skill.

Mr. Seymour Hicks.

Frontispiece portrait from "Seymour Hicks," written by Himself. (Alston Rivers.)

He has given innocent pleasure to hundreds of thousands of simple-minded folk, he has known on terms of intimacy many men and women worth knowing, and now he has written a merry and agreeable book of gossip, full of good stories, which is very cheap at half-a-crown.

THE REPERTORY THEATRE: A Record and a Criticism. By P. P. Howe. 2s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

The various movements in the direction of a National Repertory Theatre reached their most notable stage in the repertory season recently organised by Mr. Charles Frohmann at the Duke of York's Theatre. The productions of this season clearly indicated the growing desire of our most serious new dramatists to escape from the limitations of the ordinary commercial drama, and to provide the public with plays which might bear examination as works of literary art as well as of dramatic effectiveness. Mr. P. P. Howe's book is convincing testimony to the vitality of this new drama, for it must indeed be in a healthy state to call forth and in every way to justify a work so full of life and constructive criticism as "The Repertory Theatre." Mr. Howe lets nothing escape him; he tells us not only about the plays themselves, but about the actors who took part in them, and the number of performances given; and all this he does with the sureness of the thorough analyst and the convincingness of the born critic. He relates, in a remarkably lucid first chapter, the story of the growth of the repertory idea; he proceeds to enumerate and to examine the various experiments made prior to the season at the Duke of York's Theatre; and ultimately he weighs with scrupulous fairness the reasons which led to the comparative failure of that season. We cannot do better than advise those who believe in the drama as an important national influence to read "The Repertory Theatre" and learn from its pages the history of that theatre so far as it can now be told.

A THACKERAY DICTIONARY. By Isadore Gilbert Mudge and M. Earl Sears. 8s. 6d. net. (Routledge.)

There have been several Dickens Dictionaries, but this is the first attempt to provide a handbook to Thackeray's characters. The book would have been more valuable had the compilers cast their net over a wider range of Thackeray's works than is to be found in the Biographical Edition: it would have been better if they had taken as the basis of their work the ampler Oxford Edition, or the still more complete edition issued by the house of Macmillan. Otherwise, we have nothing but praise for the Dictionary. The work has been done with the utmost care, and, wherever we have checked it, we have found it accurate. The description of the characters is very well done, and no pains have been spared to make the entries comprehensive. There are references to where the characters appear in the various stories, and the compilers have not been content to deal only with the characters; they have included also places and books, and give the originals of the places and the prototypes of the characters, whenever these are known. The Dictionary will prove a boon to all lovers and students of Thackeray, and will take its place as a useful book of reference.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. F. WARNE & CO.

"Once upon a time there was a wood-mouse, and her name was Mrs. Tittlemouse. She lived in a bank under a hedge." This is the beginning of **The Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse** (1s. net), by Miss Beatrix Potter; and every one who knows the famous "Peter Rabbit" books will know that what happens in that little house in the bank under the hedge *must* be known in every properly equipped nursery in England before Christmas is over. "Mrs. Tittlemouse was a most terribly tidy, particular little mouse;" so it goes without saying that her dainty little home was beset by many a disconcerting visitor and intruder. The beautiful little full-page illustrations tell the story even without words, and they are daintiness itself; and if there is one animal portrait in which Miss Potter excels above others it is the mouse portrait. Pretty, harassed little Mrs. Tittlemouse bids fair to be a real rival to even Peter Rabbit himself.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are issuing a series of anthologies which attract us greatly by reason of their worth and their variety. The series includes new works and also reprints. It begins with **The Mount of Vision,** a book of English Mystic Verse, selected and arranged by Adeline Cashmore. To this volume Mrs. Meynell has contributed an Introduction, a piece of writing arresting, suggestive: a gift both to the book and to te reader. The collection is fresh, inspiring, beautiful, a pleasure and a comfort. Two other items in the series, which lie at our hands, are reprints. These are a **A Collection of Ballads,** edited by Andrew Lang, and two volumes of **Lyrical Verse,** selected and edited by Oswald Crawfurd. The appearance of the volumes, of which six have been already published in the series, is very charming, the colours are well chosen and the design in gold is

"And because the silver of the moonshine-fairies is very light he was able to carry a great deal of it."

From one of the colour illustrations by Edmund Dulac in "Fairies I have Met," by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

tasteful and dignified. The price is half-a-crown net each volume, and as gift-books—the ballads for the boy, the lyrics for lovers, the mystic poems for those who enjoy a book of devotional poetry—they are admirably adapted.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON.

We are often inclined to say that modern fairy tales lack all the charm of the traditional ones, and we are not infrequently proved to be wrong. We should undoubtedly be wrong to make such a statement this season with the new volume of **Fairies I Have Met** (3s. 6d. net) open before us. Mrs. Rodolph Stawell has written a dozen fairy tales which needed only Mr. Edmund Dulac's beautiful coloured illustrations to make them perfect. We *know* that children will be fascinated with these stories. They are marked by originality and the necessary simplicity which goes to make the popular tale for the nursery. We have seen Mr. Dulac's talent displayed in depicting the men and scenes of several lands, but we doubt whether any land is more fitted to his brush than is Fairyland. We are inclined to wish that his colours had been more the primary colours that children love, but his knowledge of their demands in a picture is otherwise complete.

MESSRS. CASSELL.

The end of the year brings us again the familiar and ever-popular annual volume of **Chums** with its big budget of good stories and articles, and its numerous and capital illustrations. No fewer than ten serials run through the volume by such well-known authors as Captain Frank H. Shaw, Fred Whishaw, Julian Linley, etc. From the same firm comes **Cassell's Annual for Boys and Girls,** full of first-rate reading for younger readers, and containing numerous black-and-white illustrations, and over a hundred in colour. Here, too is the annual volume of **Little Folks,** bright and entertaining as usual, an ideal gift-book for boys and girls who are old enough to read, and lucky enough not to be too old yet to count among the children.

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XUM

From **Martha, Lady Giffard** (*Allen*).

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By WALTER SICHEL. With a Frontispiece and 16 Portraits. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

The two journals which make up this extremely entertaining volume came to light only recently in a London auction-room. Time has dealt kindly with them in landing them in the very competent hands of Mr. Sichel, whose knowledge of the period is once more attested in the biographical and explanatory foot-notes scattered through these pages. Sylvester Douglas, who was created Baron Glenbervie in the Irish peerage in 1800, was a pushing and tactful Scot, who abandoned medicine for politics, married Lord North's daughter, and obtained many odd-and-end sinecures. Mr. Sichel makes no attempt to pose his author as a hero or a wit, and if we have any quarrel with his judgment it is that he is too modest regarding the claims of this delightful journal. For Glenbervie is what the Scots call *pawky*, and though not witty in himself, he can tell a good story with an engaging relish, and with (as Mr. Sichel justly points out) the true Polonius unction. The book is full of exceedingly pleasant gossip and anecdote, and is not to be confounded with the ubiquitous *chronique scandaleuse*. It is so good that we hope the rest of the journals will come to light. The present instalment is complete in itself, and is the most attractive book of its kind we have encountered this year.

THE LAST STUART QUEEN:

Louise Countess of Albany: Her Life and Letters. By HERBERT M. VAUGHAN. 16s. net. (Duckworth.)

In 1772 the French Court thought that it would be well to continue the line of the Stuart Pretenders as an instrument against England, so they arranged a marriage between the Young Pretender and Louise of Stolberg, the penniless daughter of a German princeling. Charles Edward Stuart was then fifty years of age, and, if we may believe his wife, "the most odious man that ever existed, who united in his own person every imaginable failing, in addition to the lackey's special vice of drunkenness." The substantial dowry given by the French was, from their political point of view, wasted. No children were born of the ill-assorted marriage. The Countess of Albany, to give "the last Stuart queen" her ordinary title, was about thirty-one years younger than her husband, and very beautiful. Six years after her marriage she became acquainted with the famous Italian poet, Count Alfieri—a man somewhat of the stamp of Byron. In a rather disgusting poem he describes how he made love to the unhappy wife while her miserably drunken husband was sleeping in a chair in the corner of the room. The upshot was that the Pretender assaulted the Countess and she fled to a convent, and afterwards became the acknowledged mistress of the seductive poet. It is a somewhat sordid story, about which many French and Italian writers have tried to get an air of romance. Mr. Vaughan relates the facts in a judicial and yet vivid manner, and gives besides a very interesting picture of the social life of the age.

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LADY CRAVEN. (From a portrait by George Romney.)
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Mr. Austin Dobson's fine "memoir" of Horace Walpole has been re-issued by Messrs. Harper in an attractive form and at a low price. The book may now be considered as a standard biography, and this carefully revised edition

From **Horace Walpole: A Memoir** (*Harper*).

HORACE WALPOLE. After Rosalba.

should have a large sale. Beyond the re-editing of Walpole's correspondence by Mrs. Paget Toynbee little fresh light has been thrown of recent years upon his career. But there can be no doubt that Mr. Dobson's work lasts remarkably well; and so far as we can see, it should continue to do so. The book contains several interesting illustrations, and the only fault we can find with the publishers is that they have not re-issued it before.

HOME LIFE WITH HERBERT SPENCER.

By Two. 2s. 6d. net. (Arrowsmith.)

There's a divinity that hedges philosophers as well as kings; and it is in some sort a test of the man's greatness if he can come out from that encircling mystery and be seen as a mere human being without loss of any essential dignity. If this book had never been written, we should have known from other sources that Spencer was a man of marked eccentricities, crabbed, arrogant, wilful, but we should not have such an insight of the kindlier, homelier, happier side of his remarkable personality. To find the philosopher in these pages cracking feeble jests, indulging in childish practical jokes, fussing about his food, bullying his patient hostesses, goading them into rebellion against his amazingly petty tyrannies, and then brusquely brushing his follies aside, and starting afresh in a penitent mood, is at first rather a shock to your ideas of the fitness of things, but before you have finished reading you feel that you understand him as you never did before; he becomes a real, faulty man for you, with more than all an old man's usual crotchetiness, and much more than the ordinary old man's sagacity. For eight years the authors of this profoundly interesting book shared house with Herbert Spencer, and here they give us a minute and sympathetic record of his sayings and doings under their roof. It is in the truest sense of the word a human document, showing you the philosopher as he really was when the eye of the world was not upon him and he felt he might unbend and be himself in the presence of those who would not misunderstand him; a document that you read sometimes with surprise, sometimes with admiration, often with lively amusement, but always with interest of the profoundest. One welcomes a new edition of this frank and invaluable bit of biography.

From **Recollections of a Scottish Novelist** (*Williams & Norgate*).

MISS F. S. FULLER-MAITLAND, AFTERWARDS MRS. COLQUHOUN.

(Reviewed on page 164.)

From **The Fair Quaker: Hannah Lightfoot and her Relations with George III.** (*Hurst & Blackett*).

THE FAIR QUAKER.

(Reviewed on page 156.)

LEOPOLD II., KING OF THE BELGIANS.

By Dr. A. S. RAPPOPORT. 12s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

It must have been a very difficult matter to write a life of the late King of the Belgians. Dr. Rappoport at any rate comes through the ordeal with some credit, although it cannot be pretended that his "Life" is in every way satisfactory. His introduction is remarkably promising. "It is impossible," writes the author, "to understand the life of any individual as distinct from his environment, his descent, his parentage, and epoch." Then follow half a dozen rather elaborate chapters upon the condition of

Belgium under Leopold I., and the personal character of that monarch; the early life of Leopold II. is elaborately described, and, in fact, more than a third of the book must be read before Dr. Rappoport has placed his hero upon the throne. The reader would feel no impatience of this were the remainder of the book equally detailed. But Dr. Rappoport descends to trivialities. We are informed, for instance, that the late King had only one clean handkerchief a week and that he was seriously annoyed if his valets changed his towels more frequently! No doubt all is grist that comes to the mill, but in a maze of details of this sort it is difficult to grasp the real man behind, the man who, as Emile Verhaeren said, was "almost too great for his country." Still, Dr. Rappoport has compiled an interesting and a more or less discreet chronicle of a very remarkable personage, which in the absence of an authoritative biography will serve very well.

THE ROMANCE OF THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

By W. S. CHILDE-PEMBERTON. With Illustrations. 16s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Sympathy and something of resentment have always lingered in the minds of most persons when they have thought about the short, tormented life of Amelia, the youngest daughter of George III. In the midst of a respectable and commonplace Royal Family, surrounded by a profligate and coarse Court, this gentle young Princess seems to have been almost alone in possessing ideals of love, of romance, of purity of heart and thought and behaviour. George III., devoted as he was to his daughters, had an intense dislike to the thought of marriage for them; and when Amelia, the apple of his eye, fixed her young and ardent affections upon General FitzRoy, there stretched before her a dozen years of unsatisfied hope, which ended only with her life. This readable biography, by Mr. Childe Pemberton, gives not only a clear and fair account of Princess Amelia, from birth to death, but gives also a distinct and admirable picture of England, and of the Royal Family, and its surroundings at that period. Much has been said and written regarding the love-story of Princess Amelia, and many a scandal concerning her behaviour has been granted a long life, but the author of this volume has studied his subject deeply and widely, he has had the advantage of examining much unpublished material, and not only is his opinion strongly in favour of the Princess's innocence and beauty of character, but his pen is here used strongly, yet sanely and quietly, to prove the truth of it. His book makes a charming "true story," and leaves in our mind's eye a very clear and interesting picture of what is often considered to be a dull and commonplace period of history. To make the picture even clearer and more interesting, Mr. Childe-Pemberton has included in his volume some attractive portraits of the Princess herself, her lover, and her sisters. We augur a great run upon this "Romance" at the libraries.

From **The Romance of the Princess Amelia** (*Nash*). H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY.

From **Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie** (*Blackwood*). CHRISTIAN, COUNTESS OF DALHOUSIE.

(A review of which, by Dr. George Smith, C.I.E., will appear in the January BOOKMAN.)

UNFREQUENTED FRANCE.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Miss Betham-Edwards's latest book is one of the most charming which has come from her pen. The title is sufficiently explanatory. Despite the *entente cordiale* and the large number of English travellers who now visit France, many districts of that country may still be regarded as off the beaten track. Among those dealt with in the volume under consideration, for instance, are Besançon, the Jura Mountains, the steamer trip down the Rhône from Lyons to Avignon (which the author considers perhaps the finest in Europe), the Ile de Ré, the lower reaches of the Loire, and many portions of the Vendée and Anjou. To all of these places, and to many others, Miss Betham-Edwards proves the pleasantest guide imaginable. It is, of course, unnecessary to say that she knows France better than most English people know their own country. Probably, indeed, there is no English person alive who is better informed on the subject. Besides, the author has a

From **Unfrequented France** (*Chapman & Hall*). ARCIER, BESANÇON.

pretty knack of bringing the scene vividly before the reader in a very few lines. Miss Betham-Edwards has written a fresh book upon an old subject, and she has done it remarkably well. The illustrations are numerous and well printed.

UGANDA FOR A HOLIDAY.

By SIR FREDERICK TREVES. 9s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Sir Frederick Treves' literary powers are almost as widely and as well known as his reputation as a surgeon. We are already indebted to him for two or three delightful books of travel, and his latest book falls—as its title shows—also within this category. "Uganda for a Holiday" is written from the point of view of the intelligent observer. In itself, it is a relief to have an account of this most interesting country from the pen of one who is not a big-game hunter, who is summed up rather nastily, but none the less truly, by Sir Frederick as "the would-be big-game hunter with his small-bore talk. Although his mental survey could be apparently compressed into the compass of a cartridge-case his ambition at least is expansile." The book contains, among other points of interest, a humorous account of a trip on the Uganda Railway, and—what is perhaps its most striking feature—a full and admirably clear account of the campaign which has been successfully waged against sleeping-sickness. The illustrations are numerous and well printed, and the book as a whole is in every way worthy of its author.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD MOUNTAINEER.

By WALTER LARDEN. 14s. net. (Arnold.)

Mr. Larden is not naturally an expert climber. He knows all about it that is worth knowing, certainly, but he is not one of those people with a genius for the sport. He can appreciate the difficulties of the ordinary man. To our mind this makes his book infinitely more valuable than if it had been an elaborate treatise written by a master of the art. Incidentally it is probably much more readable. At any rate, we have enjoyed his book thoroughly. The author has a fine appreciation for mountains and a passion for his amusement, and his book is accordingly the next most exhilarating thing after the pure air of the Swiss highlands. It contains some very remarkable photographs, one of which we reproduce.

THE HIGH-ROADS OF THE ALPS.

By CHARLES L. FREESTON, F.R.G.S. 10s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

Mr. Freeston's "High-Roads of the Alps" seems likely to take a high place in motoring literature. It styles itself,

From **Recollections of an Old Mountaineer** (*Arnold*).

THE GRAND COMBIN FROM THE COMBIN DE CORBASSIÈRE.
(From a photo by Alfred Holmes)

modestly enough, "a motoring guide to one hundred mountain passes," and this exactly describes the book. Incidentally it contains also 106 itineraries, 102 photographic illustrations, and 11 maps and diagrams. The author lays much stress on the fact that the Alpine territory is not confined to Switzerland, which country, indeed, can claim less than one-third of the ranges. The motorist who knows what Switzerland means, therefore, will take this into consideration before he dismisses the volume as one dealing with beautiful—but for him, impracticable—country. The author has a personal acquaintance with his subject and has traversed every one of the routes which he describes. The volume also contains a number of useful hints, and ingenious chapters on the ideal tour, passing the customs, and the "Grande Route des Alpes." In fact, if a motorist wants to buy a guide to the Alps, we do not see how he can possibly do better than get Mr. Freeston's book.

From **The High-Roads of the Alps** (*Kegan Paul*). NEARING THE SUMMIT.

THE SWORD IN THE MOUNTAINS.

By ALICE MACGOWAN. With Illustrations. 6s. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

It is no uncommon thing to come across fiction dealing with the American Civil War, but this book is much more than a mere story with the war period for its setting and the battlefields for its scenery. This is a story, written after much thought and many years of work and longing, by one whose father fought through the entire war, whose own childhood was spent "in camp," whose earliest recollections were of the "little battle-smitten, mud-gullied town full of blue-coated soldiers." The very spirit of the times is caught within this book, and the story reads as if it were a true chronicle of the lives and loves of Champ Seacrest and Delora Glenn, and of the stern treatment and beliefs of Vespasian Seacrest, Champ's father, and of his final yielding of honour to care for his son's safety. The tale is impressive and thrilling; it might almost be a leaf torn from actual history, so clearly do we see those Tennessee mountains and valleys, those blue soldiers and grey soldiers, the log house, and the struggle between convictions and affections.

OLD COUNTRY INNS.

By HENRY P. MASKELL and EDWARD W. GREGORY. With Illustrations by the authors. 7s. 6d. net. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

The tavern has played an important part in the social and political life of the nation; it has been the resting-place of kings, the refuge of fugitive royalties and commoners, the meeting-place of revolutionaries, and always the informal debating club of local politicians in country and in town. Any history of old country inns, if at all well done, was bound to be interesting, and Messrs. Maskell and Gregory have written this history of theirs very well indeed. They classify the inns of England according to their origin, rating them as manorial, monastic, Church inns, and so on. They discourse in a pleasant, gossipy strain on Coaching Inns, Wayside Inns, Haunted Inns, the Inns of Literature and Art—this latter a particularly fascinating chapter; they tell of historic and fanciful signs and curious sign-boards; of the strange architecture of some old Inns; of Inn Furniture; of the Commercial Traveller, and of the Innkeeper himself. In a final chapter

From **Argentina Past and Present** (*Kegan Paul*). A ROCKY POOL IN THE CÓRDOBA HILLS.

From **Porcelain and How to Collect it**
(*Methuen*).

SÈVRES PORCELAIN: MEDALLIONS ON "ŒIL DE PERDRIX" GROUND.

they have some suggestive thoughts to offer on public-house reform and the possible developments of the future so far as the inn is concerned. The illustrations, from drawings by the authors, are numerous, and very delightful examples of black-and-white draughtsmanship. "Old Country Inns" is the complement of Mr. H. C. Shelley's "Inns and Taverns of Old London," and does as thoroughly

From **Chats on Old Pewter**
(*Unwin*).

and as attractively for the country what he did there for the town.

PORCELAIN AND HOW TO COLLECT IT.

By E. DILLON. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Edward Dillon's important book on "Porcelain," in Messrs. Methuen's Connoisseur's Library series, has taken its place as a standard work on this subject. This new manual is to some extent founded on the larger work, but the author's aim here has been more directly to supply practical information for the collector, and he furnishes a concise account of the various kinds of porcelain, dealing exhaustively with the hard pastes of Europe and the Far East and the soft-paste wares made in England, Italy, France, and Spain during the eighteenth century. There are six chapters on the Porcelain of China, an admirable chapter on the earliest Porcelain in Europe, and others on the porcelain of Korea, Siam, and Japan. Mr. Dillon has done his work thoroughly; he writes with the knowledge of the expert, and with a pleasant, lucid style such as very few experts are happy enough to acquire.

THE FORTUNE HUNTERS,

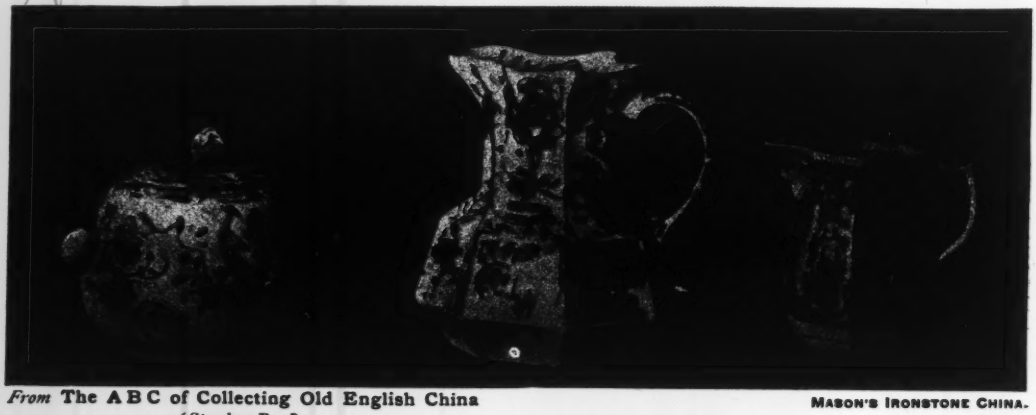
and Other Stories. By VIOLET JACOB. 6s. (Murray.)

Of the thirteen stories which Mrs. Jacob has collected in this volume, "The Fortune-Hunters" is certainly the least attractive. It is quite a pleasant story, but possesses few of the characteristics of its author's best manner. The book is a good one, however; the collection is admirably varied, moving from grave to gay, from the incomprehensibly supernatural to the more prosaic sentimental. We ourselves prefer "The Black Man's Hand" and "The Wythan Tree" to the others, but—with the exception of the title-story—there is very little to choose between the remaining tales.

THE A B C OF COLLECTING OLD ENGLISH CHINA.

By J. F. BLACKER. With Illustrations. 5s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Blacker is a recognised authority on matters connected with old pottery and old china; he has written several useful works on these subjects, and in his new book sets himself to narrate a short history of the English factories and the china produced by them, showing how



From **The A B C of Collecting Old English China**
(*Stanley Paul*).

MASON'S IRONSTONE CHINA.

From **Chats on Old Pewter**
(*Unwin*).

to apply tests for unmarked china before 1800. The volume is well and lucidly arranged, and contains a large number of excellent half-tone illustrations. Few books on old china that we have read compress so much information into such comparatively small space; it is written with an exhaustiveness of treatment, a fullness of knowledge, a care over details, a skill in comparing the products of different factories and periods, and an exactness in technical description that make it indispensable to the collector and will assuredly give it a place among standard works of its kind.

THE SEA-KINGS OF CRETE.

By the Rev. James Baikie, F.R.A.S. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)

The island of Crete offers the first example in Europe of a civilisation which may justifiably be termed such. It is remarkable that the discoveries of Schliemann and his successors have all taken place within the last forty years. That they have considerably modified our ideas of the Greek civilisation is well set forth in two pregnant sentences by Mr. Baikie: "For the historian of the middle of the nineteenth century Greek history began with the First Olympiad in 776 B.C. Before that the story of the return of the Herakleids and the Dorian conquest of the men of the Bronze Age might very probably embody, in a fanciful form, a genuine historical fact; the Homeric poems were to be treated with respect . . . as possibly representing a credible tradition, though, of course, their pictures of advanced civilisation were more or less imaginative projections upon the past of the culture of the writer's own period or periods." The aim of this book, we are told, has been to "offer to the general reader a plain account of these wonderful investigations." In this Mr. Baikie has been quite successful. He avoids technicalities, and he writes clearly and well, avoiding at the same time all controversial questions. "The Sea-Kings of Crete," which, by the way, contains thirty-two very interesting illustrations, is well worthy of note by any reader who is anxious to obtain trustworthy information upon a rather complicated subject.

From **The Sea-Kings of Crete**
(*Black*).

The Harvester Vase, Hagia Triada.

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING.

By R. C. Witt. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Of the making of anthologies in the ordinary way there is no end, nor is there any good reason why there should be; but anthologies of paintings are scarcer—perhaps

From **Madame Royale : the Last Dauphine** (*Unwin*).
(Reviewed in the October BOOKMAN.)

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN.
(Photo by Neurdein.)

because they are more troublesome to make and more expensive to produce. "One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting" is an anthology of this latter description; the pictures have been selected from the world's masterpieces in public and private galleries, Mr. R. C. Witt having been guided in his choice by the intrinsic merit of the paintings, and to some extent by the fact that they represent particular schools or periods of artistic activity. A brief descriptive, critical, and historical account is given of each picture, and in a long and able introduction Mr. Witt applies certain broad principles of art to the examples included, and writes a condensed history of painting since the fourteenth century. It is no use criticising the collection; one might suggest that Mr. Witt should have omitted this or that picture and included this or that other instead; but it is a matter of taste, and the compiler, as the compiler of any anthology must, has rightly consulted his personal preferences, and the result is a wholly excellent volume that will have an educative value for the general reader and serve as a popular text-book for the art student.

THE DOG LOVER'S BOOK.

Written and Illustrated by EDWIN NOBLE. 15s. net. (Wells Gardner.)

Mr. Noble's dog book is the last word in its kind, and it should in every way appeal to that large public indicated by the title. The author devotes a number of chapters to a consideration of the main breeds of dogs. He writes sympathetically and well, and clearly possesses a considerable knowledge of his subject. Here, for instance, is a piece of curious lore: "I have mentioned the name of the 'Spaniel Gentle.' In some old books he is called 'the Comforter,' because he was largely used in the place of a mustard-plaster 'to assuage ye sickness of ye stomacke, or carried in ye bosome of ye diseased and tortured person, whereupon the disease or pain doth enter into the body of the little dog, and he falls sicke and doth die.' No wonder he was a favourite!" The volume has the advantage of a preface by Major Richardson, and is sumptuously illustrated by a large number of coloured plates and many very clever black-and-white decorations. It can be strongly recommended.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH. With Illustrations in Colour from original drawings by FREDERICK SIMPSON COBURN. 7s. 6d. net. (Putnam's.)

Tastefully bound, printed in good clear type, on large pages, and illustrated in colour by Mr. Simpson Coburn, this is quite an ideally attractive edition of Goldsmith's immortal comedy, and one of the few things it is better even to receive than give. One is glad that Mr. Coburn does not present Miss Hardcastle as a perfectly pretty Christmas young lady; look at her in the frontispiece, or in the picture where she is asking "Did you call, sir?"—and you will note, in the frontispiece especially, that she has just the right hint of roguery in her attitude and expression, but that the face has more than a hint of covert mockery and is full of character, as the face of Miss Hardcastle should be. The illustrations are indeed excellent; this is a re-issue of "She Stoops to Conquer" that every lover of Goldsmith will admire, and be glad to possess.

From **One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting** (*Methuen*).

THE CUCCINA FAMILY BEFORE THE MADONNA.
By Paolo Veronese (Dresden).

From **The Saints in Story** (*Black*).

ST. JEROME IN HIS STUDY.
From the picture by Carpaccio at Venice. Photo by Alinari.)

THE SAINTS IN STORY.

By MRS. C. R. PEERS. 3s. 6d. (Black.)

One of the most delightful Christmas gift-books which has come our way is Mrs. Peers' "The Saints in Story." The material of the book, we are told, is taken from Jacobus de Voragine's "Golden Legend," and to all who are in any way acquainted with that marvellous storehouse of Christian tradition little more need be said. The author has re-written her stories with great cleverness; her style is not obviously "juvenile," but it can easily be appreciated by children. It possesses the additional advantages of simplicity and dignity. Four of the stories relate to Westminster Abbey, and the others to St. Francis of Assisi, St. Jerome, St. George, and St. Margaret. The book is illustrated principally from pictures by the old Italian masters.

THE WINTER QUEEN.

By MARIE HAY. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

When is a novel not a novel? When it is a romantic biography, answers Miss Hay. Without wishing to infer that the author's subject is lacking in interest, we must confess that the most striking point about "The Winter Queen" is its manner. The book is written in what is usually known as the novel form. There is, for instance, much well-managed dialogue; events of dramatic importance have more stress laid upon them than those few (in the life of the unfortunate Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia) which are lacking in the element of drama; and so forth. In a word, the book would be excellent fiction were it not that it is fact (a little dressed up, perhaps). Such a manner must be very difficult to sustain satisfactorily, but Miss Hay comes through the ordeal with flying colours. "The Winter Queen" is a book of real force. Admirably sympathetic in the study of its heroine, vivid—yet accurate—in its history, it captures with especial cleverness the "atmosphere" of its period. Herein is a complete justification for the novelty of the writer's method of treating her subject. We may especially commend the brilliant sketch in the last chapter of the corrupt court of Charles II. of England. Altogether, this is a notable biography.

THE GIRL IN THE CASE.

By ROBERT BARR. 2s. net. (Nash.)

Mr. Robert Barr's new book labours under rather an unfortunate title. The Girl does not much matter. She is quite pleasant, certainly, and Mr. Pepperton fell in love with her, which is rather a high recommendation. Otherwise she does not count for a great deal. Mr. Pepperton, however, does. He supplies most of the interest—and the book is distinctly interesting—and nearly all the dash. Perhaps his is rather a familiar type, for he always wins through—but an unsuccessful hero means an unsuccessful book. "The Girl in the Case" consists of a series of stories around a central idea, which is rather stronger than is usually the case in this particular form of fiction. Mr. Pepperton is a financial editor, but the book deals with his adventures in the field of finance rather than of journalism. The smartness of these American business men is really amazing, and Mr. Barr's methods are almost equally smart. The reader may sometimes crave a little more of the charity which characterises the ordinary relations of humanity,

From **The Winter Queen** (*Constable*).

THEIR MAJESTIES OF BOHEMIA.
After A. P. van der Venne.

From **Tristram and Iseult**
(*Heinemann*).

THE KING IN THE PINE-TREE.

(Reviewed on page 154.)

but "The Girl in the Case," taken as it stands, will shorten many a tiresome railway journey.

F. WHEATLEY, R.A.

By W. ROBERTS. (Otto Ltd.)

The December Extra Number of the *Connoisseur* is devoted to the life and work of Wheatley. It contains an admirable biography of the artist and a critical appreciation of his art by W. Roberts, and is illustrated with over sixty excellent reproductions of his paintings, fourteen of them, eleven from the famous "Cries of London" series, being in colour. It is a beautifully printed volume and concludes with a carefully compiled list of Wheatley engravings and a full index.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH SECULAR EMBROIDERY.

By M. A. JOURDAIN. 10s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

Miss Jourdain's clever study breaks fresh ground. Although English ecclesiastical embroidery has already been sufficiently described, the development of secular work—which, although admittedly inferior, was nevertheless of a high class—has not yet been adequately treated. Miss Jourdain's book should meet with a warm reception from the class of reader to which it appeals. A great feature has been made of the illustrations, which bulk almost as large as the text itself.

THE INCAS OF PERU.

By SIR CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Sir Clements Markham has long been known as one of our leading authorities upon the history of the ancient inhabitants of South America, and he has made a special study of the Indians of the districts surrounding Peru. The subject of the Inca civilisation was exhaustively treated

From **English Secular Embroidery**
(*Kegan Paul*).

STUMP-WORK PICTURE, CIRCA 1630.
In the possession of Sir Anthony Cope, Bart., at Bramshill.

by Prescott in "The Conquest of Peru," which was published in 1843. Since that date a good deal of material has come to light which is of considerable importance. This is included in the work under notice, which, though apparently not so exhaustive as Sir Clements Markham had originally designed, is yet of the utmost importance. The story of the Incas is one of the most romantic in the history of the world, and the author makes full use of his opportunity. The book has been written as much for the general reader as the specialist—a point which should be noticed. In an appendix the author includes a translation—by himself—of the Inca drama of Ollantay and a little love story which is the only one of its kind preserved. These curious specimens of the Inca literature add considerably to the value of the book, which also contains a number of interesting illustrations and a magnificent map, which, it is stated, took two years to prepare.

"THE UPPER AIR BURST INTO LIFE."

From one of Willy Pogány's illustrations to **The Rime of the Ancient Mariner** (*Harrap*).

NATHAN BURKE.

By MARY S. WATTS. 6s. (Macmillan.)

It would be difficult to speak too highly of what we believe to be the most remarkable American novel we have read. "Nathan Burke" is a notable book; that is the long and the short of it. It is, by the way, a very long book—to our reckoning it contains about 250,000 words—but its length should not trouble the more serious type of novel-reader. The story purports to be told by the hero himself, Nathan Burke, "The Hero of Chapultepec." It is, so Miss Watts tells us, his autobiography, and she has performed only the duties of editor. The tale—if the book can be said to have a tale; tales would be the better expression—is a highly ingenious mingling of fact and fiction in such a manner that it is difficult to tell where the one ends and the other begins. A careful perusal can only leave the reader astounded at the industry and the knowledge of men and women of all types which the author displays. The book, in fact, is a sort of American "Joseph Vance," with one rather important omission—it is somewhat

lacking in humour. In, we think, every other respect Miss Watts is the equal of Mr. de Morgan. We believe that we have said enough to show our readers that "Nathan Burke" is a most remarkable novel, and that it must not be missed on any account.

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS.

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. 18s. net. (Murray.)

Colonel Roosevelt's account of his recent hunting expedition in East Africa has already met with so wide a reception that we can say nothing about the book which has not already been said. We can, however, advise our readers as strongly as possible that it is a book which should on no account be missed. The author is entirely at his best with a subject which suits his pushful personality "to a T." Enterprise pays just as well—perhaps even better—in big-game shooting as in politics, and everybody knows that Mr. Roosevelt is not lacking in enterprise. We have thoroughly enjoyed this breezy, good-humoured, well-written volume, which is crammed with information for the hunter and with interest for the general reader. Even the purely literary person will find much to interest him in the author's dissertation upon the contents of his famous "pigskin library," with its wise remarks upon the choice of the best books. A word of special commendation should be given to the wonderfully fine illustrations, most of them from the camera of Kermit Roosevelt.

From **African Game Trails** (*John Murray*).

THE FIRST BULL ELEPHANT.
(From a photo by R. J. Cunninghame.)

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE:

Impressions of the South Wiltshire Downs. By W. H. HUDSON. Illustrated by BERNARD C. GOTCH. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Mr. Hudson has seldom written anything more beautiful than this pastoral of the Wiltshire downs. He understands the country with the old-folk wisdom that goes back to the land as the first source of ancient wealth in this most ancient home of the West Saxon race. We feel blowing here the wind that has crooned in the ears of patriarchs and bedouins of the wilderness since the world began. He sees the old England apart and remote from such modern accidents as railroads and motor-roads. The wisdom of towns that put every distributor of wealth above the pillars that support the foundation in the social scale sounds meaningless in his ears. The Shepherd is to him the symbol of the true simplicity of living untormented by the curse and fret of our puny civilisation. Hard living and a happy longevity combine here to form character, self-reliant, deep in earth-wisdom, without disillusion and without regret. It is the utter sincerity of this belief that wins credence for Mr. Hudson's words in support of a faith which must, at first, to many sound like mere foolishness. But the pastorals that he writes are, above all, true pastorals, free from prettiness of sentiment, informed with hard fact. The first quality of his work is its impressiveness; the second is the realisation of an entirely new point of view. These prehistoric figures, which take their hue from the rain and dust, the turf and the soil, these gipsies with stomachs so hard that they can digest food that would kill a town-alderman, are to him the salt of the earth. He takes down the life of a long-lived shepherd as it falls disconnected from his own lips, and he finds it very good. Desolate to the casual eye, the solitary plain is to him absolutely homelike. The melancholy of the desert is not in this loneliness, for it is not really desolate, but inhabited, although thinly and by humble-minded men whose work and dwellings are unobtrusive. Mr. Hudson contemplates the scene and its inhabitants, and writes the history of both with a science which is beyond and above the reach of documents. It is an exquisite theophany this, of one who has known and suffered. It incorporates the substance, it distils the essence of many of the books that have already come from his pen. Happy are those who, like the writer, have the fortune to possess and to be familiar with them all!

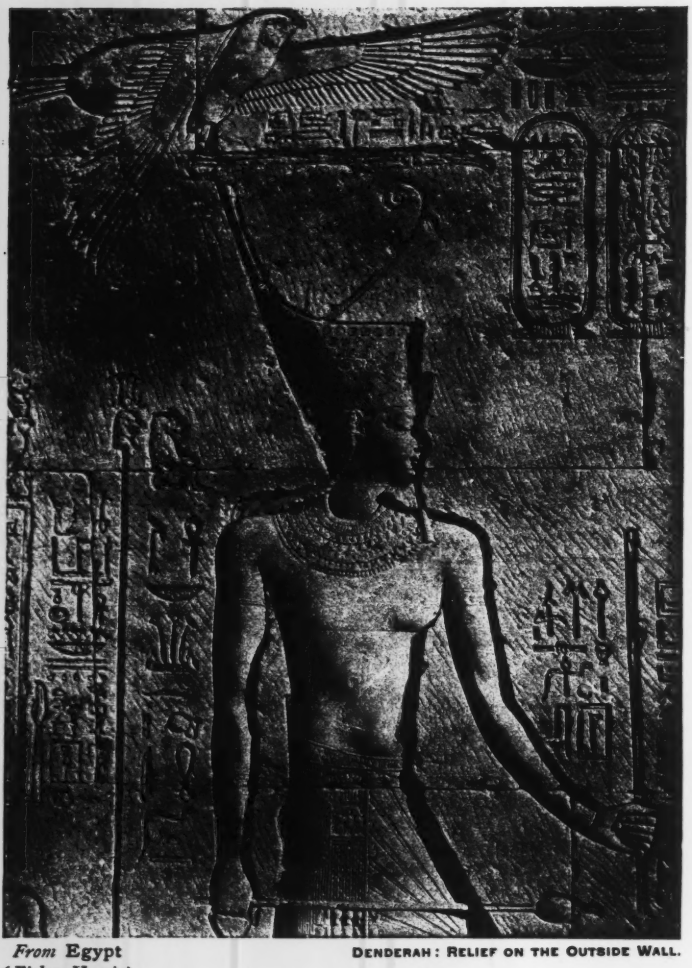
KEARTONS' NATURE PICTURES.

Photographs by RICHARD and CHERRY KEARTON. With Descriptive Text by RICHARD KEARTON, F.Z.S. 15s. net. (Cassell.)

We are very glad to see the unique and admirable photographic work of the Brothers Kearton produced in a volume of such handsome size and appearance as this. Never before has it been our good fortune to see justice

so done to their wonderful nature photographs as it is in these pages. This book may truly be called "Nature Walks Within Covers," for it is not divided into sections, as Birds, Flowers, Reptiles, Animals; but its short accounts and pictures meander from stonechat to squirrel, from fox to hedge-sparrow, from snake to ptarmigan, from toad to sea-gull, from linnet to mole, from dormouse to sand-piper, and so forth; and the variety of the entertainment makes an ideal book for the nature-lover. "The world and all that is in it belongs only to those who enjoy it," says Mr. Richard Kearton. And no intelligent person can enjoy it to the full if he is blind and deaf to the beauties and the interesting habits and characteristics of the flowers and birds and beasts and insects which are round about us in every part of this our world. Naturally the most important part of this volume lies in its illustrations. These are a marvel to the mere amateur. The shyest, most furtive, or cunning animal or bird is photographed literally at home; we see it in its everyday life, without sign of fear or of defiance, absolutely natural, entirely unconscious that its enemy man is anywhere near. And not only are the photographs delightful, but their reproduction here is most excellent. Besides countless black-and-white illustrations in the text, there are full-page coloured reproductions, most successful in their tinting; and—what appeal to us, we confess, most of all—there is a most generous series of beautiful photogravures.

From **Kearton's' Nature Pictures** (*Cassell*). THE FOX.



From Egypt
(*Fisher Unwin*).

DENDERAH: RELIEF ON THE OUTSIDE WALL.

THE TUTTLEBURY TALES.

By W. CARTER PLATTS. Eighth Edition, Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net. (Digby, Long.)

A book which has reached an eighth edition, even in these days of—sometimes—phenomenal sales is one to be reckoned with. Mr. Carter Platts, who must be tired of being called the English Max Adeler, has probably never done better work than in the volume before us. Perhaps there is nothing very subtle about the humour of "The Tuttlebury Tales," but at any rate it is of the kind that is popular. If you have not read the book we counsel you to do so at once, and attention may be drawn to the fact that it is not expensive. It contains as many laughs as any self-respecting person can want.

THE LOVELY MRS. BLAKE.

By RICHARD MARSH. 6s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Blake has been happily married for three years to an extraordinarily beautiful woman. But one day he returns to his house in a state of some agitation. He inquires for his wife, and is told that she is in the nursery. He goes there, and finds a good deal of blood on the baby's cradle, and on the floor, but no Mrs. Blake. He enters another room and finds a "reeking" handkerchief. In short, Mrs. Blake has disappeared, leaving nothing but blood behind her. Why? That night Mr. Gilbert Watson arrives on a visit. His impulse at first is to go away again at once, but a sense of duty compels him to stay and comfort his friend. There are more mysteries, and, besides, the appearance of a girl with whom Watson falls in love. Then Blake makes a confession to Watson which hardly helps to clear the air, and the next day he has disappeared. Then Mrs. Blake's maid disappears with the baby, and the police make a tardy but welcome appearance. Besides all this, there is the dead body of an unpleasant man which appears for about three hours, but is gone before the police can see it: "The Lovely Mrs. Blake" is an admirable story of its kind. Mr. Marsh's latest mystery is entirely bewildering, and his treatment of it leaves nothing to be desired. We are inclined to think that here he shows himself almost, possibly quite, at his best.

THE ISLAND OF SOULS.

By M. URQUHART. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Miss Urquhart's "sensational fairy-tale" is not, perhaps, exactly the sort of book to make a great popular success, but it possesses several qualities which should appeal to the reader. It has thrills, an unusual atmosphere, and some neat character-drawing. Likewise the moral is excellent—and the public love a good moral—and a somewhat morbid subject is treated with just sufficient reticence to arouse interest but not curiosity. Yet the book is lacking in power of conviction, and the reader will be conscious on occasion of a sense of strain and unreality. The subject—Black Art at the present day—is a very difficult one, and has proved a cause of stumbling to many a writer. The plot is very simple, and is hardly likely greatly to appeal to the reader. The villain is a Master indeed, who has penetrated further than has ever before been reached into the mysteries of his mystic science. He has sold himself to the powers of darkness, and for reasons which are not made quite clear to the reader wishes to entangle the heroine. He fails, of course—thanks partly to the girl's innate goodness, and partly to the unselfishness of a curious and unconvincing woman who is in charge of a holy well. This, we think, is a sufficient indication of the character of a book which, for its freshness and the interest of its story, can be warmly recommended.

From Porcelain and How to Collect it (*Methuen*).

SAINT-CLOUD CELADON.

THE YELLOW AND DARK-SKINNED PEOPLE OF AFRICA SOUTH OF THE ZAMBESI.

By GEORGE MCCALL THEAL, Litt.D., LL.D. 10s. 6d. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

Mr. Theal is already well known as the historian of South Africa, and probably few persons are better qualified to write of the South African native. The chapters of this book have already appeared, in very different form, in the author's "History of South Africa" and "History and Ethnography of Africa South of the Zambesi." Now collected, they make a full-sized volume, and the amount of new matter which the author has added makes of them, as he says, "practically a new book." Pre-eminence is given to the description of the Bantu people, but four chapters are also devoted to the Bushmen and the Hottentots. Perhaps the most interesting portions of the book are those which comprise specimens of Bantu folk-lore, and the last chapter, which deals with "The Mystery of South Africa"—the occupation at a remote period of a portion of South Africa by a people of advanced civilisation, and that people's extraordinary disappearance, and the equally remarkable vanishing of their successors. Mr. Theal's book will, we have no doubt, soon be recognised as the standard work upon its subject.

From **A Book of Porcelain** (*Black*).

VASE: CHINESE CELADON WARE WITH LOUIS XIV. ORMOLU MOUNT.

A BOOK OF PORCELAIN:

Fine Examples in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Painted by WILLIAM GIBB. With Text by BERNARD RACKHAM, M.A. 12s. 6d. net. (Black.)

This fine volume—dedicated by permission to Queen Alexandra—exhibits in a most striking manner Mr. Gibb's remarkable ability in dealing with technical work. His drawings—twenty-eight in number—are an extraordinarily clever series, and they reproduce, in a way which photography can never hope to equal, the variations in style and manner of the porcelains of various countries. His effects are admirably obtained and his appreciation of detail is remarkable. Mr. Bernard Rackham supplies an excellent text, and the book is in every way one to be remembered.

From **The Dawn of Mediterranean Civilisation** (*Unwin*).

LOUIS XIV. AND MADAME DE MAINTENON.

By CHARLOTTE LADY BLENNERHASSETT. 15s. net. (George Allen & Sons.)

The amount of scandal which collected about Madame de Maintenon in her lifetime was increased after her death by means of forged letters. Her name can scarcely yet be said to be cleared from the stain of the mud flung on it, and Lady Blennerhassett's impassioned vindication of the goodness and virtue of the uncrowned Queen of France

From **The Yellow and Dark-skinned People of South Africa** (*Sonnenschein*).

ENGRAVING OF A ZEBRA ON A ROCK IN THE DISTRICT OF VRYBURG.

(From a photograph of a cast in the South African Museum in Capetown. The original is thirteen inches high.)

From Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon (*Allen*).

LOUIS XIV.

is a piece of work for which there is a *raison d'être*. He book, it is clear, has been a labour of love. She has taken remarkable pains to study the courtly life of the days of Louis XIV.; and though in a natural reaction against the French and English writers who have gone to extremes in deprecating the character and the achievements of Louis the Great, she is inclined to take rather too favourable a view of the King, her portrait of the poor, plain, middle-aged woman he married is well and fairly done. Adventures are not always to the adventurous. There were few persons at Versailles less adventurous than the widow of the poet Scarron. She was a pious, prudent, trustworthy, active body who was anxious only to earn a living. She distinguished herself by the way in which she brought up the King's illegitimate children, and it was her quietness and trustworthiness which made Louis turn to her for help and friendship when he was weary and sick of affairs of gallantry with the ignoble ladies of his court. The stern puritanical character of Madame de Maintenon won his respect, and he married her in the hope of so saving his own soul. It is a strange tale with a curious psychological interest, and Lady Blennerhassett tells it admirably.

THE ROMANCE OF BOOKSELLING.

By FRANK A. MUMBY. 16s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Mumby is nothing if not thorough. He starts as far back as he possibly can. In groping among the annals of antiquity it is a little disconcerting to find that the first bookseller about whom there appears to be any definite information was an undertaker as well. We had expected to discover the beginnings fostered by some ancient seat of learning, just as the modern book trade owed its early organisation largely to the universities. The undertaker's claim, however, need not be taken too seriously. He was an Egyptian, and his bookselling was only carried on in connection with his funerals, at which he had the disposal of copies of the "Book of the Dead." Leaving the fascinating subject of the beginnings of the book trade, Mr. Mumby settles down seriously to a history of bookselling and publishing as it has been known in England from the earliest times. With the exception of Bede's "History" there is little to record until Caxton is reached. After him, as all the world knows, the story of bookselling and publishing becomes more and more intricate, the finishing touch up to the present having been supplied by the inception of the literary agent and the "war" waged by the Times Book Club. Mr. Mumby, however, with a thorough mastery of his subject, makes the crooked way as straightforward as it possibly can be made. He tells his story right up to the present day, and not a modern publisher of note escapes mention, while special notice is accorded to a number of houses, the "youngest" of which is, we believe, that of Mr. Heinemann. To anybody interested in books, their production and sale—or, in fact, to anybody in any way interested in books—this volume is indispensable.

STORIES OF THE SPANISH ARTISTS.

By SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL. Selected and Arranged by LUIS CARREÑO. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

"Spanish art is not concerned with life in its delight, its splendid disaster, but with life shorn of everything but its

From Four Fascinating Frenchwomen (*Unwin*).

From **The Romance of Bookselling** (*Chapman & Hall*).

Robert Dodsley.
From the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, now in the possession of H. Yates Thompson, Esq.

force in a world haunted by the remembrance of Christ, of Christ who has been murdered." These words, written by Mr. Edward Hutton in his Introduction to this volume, give the keynote to the work of the artists whose stories are told here. There are exceptions, both in picture and in painter, but on the whole this pre-occupation with grief is strongly, often painfully, apparent. The stories which are told are of painters from the beginning of the sixteenth century till the time of Goya, who died in the nineteenth. And in this list, which begins with the melancholy Morales, we have the magnificence of Velasquez about midway, and the sweetness of Murillo at the end. To the ordinary lover of pictures and of the story of painting, however, the less-known artists will form the most interesting part of the book. The unfamiliar lives of "El Greco," painter of the marvellous "Parting of Our Lord's Raiment," on which he worked for ten years, and achieved a Titian-like beauty; of Ribera, who could not work when comfort and affluence surrounded him, but only when driven to it by want, who left the patronage of a cardinal and stoically bore poverty and worked in the streets that he might not lose his power; of Zurbaran, whose "Monk at Prayer" is such a striking picture in our National Gallery—the lives of these men, and of many another less known, are not only full of interest in themselves, but they mark the rise and the development of a school of painting which one may call unique in itself—rising out of, and concerned almost entirely with, religion. The volume is finely illustrated with excellent reproductions of characteristic paintings by the painters written of, and several of these are in colour, rich and subdued in tone, and avoiding a too-common garishness.

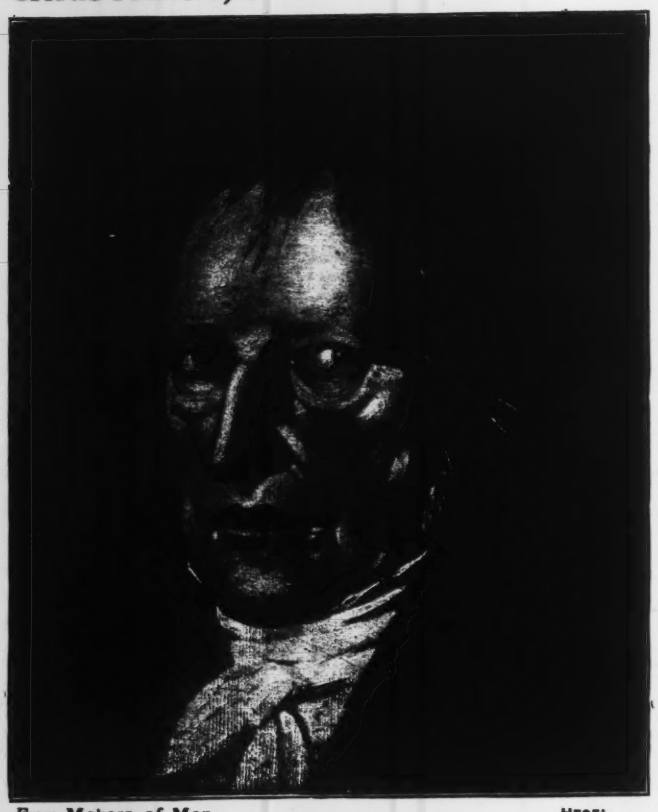
MAKERS OF MAN:

A Study of Human Initiative. By Charles J. Whitby, M.D. With 47 half-tone and other Plates. 10s. 6d. net. (Rebman.)

Dr. Whitby has chosen as the subjects of his study in "Makers of Man" the lives of forty world-famous individuals. He propounds that "the lives of great men" may be considered as "as problems capable, through and through, of psychological treatment and elucidation"; that "even their physical organisms are, from this point of view, to be regarded not as mere animated 'matter,' but each one as organised experience, a psychosis, the sub-conscious and super-conscious factors of which all play their part in contributing to the feeling-tone, modifying the opinions or determining the motives of conduct." Obviously, such a book could not be for the general reader and Dr. Whitby makes no bid for popularity. He treats biography as a science, and his studies in the personalities of certain great men of action, artists, philosophers, scientists, and moralists are strikingly subtle and suggestive. He traces their family history, parentage, constitution, and in what different measures the maternal and paternal characters are factors in the making of the character of the child. His inquiry into the nature and power of individuality is closely and profoundly reasoned. We may dissent from some of his conclusions, and fail to quite appreciate his nice reasons for including some of the great men he has studied instead of other and greater and more individual men whom he has excluded, but we fully and gratefully recognise the sound and scholarly qualities of his work and its immense value to the physician, the student of psychology, and, in fact, to every one who agrees with Pope that "the proper study of mankind is man."

From **Stories of the Spanish Artists until Goya** (*Chatto & Windus*).

Portrait of the Artist's Son.
(El Greco.)



From **Makers of Man**
(*Rebman*).

HEGEL.
(From a painting.)

NAPOLEON IN CARICATURE.

By A. M. BROADLEY. With an Introduction by J. HOLLAND ROSE. 2 Vols. 42s. net. (Lane.)

Mr. Broadley has already contributed a valuable book on Napoleon as derided and burlesqued on these shores at the time of his projected invasion before and after the Peace of Amiens. The two volumes of his present work cover a wider field. Between them they embrace the entire subject of Napoleon in caricature, describing no less than a thousand examples and giving specimens of about four hundred, many of them in colour. We can see here not only the English mind in defiance and derision, but we have mirrored in the form of grotesque and grimace the mind of all Europe at the time of the Napoleonic *épopée*. The most malicious, the most stinging are the French caricatures, and they represent, it must be remembered, the envenomed hate of a small anti-patriotic faction. The most horrible are the German, one of which represents Napoleon's face built up out of the naked corpses of his victims and his neck a river of innocent blood. The English, for the most part, are broad grins of derision, "Boney" being represented as a half-starved mannikin brandishing a sword many sizes too large for him. The last phase is the bitterest, as in the drawing where Bonaparte is proposing a constitution and the blessings of French rule to the rats of St. Helena. As king over them he recommends his brother—a big, fierce cat. There is nothing to vex the soul of a Frenchman so much as the French caricature of Napoleon's invasion of England—in 1815, a chained prisoner. Nevertheless, these vigorous if crude drawings by Gillray, Cruikshank, and the rest vexed Napoleon very much. He wrote to Fouchet that he must retaliate and multiply caricatures of John Bull bribing the Powers, and of Nelson with a treatise on "Love" sticking out of his pocket. The series of dissolving views of those exciting days form a delightful entertainment. With the aid of a moderate glass it is easy to decipher all the speeches, and every student of the period will be thankful to Mr. Broadley for deciphering many puzzles and for providing a *memoria technica* by which the succession of events may be followed optically and humorously. An admirable sketch is also given of the chief caricaturists, their methods, public, market, and the place which they occupy in the history of their craft.

From **Napoleon in Caricature**
(*Lane*).

GEORGE ROMNEY.

By ARTHUR B. CHAMBERLAIN. With 73 Plates. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Many people know little more of Romney than that he was a great painter, that he loved Lady Hamilton, deserted his own wife, and for nearly forty years lived apart from her. This latter phase of his career has been emphasised by Tennyson's beautifully pathetic poem, "Romney's Remorse," in which, when the painter lies lonely and dying, his wife returns and lovingly waits upon him to the end. Mr. Chamberlain tries to excuse Romney's conduct in this direction and to tone down the callousness and meanness of it; he says all that can be said in extenuation, but it does not really amount to much—the story remains the chief blot on his character, the fine qualities of which do not and could not altogether atone for its littlenesses. He neglected his wife; at first because when he began to move in genteel London Society he became ashamed of the simple, ungilded woman, and later because Lady Hamilton infatuated him. These are the plain facts, and they are as well admitted. Mr. Chamberlain's study of his career is full of sympathy and understanding and of profoundest

interest; he deals very fully with Romney's habits and methods, and discusses the characteristics and value of his artistic work and the position he occupies in the English school of painting. Mr. Chamberlain is to be congratulated on having produced a biography of high and permanent importance; he has carried out his purpose painstakingly; he writes always with keen sympathy for Romney's weaknesses and failings, but never with undue bias; his book is at once good criticism, sound biography, and excellent reading. The numerous examples of Romney's work are very beautifully reproduced.

From George Romney
(*Methuen*).

LADY HAMILTON AS EUPHROSYNE: UNFINISHED STUDY.
(In the collection of Mr. G. Harland Peck.)

GREEK ATHLETIC SPORTS AND FESTIVALS.

By E. NORMAN GARDINER. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

It is not often our good fortune to come across a book which combines sound scholarship and practical common sense in such a high degree as does this most fascinating volume by Mr. Gardiner. To say that it will supply a want is evident from the mere absence of any existing work in English upon this subject. Nor is it only to archæologists that Mr. Gardiner will appeal, for his felicity of style and his intimate knowledge of modern athletics make this account of the ancient Greek games, their system of physical training, and of the circumstances in which they were practised of general interest. Mr. Gardiner's book falls into two main parts. In the first part he has written a continuous history of Greek athletics extending over some 1,200 years; and if, as he himself readily admits. many details are highly controversial, it can at least be said that we have here none of those inherently improbable theories which have been all too frequently advanced. In the second part Mr. Gardiner becomes more technical, and in a series of chapters, complete each in itself, he describes the various "events" in detail. In this latter portion, perhaps, even more than in the former, is Mr. Gardiner's combination of common sense and erudition seen to its best advantage. His chapter on "The Pentathlon" is a case in point. Indeed, we are almost tempted to wonder that Mr. Gardiner should have thought it worth while to discuss some of the inconceivably fatuous theories propounded by the pundits with regard to this competition. A special word of praise should also be given to the illustrations, which are not only well reproduced but show careful selection. In particular the reproduction, where possible, of whole scenes rather than of single figures from vases should prove of great value.

THE GLAMOUR OF OXFORD.

By WILLIAM KNIGHT. (Oxford, Blackwell; London, Frowde.)

Professor Knight's highly attractive little book is an anthology in verse and prose, the subject of which is sufficiently explained by its title. There is already a large library of volumes upon the University, but the City of Oxford in itself has received rather less attention. Pro-

From **The Book of Decorative Furniture** (*Jack*).

WROUGHT STEEL CHAIR.

fessor Knight, however, includes it in his collection—manifestly fairly, for even without the University we believe that the city and its surrounding country would hold an unusual fascination. Taking into consideration the length of the book, it is without exception the most complete of its kind which we have seen. The authors range from Thomas Churchyard, who was born in 1520, to those of the present day, and there are few, if any, omissions of any considerable note. We predict a wide success for this excellent collection.

DINANDERIE:

A History and Description of Mediæval Art Work in Copper, Brass, and Bronze. By J. TAVENOR-PERRY. With 120 Illustrations. 21s. net. (G. Allen & Sons.)

A good many books have been written in the last few years on gold and silver ornaments and utensils, on iron work, pewter and lead, but we do not remember any recent book that deals at all exhaustively with the art of the coppersmith. Mr. J. Tavenor-Perry remedies the omission in this handsomely produced volume. "Dinanderie" was, as he explains in his preface, "the name used during the Middle Ages to denote the various articles required for ecclesiastical or domestic use made of copper or of its alloys, brass and bronze, with which the name of Dinant on the Meuse was so intimately associated." The subject is full of interest, and Mr. Tavenor-Perry has written of it interestingly and in a sufficiently detailed manner to make this a thoroughly useful handbook. The illustrations, the greater number of which are from the author's own sketches, admirably supplement the usefulness and the interest of the book.

OLD ENGLISH HOUSES.

By ALLAN FEA. With over 100 Illustrations from Photographs. 10s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

An old house, we are reminded, has been likened to a human heart, with a life of its own full of sad and sweet reminiscences. Those of us who use the summer months for the most delightful of exercises, walking, know that there are still many of these "human hearts" beating in the nooks and corners of old England. In any case, the debt of every bookman is great to Mr. Allan Fea. When, by the winter fireside, to the session of sweet silent thought we summon up remembrance of things past, this volume will take us pleasantly over some of the less frequented paths in Bucks and Berks, Oxford and Bedford, Herts and Middlesex, Essex, Kent, Sussex, Surrey, and Hampshire. It gossips delightfully of the vestiges that remain to us in these counties of the romantic life of bygone years, their legends, their traditions, and their picturesque charm. Mr. Fea is never dull, as antiquaries too often are: to him the genius of place is as dear as any gabled roof, or oriel

Cover Design of **The Glamour of Oxford** (*Blackwell, Oxford*).

From Dinanderie (*Allen*). FONT, HILDESHEIM.

window, or carven chimney-stack. Let Audley End be taken at random as an example. Ornamental ceilings and Jacobean staircase claim their due and receive it; but mention of the fine old mansion serves to recall Pepys and the days of the Merry Monarch, and a royal and ducal escapade to Newport Fair; and reference to Newport in turn brings "pretty Nell" upon the scene. As with Audley End so with many another and less well-known building. The book is handsomely got-up, and there are over a hundred illustrations from photographs by the author.

IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.

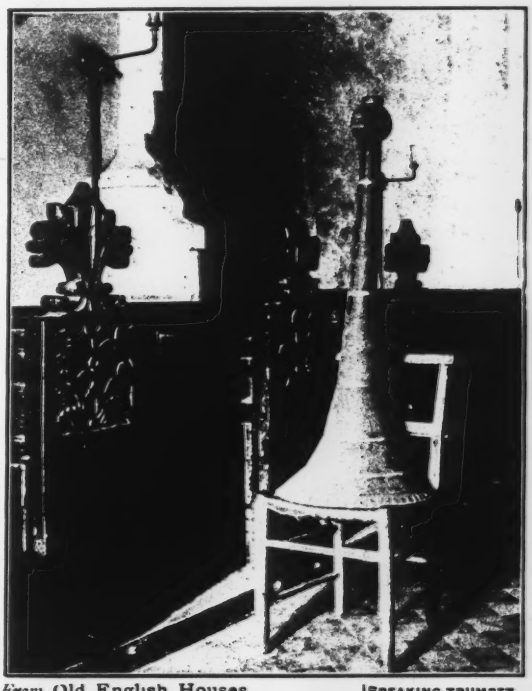
By the DUKE ADOLPHUS FREDERICK OF MECKLENBURG. Translated by G. E. MABERLY-OPPLER. 15s. net. (Cassell.)

The German expedition through Africa of 1907–8 was generally recognised as one of much importance. Starting at Bukoba on the Victoria Nyanza, its route took it through the mountainous districts of the north of German East Africa, past the Albert Edward Nyanza, and through the largely unexplored north-eastern portions of the Congo Free State. Finally the expedition passed down the valleys of the Aruwimi and Congo Rivers to the western sea coast. We have here hinted only at the route of the Duke, but as a proof of the remarkable thoroughness which characterised the expedition, it is worthy of mention that no fewer than five parties—made up of geologists and topographers, botanists and zoologists, anthropologists, etc.—carried their investigations well away from the main line of route. African exploration has its own peculiar fascination, and the Duke of Mecklenburg's book should appeal to a considerable public, supplying as it does reliable information concerning a large tract of country of which little or nothing is known. The manner in which the book is produced calls for nothing but praise. A very large number of photographs are included, together with two excellent maps. The translation is excellent.

THE OLD TESTAMENT STORY:

Told to the Young. By GLADYS DAVIDSON. With Illustrations. 6s. net. (Laurie.)

When a child has grown beyond the pretty nursery form of the Bible's stories, he reads for himself, he thinks for himself, he criticises for himself, and he questions. It is for those who have grown beyond the nursery, who have reached the thoughtful, the questioning stage, that this book is written. It is for older children and young adults. "I have endeavoured," writes the author, "to present the stories and incidents in accordance with the views of those modern scholars who regard and teach the Bible from a wide and reasonable standpoint." We realise that Miss Davidson has had no very easy task; it is difficult to avoid the legendary and allegorical matter, as she frankly terms it, and keep the full interest of the stories. But Miss Davidson is strong and insistent upon the Goodness which runs through the whole Bible, and her stories are instinct with beauty and reverence. She divides the Old Testament into eight periods, and, beginning with the story of the Creation, she ends with Nebuchadnezzar's dream image and Daniel's visions. In clear, simple words (which, however, are far removed from childish language) she tells the grand stories of the Old Testament in a way which makes them alive and real, forceful and impressive. As a book to put into the hands of the older children, or as a book for teachers in Sunday-school or Bible-class, it is one of the very best we have seen. Its value is increased, too, by the addition of sixteen illustrations after paintings by the Old Masters.



From Old English Houses (*Martin Secker*). SPEAKING-TRUMPET, CHARING.

From **In the Heart of Africa** (*Cassell*).

HIGH JUMP BY A MTUSSI (2'50 METRES).

SIGNS AND SYMBOLS OF PRIMORDIAL MAN.

By Dr. ALBERT CHURCHWARD, M.D., F.G.S., etc. 25s. net. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

In setting forth to trace the religious doctrines by means of the symbols and signs of the different races of mankind, Dr. Albert Churchward has attempted an ambitious task. As every student of the prehistoric period is aware, the sacred mysteries of religion were not taught to the common people, but were reserved for the few. But these signs and symbols, whether in Egypt, in America, in Babylon and Assyria, in India, the Far East or in Africa, have meanings which can be understood by initiates in Freemasonry, as they are similar in shape and identical in meaning. This is a valuable and important fact which is now being carefully studied by students of comparative ethnology and religion. Dr. Churchward's work contains a fund of useful information to which the illustrations are a valuable adjunct. Perhaps the author assumes too easily that the Sacred Mysteries originated in Egypt. He offers no proof in support of this theory, and the fact that he finds Masonic symbols in Egypt, Mexico, England, indeed in all parts of the world, proves no more than that these jealously guarded sacred signs must have originated from one source, and that there was an early period when Europe, Asia, Africa, and America were in the closest communion with one another, and held one identical belief. Was it necessary that Dr. Churchward should be so reticent in his references to Masonic signs? Instead of explaining a symbol he too often contents himself with saying that Masons will understand its meaning. This may be so, but the many who are not Masons remain unenlightened. But Dr. Churchward has collected a surprising number of interesting and important facts and analogies between masonry and the religions of past races, and his book will undoubtedly be very valuable for purposes of reference.

THE OSBORNES.

By E. F. BENSON. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

It is interesting to find Mr. Benson working on such a well-worn theme as the adventures of a family of *nouveaux riches* amongst the impoverished aristocrats of Mayfair. As might well be expected, the experiment is justified by its success, and Mr. Benson's contribution to the cycle of similar comedies will hold a high place amongst them for its truthfulness, its sincerity and its vigorous characterisation. With gentle satire and highly developed literary tact, he tells a simple story of the daughter of an indigent countess, who marries for love into the family of the Osbornes, opulent ironworkers from Sheffield who have settled in the most gorgeous of the Park Lane palaces. The Osbornes, husband and wife, are vulgar and ostentatious, though "all manner of excellent qualities underlie their vulgarity," but their son Claud, tarred with a different brush, has Eton and Cambridge to his credit,

From **Mediæval Sicily** (*Duckworth*).

From **An Eastern Voyage**
(*Dent*).

fifteen thousand a year from a generous uncle, and is in every way a desirable match for the Lady Dora Austell. Still the marriage does not altogether prosper, for Claud has not entirely eradicated certain small vulgarities of mind and manner which in time begin to grate on his cultured wife. He is patronising; he has a tendency to ostentatious display of his wealth, and he still talks of "handsome ladies" and "noble apartments." Even such slight irritations are enough to cause a real estrangement, which is only averted by what the author calls "the humorous solution." Lady Dora realises that her new relations and her young husband have a real nobility of mind, and that it is possible to laugh away their little gaucheries and shortcomings. It is in this recognition that "laughter and the biggest things in the world go together" that the story finds its conclusion. The characters of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne and their code of Sheffield friends are drawn with infinite humour and understanding, though the most original note in the book is struck in "Uncle Alf," whose curmudgeon cynicism is beautifully contrasted with the geniality and openness of his brother. "The Osbornes" will certainly be amongst the most read of Mr. Benson's works, and can only add to his reputation.

FOREST LIFE AND SPORT IN INDIA.

By SAINTHILL EARDLEY-WILMOT, C.I.E. 12s. 6d. net. (Arnold.)

Mr. Eardley-Wilmot's aim seems to be to raise an interest in the Indian forests, and, while he succeeds in this purpose, his book appeals to more than a technical public. He was appointed to the Service only fifteen years after the Mutiny had been quelled, when the work of the forester was one of much hardship and loneliness. "Once arrived, the forester would probably not see a white face—save occasionally that of a fellow-officer—until the return to head-quarters eight months later through the monsoon floods, unless happily he encountered a shooting-party on its way to Nepal, or persuaded some friends to aid for a time in dispelling the loneliness of his life." For a sportsman, however, these drawbacks were mitigated by the numerous opportunities afforded of developing his skill as a hunter of wild beasts; and Mr. Eardley-Wilmot is a true sportsman. His book abounds in vivid details of his experiences and altogether forms one of the most complete collections of sporting yarns which we have ever come across. It is written with such ease and gusto as if he had enjoyed writing of his experiences almost as much as the experiences themselves. The book is illustrated with eighteen beautiful photographs.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN CAMBRIDGE AND ELY.

By the REV. EDWARD CONYBEARE. With Illustrations by FREDERICK L. GRIGGS. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The county that holds within its boundaries one of our great University towns and that island of the monks that is for ever associated with the romantic figure of Hereward the Wake, the last of the Saxons, could scarcely fail to be as full of interest and historical lore and legend as

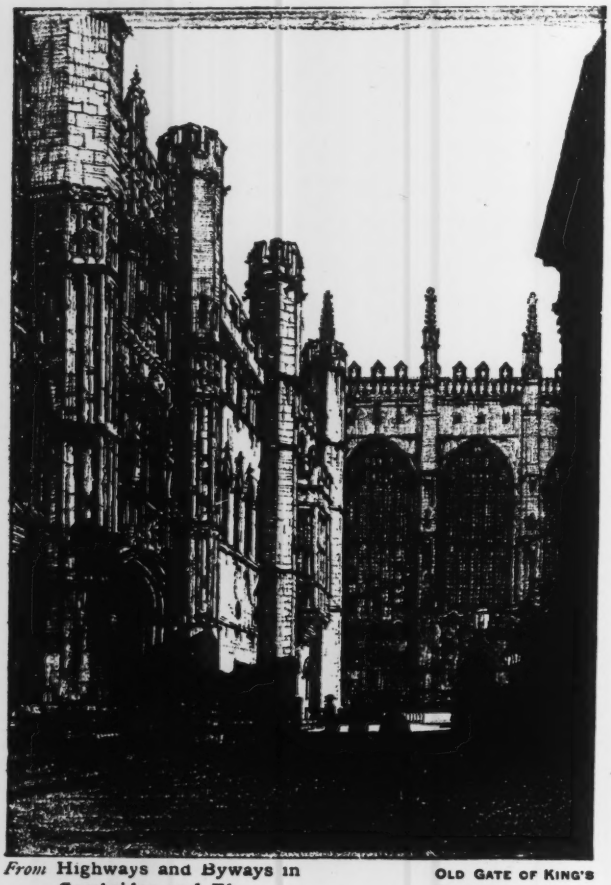
From **Forest Life and Sport in India**
(*Arnold*).

ELEPHANT WITH "KATO LA."

From **The Parson's Pleasance** (*Mills & Boon*).

BARKHAM VILLAGE STREET.

any of the score or so of counties that have been subjects for the other volumes in this most excellent series. Mr. Conybeare has already published at least two books about Cambridgeshire; he is therefore here on very familiar ground. He writes of the University Colleges as one who is intimate with them, traces their records from the earliest possible times to our own day, and has much to say of the famous men who have in various generations been connected with them. Cambridgeshire is not so beautiful as Kent, maybe, or as Bucks, but it has many charming byways—ancient churches and village greens, thatched and timbered farm-houses, and quaint cottages in its villages and hamlets, and Mr. Conybeare knows the ground too thoroughly to have overlooked any of them. Then, how many cathedrals have we that will compare with that magnificent dream in stone that stands at Ely, and how many towns that are richer in associations or lovelier in outward aspect than the town of Cambridge? Mr. Conybeare's descriptions and well-informed, pleasantly gossipy chronicle, supplemented by the graceful and delicately finished drawings of Mr. Frederick Griggs, make this, indeed, one of the most attractive and interesting of all the "Highways and Byways" guide-books.



From **Highways and Byways in Cambridge and Ely** (*Macmillan*).

OLD GATE OF KING'S COLLEGE.

POPE JOHN THE TWENTY-THIRD AND MASTER JOHN HUS OF BOHEMIA.

By EUSTACE J. KITTS. 12s. 6d. (Constable.)

Mr. Kitts does not come unknown to his public nor does he need to prove his familiarity with his subject. For this present book of his is in some sense a sequel to his earlier book, "In the Days of the Councils." In that he dealt with the earlier history of Pope John, when he was still Baldassare Cossa, a picturesque pirate and man of war, in which capacity he first came to the attention of Boniface IX. Moreover, in that book he dealt with the important crisis of the great Schism, a knowledge and acquaintance with which is quite essential to the understanding of this book. For when Cossa by sheer force of character procured his election by the Council as Pope, there were already two claimants in the field already for that title, the kingdoms of Christendom being generally divided in their interest—for it was most of it a matter of adjusting self-interests. Into this field there was imported another perplexity. For the teachings of Wyclif had not only taken root in Bohemia (being imported there by scholars who had graduated at Oxford), but had fed, and been fed by, the fires of national self-expression among the Czechs. Foremost among them the genius of John Hus stood pre-eminent not only by virtue of his scholarship and eloquence, but also by his strong powers as a patriot leader. Such a field

faced Pope John. It demanded particularly and foremostly those faculties that go to the understanding of men, and the deep emotions that sway men, in unit and in bulk. But Pope John was a soldier, by instinct and by breeding, with the inevitable result that he mistimed his actions and sadly misjudged both opponents and deputies. How this led to his downfall and deposition Mr. Kitts tells with intimate knowledge and graphic detail. He would be a bold man who would controvert his facts; but his interpretation of facts is sometimes not quite so sure. His partialities depart sometimes from the strict balance of the historian; but then this often lends stimulation to his book. The strictly balanced and impartial historian is generally characterless and colourless, and Mr. Kitts is never that. This is altogether an admirable book, painstaking and complete. It should be widely read.

From **Cambridge** (*Blackie*).

THE OLD HALL, CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

BEAUTIFUL ENGLAND: CAMBRIDGE.

By NOEL BARWELL.

THE HEART OF WESSEX.

By SIDNEY HEATH.

NORWICH AND THE BROADS.

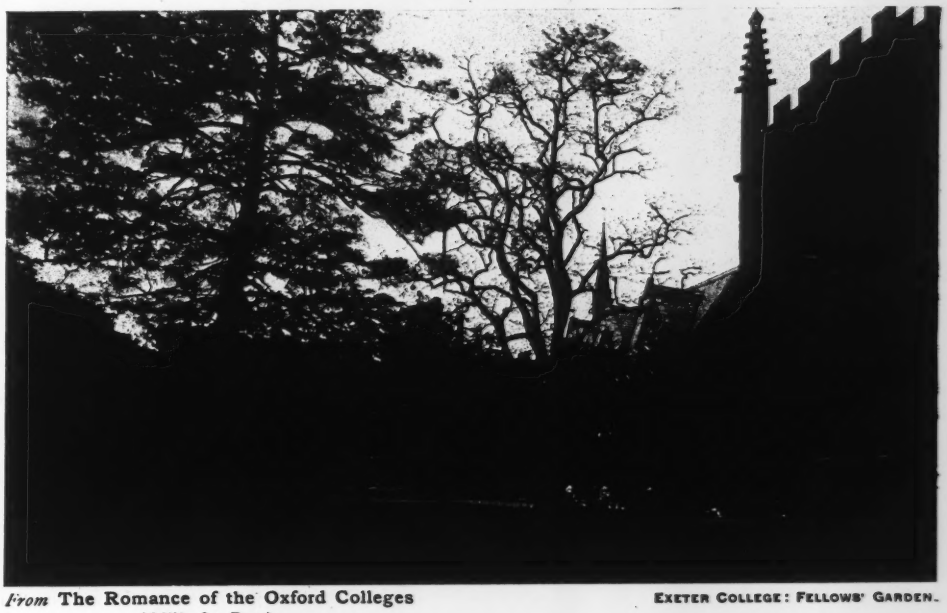
By WALTER JERROLD. All with Coloured Illustrations by ERNEST HASLEHUST. 2s. net each. (Blackie.)

We have already had occasion to notice favourably the earlier volumes of this attractive series, but it is pleasant to observe that the latest additions show no falling off from an already high standard. Mr. Ernest Haslehust is a most industrious artist, and his work maintains a uniformly high level. In the volumes before us he is perhaps at his best in picturing Cambridge, but he is very little, if at all, below that best in the very different scenery of Wessex and Norwich and the Broads. The reproduction of his pictures is again a marvel at the price. The text of the various books—especially, perhaps, that of the Norwich volume—is adequate to its purpose, and it is, of course, well above guide-book level.

THE ROMANCE OF THE OXFORD COLLEGES.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Oxford offers a number of excellent stories to the industrious collector, and Mr. Gribble amply proves both his industry and his powers as a raconteur in the volume now before us. It is crammed with anecdotes of all descriptions, and the reader need not be a University man in order to appreciate them—nor, indeed, need he have any academic sympathies whatever. The whole world is interested in, let us say, the story of Shelley's expulsion



From **The Romance of the Oxford Colleges** (*Mills & Boon*).

EXETER COLLEGE: FELLOWS' GARDEN.

From **The Golf Courses of the British Isles** (*Duckworth*).

FIXBY CLUB HOUSE AND LINKS HUDDERSFIELD.

from University, the Æsthetic Movement at Magdalen, or, in perhaps a lesser degree, of Charles I. at Christ Church and Queen Henrietta Maria at Merton. But in addition to these more or less well-known personages there is an enormous amount of material of no less interest and amusement to be gathered from the story of lesser known persons and less famous events. It is safe to say that no such collection of good stories about Oxford has ever before been assembled in one volume. Mr. Gribble has written a delightful book and one that should have a great success.

From **Reminiscences of the Old Country** (*Ouseley*).

THORNBURY CASTLE AND CHURCH.

THE GOLF COURSES OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

Described by BERNARD DARWIN, painted by HARRY ROUNTREE. 21s. net. (Duckworth.)

This is a book which no devotee of the royal and ancient game should be without. The survey of the various links is very complete and ranges over a wide territory, extending from London to St. Andrews and from East Anglia to Westward Ho. Mr. Darwin, who is the golf contributor to the *Sunday Times*, wields a pliant, gossipy pen, and he is entirely devoid of pretentiousness. We feel sure that any golfer who reads his pages will be seized with a desire to try some of the new courses which are here described in graphic language and with expert knowledge. The book is as breezy as the links which it describes. Mr. Darwin's artistic coadjutor, Mr. Harry Rountree, has done his share of the work exceedingly well, and his admirable coloured illustrations will tempt many a sportsman to quit London with its grey, wintry skies and fare forth with the needful implements to some golfing pleasaunce on the hills, the moors, the marshes, or by the sea.

REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD COUNTRY.

By RUTH RUCK. 2s. 6d. net. (Ouseley.)

Miss Ruth Ruck's pleasant little book has for its aim the attempt "to popularise some of the most interesting spots in the Old Country, stringing together slender threads of the principal incidents and scenes of the places mentioned, to enable those unacquainted with the country to gain some knowledge of its history and beauty, and as a collection of reminiscences to those readers who are already acquainted with the ground covered." The "ground covered" consists of the Cotswolds, the Badminton country, the Peak District, a tour in North Wales, and a

From **The Heart of Wessex** (*Blackie*). WAREHAM.

circular tour from Lancaster through the Lake District. The reader will at once recognise that this list includes some of the most beautiful places in Britain, and the author has turned her material to good account. The book is well illustrated.

MEMORIALS OF OLD DURHAM.

Edited by HENRY R. LEIGHTON, F.R.Hist.S. 15s. net. (Allen.)

This, the latest volume in Messrs. Allen's authoritative series of Memorials of the Counties of England, is well worthy of a high place among its fellows. Durham is a county of especial interest both to the historian and the antiquarian, and full justice has been done to it in the work under consideration. The book consists of a number of essays by different authorities upon the subject. It is perhaps a little invidious to choose out particular chapters as more worthy of notice than others, for all are done remarkably well. The general reader, however, will, we believe, find most interest in the editor's essay on the "Old Families of Durham," that of the Rev. William Greenwell on Durham Cathedral, and Mrs. Newton W. Apperley's delightful "Folklore of the County of Durham." From the last we cull this delightful warning to shavers:

> "Sunday shaven, Sunday shorn,
> Better hadst thou ne'er been born!"

The volume is well illustrated, some of the pictures of Durham Cathedral being particularly beautiful, and excellently produced. It will be found well worthy of attention.

From **Memorials of Old Durham** (*Allen*). LUMLEY CASTLE.

From **Orchids for Everyone** (*Dent*).

ONCIDIUM CONCOLOR.

A YEAR IN THE WOODLANDS.

By THEO. CARRERAS. 2s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

Mr. Carreras writes of the woodlands and the outdoor generally with an enthusiasm which is infectious. It is quite clear to us that he knows all that is worth knowing about natural history and kindred subjects. He also possesses the faculty of describing his emotions and supplying his information in a straightforward and interesting manner. The book follows the seasons through, a method the advantages of which are obvious at once. "A Year in the Woodlands," which contains several beautiful plates and numerous illustrations in the text, ought to have a place in the library of every child.

From **A Year in the Woodlands** (*Jarrold*).

SYCAMORE FLOWERS.

PRAYERS WRITTEN AT VAILIMA.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. *Edition de luxe*, with Illuminations by ALBERTO SANGORSKI. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

That the art of illumination is not yet dead is amply proved by Mr. Alberto Sangorski in one of the best-produced volumes of the year. The artist's drawings are one and all instinct with the decorative sense, and to say that they are worthy of a mediæval manuscript is no exaggeration. A reproduction in black-and-white can afford no conception of their beauty of colouring, and it must suffice to say that the work is admirably reproduced and reflects the greatest credit upon its printers and Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Necessarily it is expensive, and the publishers may congratulate themselves that they have contrived to bring the price within reasonable limits. The prayers themselves need no introduction; it must suffice to say that they are produced in a manner of which they are in every way worthy.

THE UPPER GARDEN.

By ROBERT DE LA CONDAMINE. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

The first thing that impresses one, and perhaps not too favourably, is Mr. de la Condamine's style. It is an elaborate style, exhaling faint memories, now of Pater, now of Wilde; but individual and, when one has got accustomed to these over-wrought periods, full of beauty. If its maker seems sometimes to be using it for decoration

CHATTO & WINDUS

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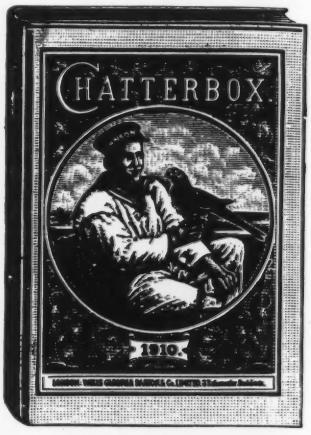

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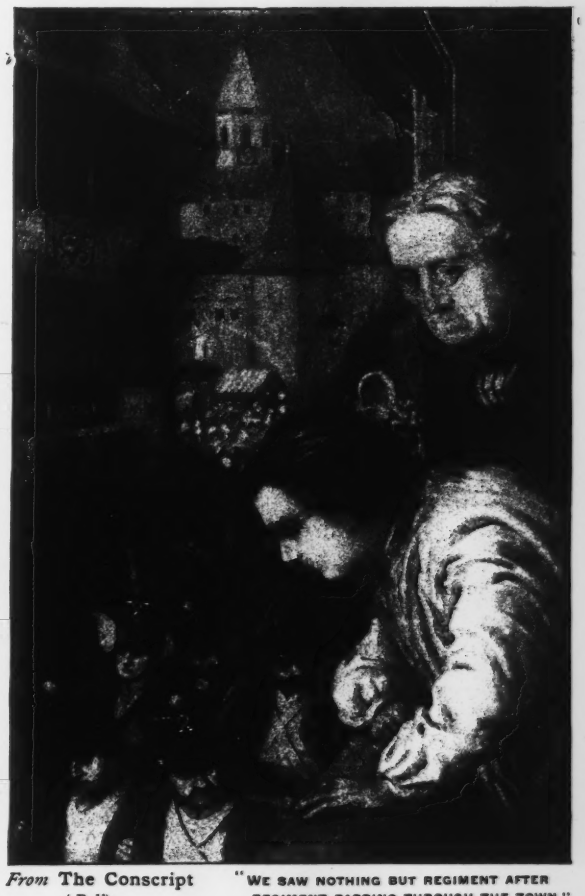

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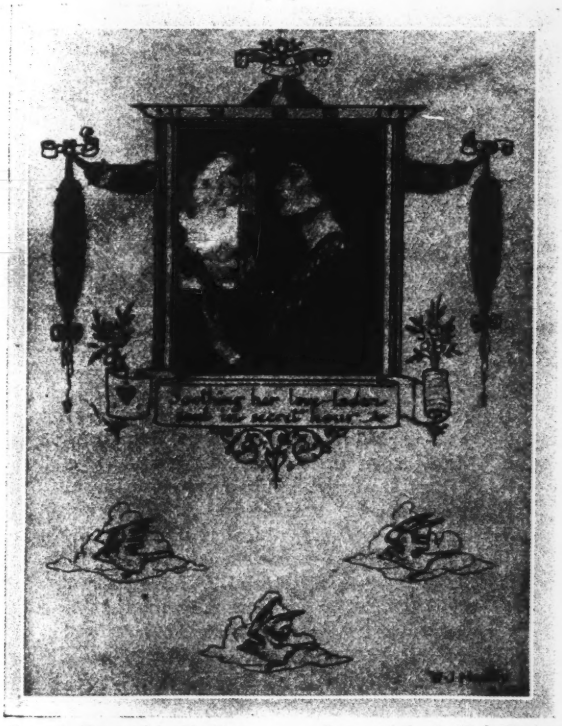

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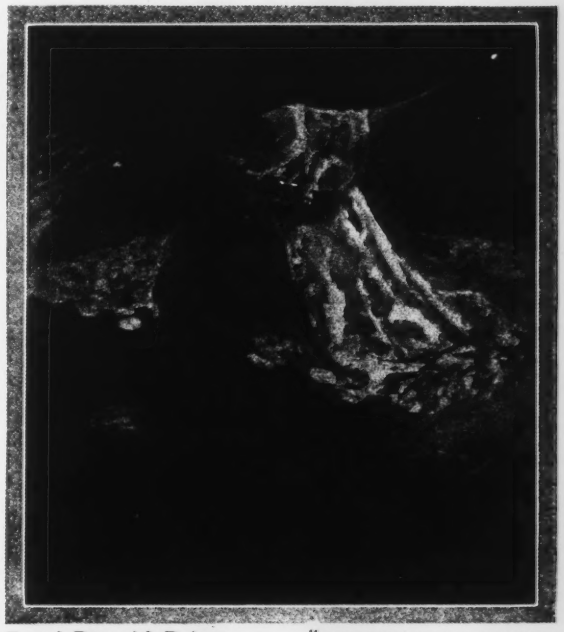

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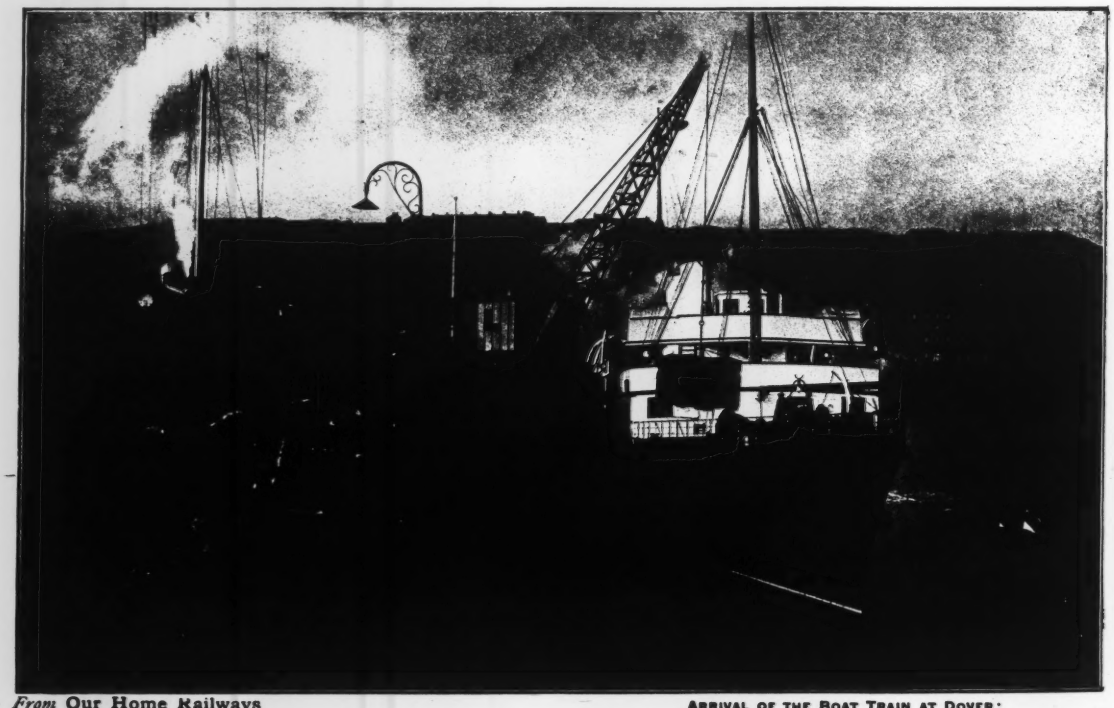

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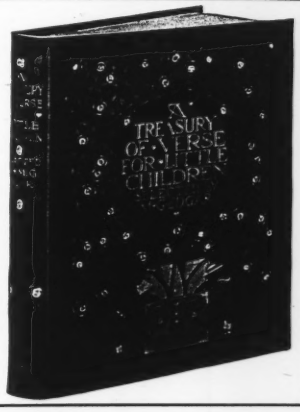

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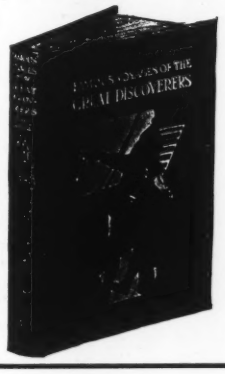

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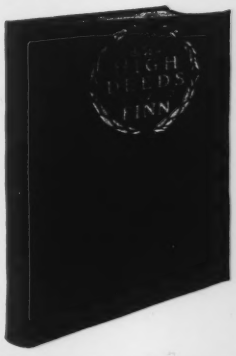

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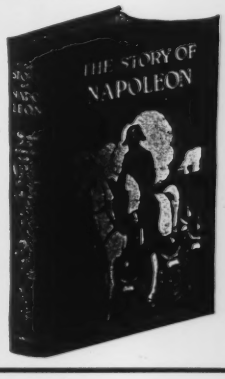

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From **The Artistic Side of Photography** (*Stanley Paul*).

PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.

differ, it is merely a slight difference of taste, not of actual opinion. The scope of the book is so wide that it must appeal to photographers of every style, but its especial appeal is to those men and women who need more in a photograph than a crude reproduction of scenes or persons by means of sunlight. It appeals to artists; it preaches right thought, right teaching, and—right treatment. Mr. Anderson speaks boldly of the valuable opportunities to be found on misty days, on days of rain, of cloud, of silver effects. "Bright, diffused light, towards the middle of a clear summer's day, the very time when the ordinary man is busy with his camera, is," says the author, "the day for the colour painter, not the photographer." Photography, too, he declares, in spite of its tricks and variations of the past years, has made no material progress since 1843; and he is affectionately strong in praise of the work of D. O. Hill. "After all the struggles, strivings, and heart-burnings of the past twenty years, the more thorough pictorial photographers find themselves much where Mr. Hill left off." Facing this opinion in the book is a Portrait of a Boy by D. O. Hill, and we join our praise to that of Mr. Anderson as we study it and linger over its beauties. This is a volume packed with sound knowledge and signs of artistic taste. It is reminiscent, it is anecdotal, but above all it is sane and influential and practical. And the numerous illustrations are indeed a revelation of the beauty which can be produced by a camera worked with brains.

From **A Day with Ludwig von Beethoven**
("Days with the Great Composers" Series.)
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

"JOY, THOU HEAVENLY SPARK OF GODHEAD."
From a painting by N. M. Price.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX
Author of "Abelard and Heloise" (*Gay & Hancock*).

ABELARD AND HELOISE.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. 4s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

For seven hundred years the romance of "Abelard and Heloise" has remained one of the world's most piquant and most tragic of love stories. The whole history lives in the five wonderful love-letters that these deathless lovers have left us, and in this new rendering of the tale Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox has translated these letters into twenty-two sonnets. Miss Wilcox is always facile and felicitous; with such a theme as this for a pen so apt at giving utterance to the hopes and joys and passions of humanity it would have been strange if she had failed to touch us with the beauty and tenderness and heart-break of this old-world sorrow. But she has not failed; she has written with an intensity of feeling, an imaginative insight, and poetic fervour that place these sonnets among the best and most enduring of her works.

From **Dante** (*Clarendon Press*).

THE ADVICE OF BEATRICE.

THE CHARM OF THE ROAD.

By JAMES JOHN HISSEY. With 28 full-page Illustrations and a Map. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

This is an open-air book of the right breezy, discursive, unconventional kind. Mr. Hissey set out without any definite plan, taking no guide-book and having no particular goal in view; he was bent upon nothing but a holiday jaunt, and cared little which road or how far he went, so long as he missed nothing by the way that was worth seeing. Good maps, good health, good spirits and the rigour of the road were all he asked—"Give me the open road, the wide sky above, an unknown country before me, even though it be but a portion of England, a sympathetic companion with whom to exchange ideas, ample leisure to loiter on the way, a reliable car to travel in, and I ask no greater favour of the gods or man." He journeyed through Kent and Sussex, Hants, Berkshire and Dorset, round by Somerset and over the Severn into Wales, and by Shropshire, Worcestershire, Oxford, and Berks back again, and here in these brightly and pleasantly written pages is the itinerary of his travellings. Wherever he went he picked up stories of the locality and came upon things of interest in all manner of out-of-the-way places, and the result is one of the most enjoyable and thoroughly interesting books of the road we have ever had the happiness of reading. It will serve admirably as a guide-book, but is too good a piece of literature to be called that.

ALPINE FLOWERS AND ROCK-GARDENS.

Illustrated in Colour. Described by WALTER P. WRIGHT. 12s. 6d. net. (Headley Bros.)

The special feature of this latest addition to the large list of books devoted to rock-plants is a beautiful series of colour groups of Alpine plants taken direct from nature. Moreover, it is one of the fullest and most adequate of the books that have been written on this fascinating side of gardening. Various sections of the work deal with the characteristics and habitat of Alpine plants; the plants as they develop at home, and transported into British gardens; how to form rockeries for them, and every detail in connection with the planting, tending, and propagating them. One large section describes and discusses the most important rock-plants; another is given up to a description of the best plants in alphabetical order, with selections of them for various purposes. There are some very useful supplementary notes on "Alpine Plants at Home." A further and special reference is called for to the finely printed and suitably mounted colour-plates; they number upwards of forty, and are some of the most exquisite flower and plant pictures we have seen.

A VAGABOND IN THE CAUCASUS.

By STEPHEN GRAHAM. 12s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

Mr. Stephen Graham's book is something very different from the ordinary work of travel. It is, in fact, a good deal more of an autobiography. Thus we find in the first chapter: "Carlyle was a true friend to me; he was not content that he only should be my friend, I had to become the friend of his friends." And again: "I, for my part, adored Ruskin and Browning as a young girl in love with

From **Poems by Christina Rossetti** (*Blackie*).

"MY HEART IS LIKE A SINGING-BIRD."

From **The Charm of the Road** (*Macmillan*). **A WELSH LLYN.**

a new history mistress. . . . I never felt so humanly close to Ruskin as to Carlyle. He had a way of stating *the truth*. He liked to perch on his truths and crow. No, I revered him, but decidedly didn't like him. Browning made friends with me. Then came Ibsen. . . ." Young men with so decided a reverence for these masters are sometimes in danger of losing their individuality, but Mr. Graham has escaped this. His views are fresh and original, and his manner is emphatically his own. The impressions of his wanderings in the Caucasus are exceedingly well done, but we are not at all sure that we do not prefer his account of life as it is lived by an impecunious student in Moscow. However, this is only a personal opinion, and Mr. Graham was doubtless well advised to make his travel impressions of first importance. He does not forget also to be practical, and ends his book with an admirable chapter on "How to Get There." In every way this is a most charming and attractive book.

HOME LIFE IN HELLAS.

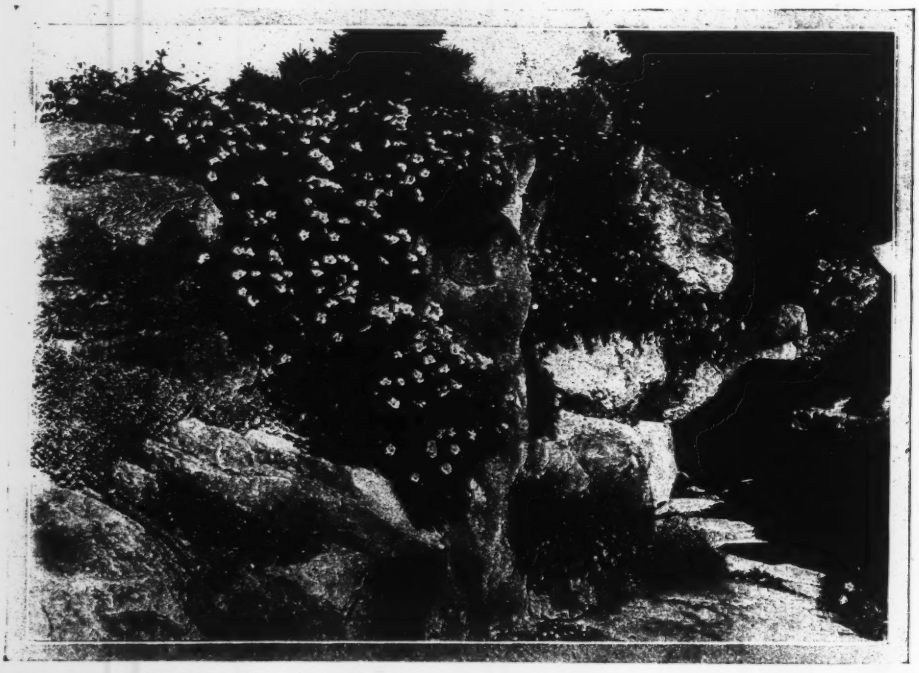
By Z. DUCKETT FERRIMAN. 8s. net. (Mills & Boon.)

"Greece and the Greeks," the sub-title of this book, seems to us a trifle more suggestive of its contents than the title which Mr. Ferriman has chosen. It affords besides a less strained alliteration. However, the title of a book matters little when the contents are satisfactory—which is the case with "Home Life in Hellas." Mr. Ferriman's knowledge of his subject is exhaustive, and the reader can find no fault with the manner of his expression. Compressed into less than a dozen chapters is a complete account of all aspects of the life of the modern Greek in his own country. The ordinary traveller who ventures upon impressions of the Greek character from a short stay at Athens will find here that many of his impressions are wrong. Athens, in a word, is very dissimilar to the rest of Greece. The author's familiarity with the less-known portions of the country is so considerable that he satisfies us on this point. Nevertheless, one of Mr. Ferriman's most satisfactory studies is that of modern Athens. Others especially worthy of mention are those on Domestic Life and Literature and Journalism. This is a satisfying book upon a fascinating subject.

THE FIGHTING FAME OF THE KING'S SHIPS.

By EDWARD FRASER. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Edward Fraser is skilled in the making of books upon naval warfare, and once again he puts us in his debt with the thrilling compilation which he entitles "The Fighting Fame of the King's Ships." The author's intention is patriotic in the true sense of the word. By a vivid presentation of the great deeds performed by our Navy in the past he aims to stir up in his readers a spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice akin to that of their ancestors. Accordingly he draws lavishly upon the magnificent material which our naval history affords. His latest book ranges in date from Drake to Nelson: and it



From **Alpine Flowers and Rock-Gardens** (*Headley Bros.*). **LARGE ROCKS WITH ALPINES GROWING DOWN THE FACE.** (Photo by E. J. Wallis, Kew.)

From **A Vagabond in the Caucasus** (*Lane*).

KASBEK POSTING STATION.

embodies many of the most stirring of our naval traditions. Mr. Fraser writes with virility and vivacity, and his book will make an irresistible appeal not only to boys, but to men. It may be mentioned that the illustrations—mainly taken from old prints—are of unusual interest.

PERSIA AND TURKEY IN REVOLT.

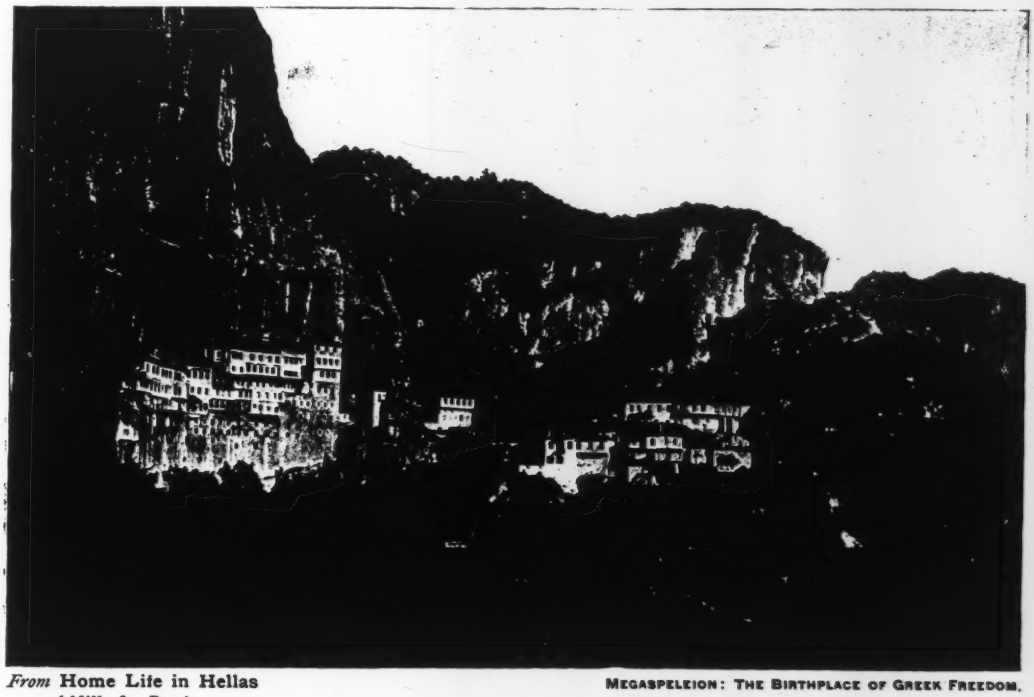
By DAVID FRASER. 12s. 6d. net. (Blackwood & Sons.)

Mr. Fraser, who has written various authoritative books on Eastern lands, has collected in handsome volume-form the impressions which he obtained when he visited Persia and the principal towns of Turkey as special correspondent to the *Times*. He arrived at Teheran in 1909, when events were moving rapidly towards a crisis. The fact that Persia is the last country to be thrown into the cauldron of international complications makes Mr. Fraser's views of the Persian character especially interesting. He is quite candid in his estimate of it. "I am compelled," he writes, "to join with other travellers and students, notably Lord Curzon, in recording a poor estimate of the practical qualities of the Persian character. It is needless to repeat what has been said or indicated so often in these pages; the facts speak more eloquently than any words in support of the opinion that the Persians are incapable of managing their own affairs without foreign guidance—that is to say, incapable of managing them in a way to satisfy civilised requirements as regards foreign vested interests and facilities for trade." Mr. Fraser's book is embellished with many excellent photographs.

THE WILD SWANS,

and Other Stories for the Nine-Year-Old. Retold by LOUEY CHISHOLM. With Coloured Illustrations by KATHARINE CAMERON. (Jack.)

Miss Louey Chisholm is an excellent hand at the retelling of familiar fairy tales, and in "The Wild Swans" she is again to be seen at her best. While retaining the spirit and poetry of the stories, she contrives to express them in language suitable for the comprehension of a youthful audience, and her book is sure of a large public. The stories dealt with in the book under notice number six: "The Wild Swans," "The Toy Princess," "Rapunzel," "The Swineherd," "Rumpelstiltskin," and "The Magic Candles." With none of them does Miss Chisholm make a failure, and her book may be confidently recommended. The volume is well illustrated with eight clever illustrations, reproduced in colours, by Katharine Cameron.



From **Home Life in Hellas** (*Mills & Boon*).

MEGASPELEION: THE BIRTHPLACE OF GREEK FREEDOM.

From **Lion and Dragon in Northern China** (*John Murray*).

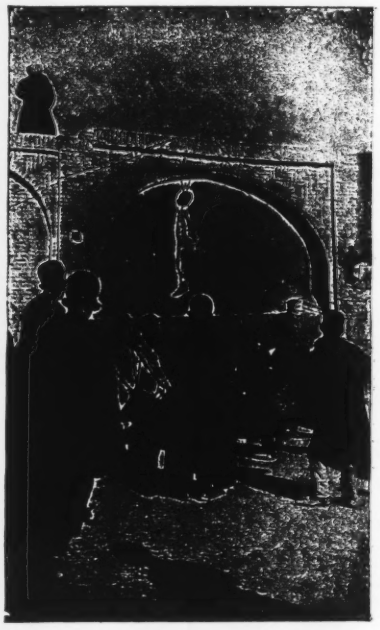
IMAGES OF MR. AND MRS. LIN.

THE SWEEP OF THE SWORD:

A Battle Book for Boys. An Account of the Wars of the World from the Earliest Ages to the Close of the South African War. By ALFRED H. MILES. 6s. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

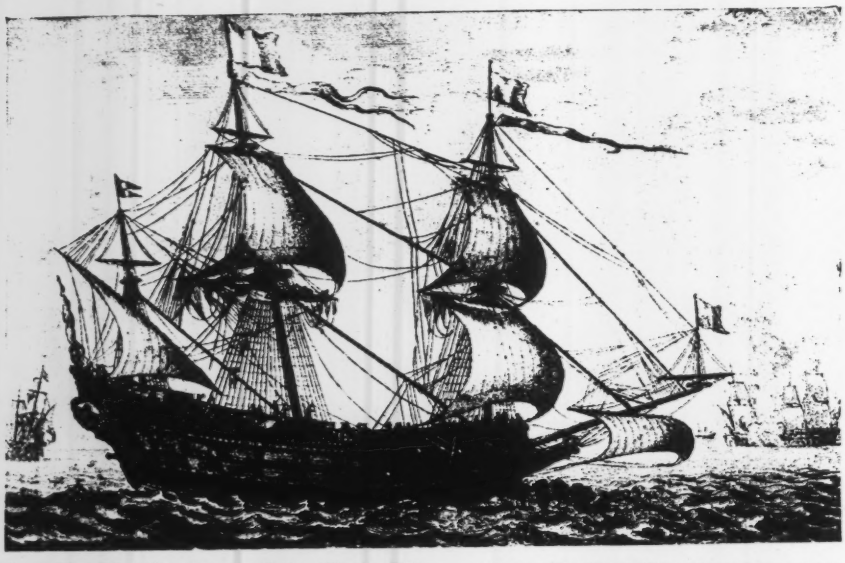
Mr. Miles has produced many books of adventure, but his latest is, we think, by far the best. Every boy who is so fortunate as to receive as a Christmas present "The Sweep of the Sword" will be excited by its stirring and veracious descriptions of all the decisive battles waged from the days of Abraham to modern times. Nearly a hundred and forty illustrations adorn and illuminate the text, which is based on the best authorities. Besides being entertaining, the work is unobtrusively instructive. It gives in a form best calculated to fascinate the youthful mind the leading events in the history of the human race during four thousand years. Mr. Miles does not leap from one famous battle to another. He shows in each case how the conflict arose, and connects the chapters of his book together by means of brief summaries of the history of the intervening periods. He has been, moreover, very careful not to indulge in any praise of war, and not to fill the minds of his young readers with a picture of the earth as a vast slaughter-house. He insists only on the lesson that there are times when nations do well to value liberty more than peace, and to face death in the cause of advancing civilisation. The result of his effort is that "The Sweep of the Sword" is healthy and inspiriting in tone, and yet its stories lose nothing of that dash and gallant enthusiasm that of right belong to them. So long as the world is what it is, war must hold its place among its dreadful realities, and nothing is so calculated to make a great nation fit to keep its greatness than the popularising, especially among the younger generation, of those brave records of its past in which it takes a legitimate pride. In producing his book at this time, and written sanely as he has written it, Mr. Miles has done a national service.

Cover Illustration of **She Stoops to Conquer** (*Putnam's*).



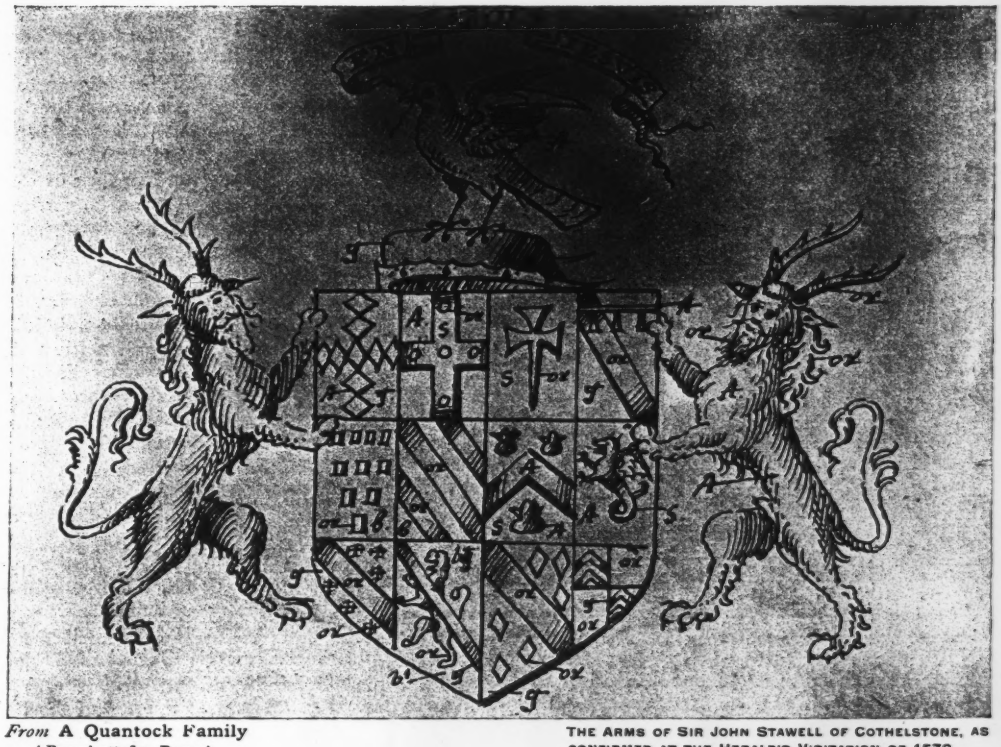
"... THE TOWNSPEOPLE FLOCKED TO SEE THE GRUESOME SIGHT ..."

From **Persia and Turkey in Revolt** (*Blackwood*).



From **The Fighting Fame of the King's Ships** (*Hutchinson*).

AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR OF THE TYPE OF THE "REVENGE" (OUR FIRST "DREADNOUGHT"). From an engraving by W. Hollar.



From A Quantock Family
(*Barnicott & Pearce*).

THE ARMS OF SIR JOHN STAWELL OF COTHELSTONE, AS CONFIRMED AT THE HERALD'S VISITATION OF 1573.
(From Harleian MS. 1445, fo. 22a.

A QUANTOCK FAMILY: THE STAWELLS.

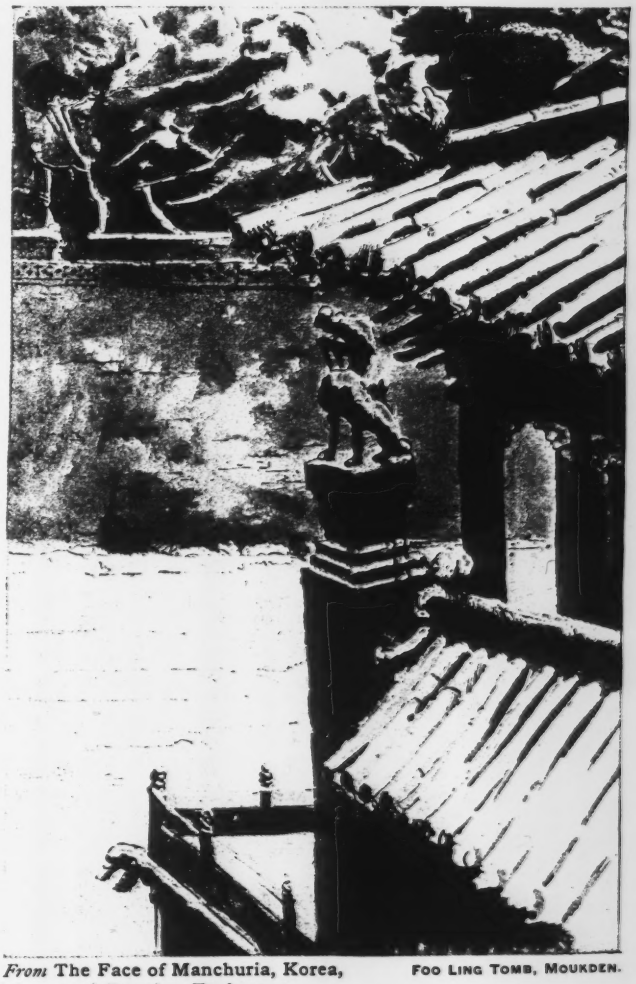
Compiled and Edited by COLONEL GEORGE DODSWORTH STAWELL. 42s. net. (Taunton: Barnicott & Pearce.)

In the exhaustive work before us Colonel G. D. Stawell tells the history of one of the most ancient and most famous families of the West Country—the Stawells. The origin of the family is a little mysterious, but it is definitely known that they "came over with William the Conqueror." They were originally settled in Somersetshire (where they remained for 600 years), and later in Devon. Both these stocks have now died out, but the family continues in Ireland and in Australia. The compiler of the volume, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, belongs to the Irish branch. His book must have been a labour of years, and the amount of detail with which it is crammed is astounding. The book, of course, appeals almost entirely to the antiquarian, but he will find it a mine of curious information. A word of praise should be given to the publishers, who have spared no expense in making the volume a worthy memorial of the distinguished name of Stawell.

THE FACE OF MANCHURIA, KOREA, AND RUSSIAN TURKESTAN.

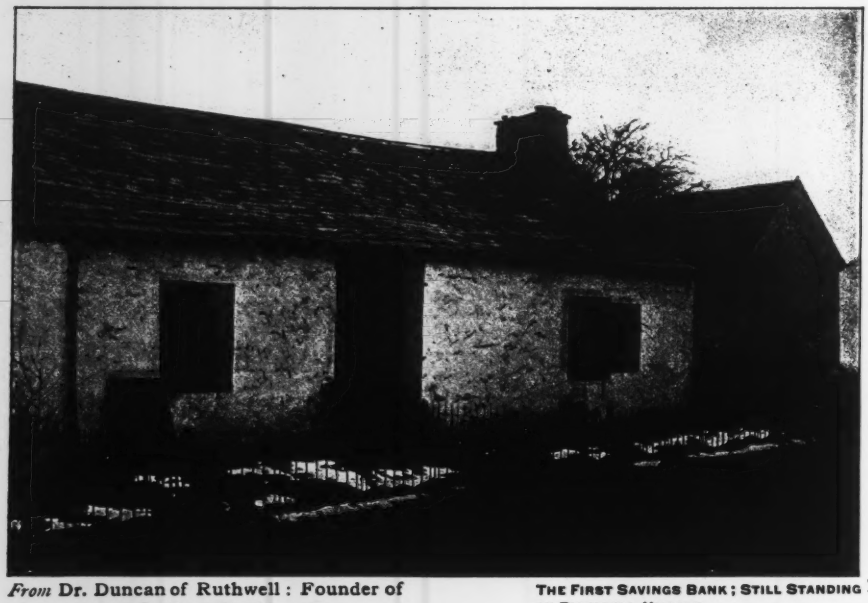
Written and Illustrated by E. G. KEMP, F.R.S.G.S. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

We had the good fortune last year to read Miss Kemp's "Face of China"—a modest, but very attractive, book of travel in the less well-known portions of that country. She follows it with "The Face of Manchuria, Korea, and Russian Turkestan," which impresses us as even more interesting. The author's route took her along the whole length of the Siberian Railway, thence through the northern portions of the Chinese Empire. She "did" Korea pretty thoroughly, and returned by the Siberian Railway. By a happy afterthought she had obtained passes for visiting Tashkent, Samarkand, and Bokhara, which are, of course, far out of the route of the ordinary traveller. She returned across the Caspian Sea and through Caucasia. We consider that the latter part of her journey is the most interesting to the ordinary reader, but the whole of the book is shrewd and well informed. We shall be surprised if its success is not at least equal to that of "The Face of China." The author's illustrations are reproduced in colour



From The Face of Manchuria, Korea, and Russian Turkestan
(*Chatto & Windus*)

FOO LING TOMB, MOUKDEN.



From **Dr. Duncan of Ruthwell: Founder of Savings Banks**
(*Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier*).

THE FIRST SAVINGS BANK; STILL STANDING IN RUTHWELL VILLAGE.

and tone. They are unequal in merit, but it is safe to say that the majority of them are entirely satisfactory, and all form an agreeable commentary upon the text.

DR. DUNCAN OF RUTHWELL:

Founder of Savings Banks. By his great-granddaughter, SOPHY HALL. 3s. 6d. net. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

In view of the approaching celebration of the centenary of the founding of Scottish Savings Banks this biography of the founder makes a very timely appearance. Some biography of the man to whose labours the whole nation is so deeply indebted was, in any case, overdue, and Miss Hall has written it with an ability and a sympathetic enthusiasm for which we have nothing but praise. Dr. Duncan was minister of the parish of Ruthwell, and took a keen and practical interest in the social condition of the working classes. He was strongly averse to the Poor Laws, and believed it might be possible in the long run to abolish the poor rates by the establishment of a bank for the savings of the industrious; and in face of difficulty and distrust he carried his theory so far into practice as to start the bank. It consisted at first of a long box with three locks, Dr. Duncan and two others holding keys of it, and neither able to open it except when the other two were present. From these small beginnings, a hundred years ago, grew the vast Savings Bank system that has done such incalculable service towards encouraging thrift and bettering the lives of the poorer part of the community. The book has some interesting illustrations, including a portrait of the "Father of Savings Banks," and photographs of the old money-chest and of the plain little cottage that did duty as the first of the Banks.

JOY OF TYROL:

A Human Revelation. Edited by J. M. BLAKE. With 111 Illustrations drawn by the Lady. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul, & Co.).

"Joy of Tyrol" is one of those pleasant but rather bewildering books which you don't quite know how to classify. It is probably fiction, and yet it contains a good deal of undoubted fact; it is not heavy enough for topography,

From **An Old-Fashioned Christmas Eve**
(*Hodder & Stoughton*)

"THEY WENT ROUND THE HOUSE, PLAYING UNDER THE WINDOWS."

From **Old Country Inns**
(*Pitman*).

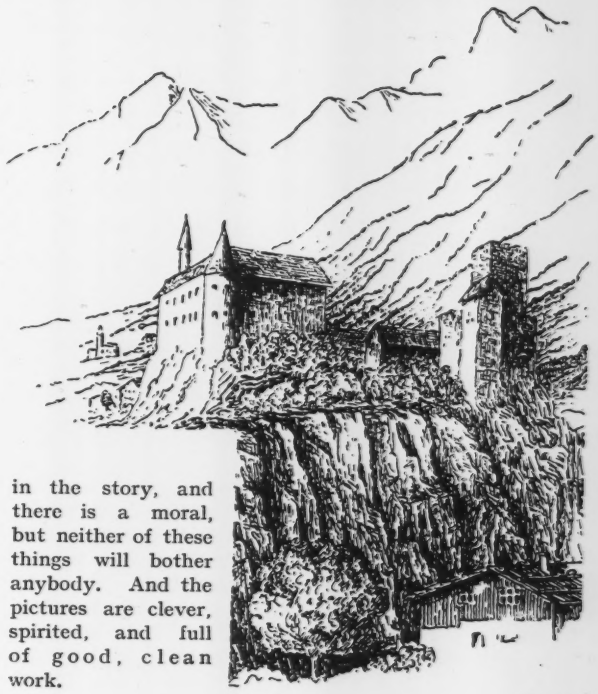
THE KING'S ARMS, HEMEL HEMPSTEAD.

and it does not go far enough afield to be styled travel. There is a little story in this book, sentimental as ever, but with an additional delicacy which tones down and refines the sentimentality to an agreeable extent. The book is written in letter form, and it contains a number of attractive illustrations. Its ostensible object is the praise of Tyrol, and in this it undoubtedly succeeds. Altogether, this is a pleasant little volume, which may succeed in drawing visitors to an unspoilt and—for Europe—a comparatively unexploited country.

THE FLINT HEART:

A Fairy Story. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. With Illustrations by C. J. FOLKARD. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

When we opened this book at random and came upon the song of a bottle, we were a little surprised to find it in a fairy-tale of fairyland. But we soon found that the bottle was a hot-water bottle, and the land was Dartmoor. Mr. Eden Phillpotts knows Dartmoor so truly and so well that we are not surprised to find the charm of that moorland urging him to write of it in a new style and from a new point of view. He has in the past written with fascination of its beauties; he has written with strength of its uglinesses; now he writes with gaiety and humorous invention of its fairies. Many, many years ago in the New Stone Age, a discontented young New Stoner wished to be chieftain of the whole tribe of New Stoners on Dartmoor, and the only way to manage it, so Fum, the man of mystery, said, was to have a harder heart than the heart of Brok, the old chieftain who ruled at the time. So the young New Stoner ordered Fum to make him such a heart, and Fum, under compulsion, did so. He produced with one stroke a wicked, black Flint Heart. And the end of the New Stone Age on Dartmoor was very terrible till the Flint Heart was buried. Then, after many, many years, the Flint Heart was dug up again, and caused dreadful trouble in the household of Bill Jago, a Dartmoor farmer. And, for the story of the Flint Heart readers must go to Mr. Phillpotts's volume. Its racy style will entertain the elders; its enthralling incidents will please the youngers; and its cheerful fun will amuse all. We may remark that there is knowledge in the story, and there is a moral, but neither of these things will bother anybody. And the pictures are clever, spirited, and full of good, clean work.



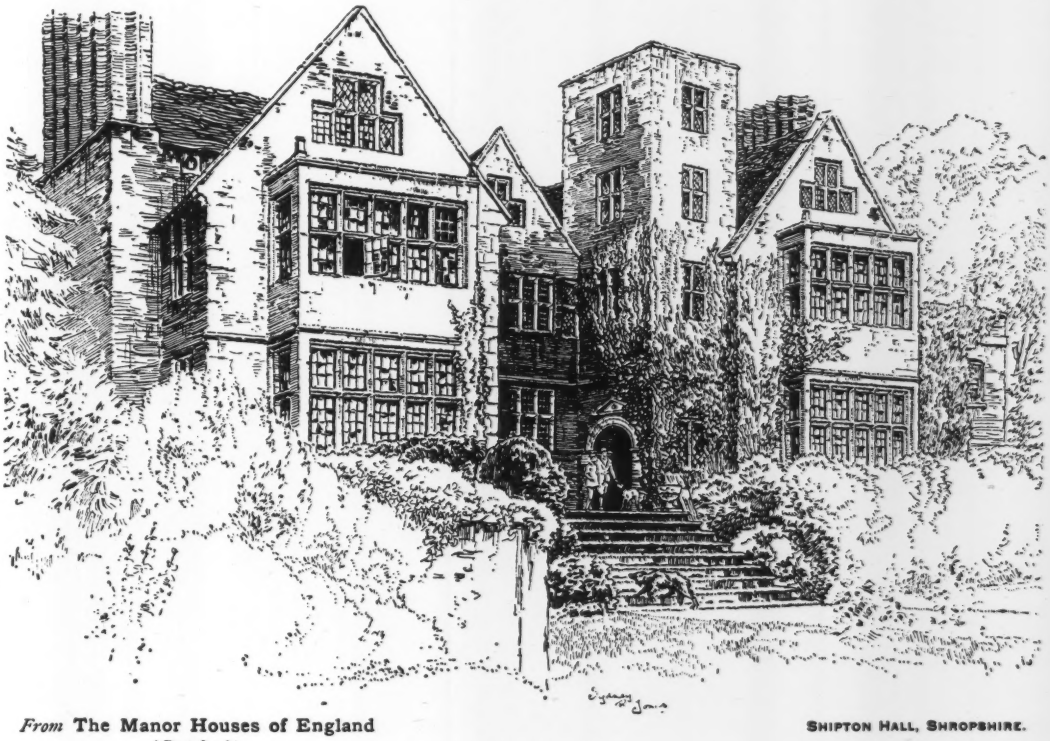
MERAN.

From **Joy of Tyrol**
(*Stanley Paul*).

THE MANOR HOUSES OF ENGLAND.

By P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated by SYDNEY R. JONES. 7s. 6d. net. (Batsford.)

"England is remarkable," as the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield says in his introductory chapter, "for the number and beauty of the old country houses, set amid pleasant scenes, that abound in various parts of our island." They are hidden away in remote hamlets and little-heard-of villages, and only the few who love such beautiful old-world houses



From **The Manor Houses of England**
(*Batsford.*)

SHIPTON HALL, SHROPSHIRE.

From **Philippa of Hainault and her Times** (*Long*).

PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT CONSORT OF EDWARD III.
(Art Reproduction Co.)

their wonderful interiors, their quiet, charming gardens and environment, know of the existence of most of them. In eight interesting chapters Mr. Ditchfield writes here of these manors and manor-houses, their history, architecture, decorations, and surroundings, and writes with the fullness of knowledge and attractiveness of style that characterised his "Charm of the English Village," to which this forms a companion volume. In addition to the histories of the houses themselves, Mr. Ditchfield relates something of the family history that is asscciated with many of them, tales of secret hiding-places, of love, war and intrigue that put an added glamour of romance around these romantic-looking old places. He writes attractively, using technical terms very sparingly, and as a consequence his book is one of exceptional interest not merely to the professional architect but to the general reader. Only to look at Mr. Sydney R. Jones's delicate drawings—the first is an excellent colour print ; but he gets the effect of colour and atmosphere almost as perfectly in his numerous black-and-white sketches —is to make you resolve on a tour into the practically unknown England where such haunts of ancient peace are still to be found.

PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT AND HER TIMES.

By B. C. HARDY. 10s. 6d. net. (John Long.)

This is a glowing tribute to one who evoked the eulogy of Froissart no less than the admiration of Agnes Strickland. Our land has owed some of its greatest days to its illustrious women, and the gracious consort of Edward III. deserves well the homage of posterity. How great and beneficent was her influence we can see at once from the contrast between her husband's conduct before and after her death. But this is only a superficial view ; the book before us goes deeper. The author seems to be steeped in the chequered history of the period, and possesses, in addition, the gift of a graceful and winning style, as becomes a biographer of one who was "the tenderest of mothers, the most devoted of wives," a queen who "was never more royal than when she occupied herself about the smallest detail of her people's lives" ; and one who really seems indeed, as Froissart pictured her, "le plus gentil reine, plus large, et plus courtoise que oncques regna en son temps." In addition to a beautiful photogravure portrait, the book contains fourteen excellent illustrations and a useful genealogical table.

MEN OF MARK IN THE HISTORY OF WESTERN EUROPE.

By RICHARD WILSON. With Illustrations. 6s. net. (Nelson & Sons.)

Mr. Richard Wilson thinks that English school boys and girls are taught to be, and are, inordinately conceited over the greatness of England and England's heroes : and we are glad that Mr. Richard Wilson labours under this delusion, for it has given to us this capital book of legend and story, of picturesque chronicle and historical fact, concerning men of mark of other countries. It is hard to believe that Mr. Wilson can have travelled in France, in Germany, in America, or even have met children from those lands, without noticing how well informed they are respecting every hero they possess in their history, and every battle fought, while the ordinary school boy or girl of England, if asked unexpectedly for a few details of this or that hero or battle, would know little or nothing about the matter.

From **Le Duc de Morny** (*Long*).

The English child takes it for granted and, as far as we have experienced, is indifferent. What we feel sure of, however, is that if he is fortunate enough to number this beautiful great volume among his Christmas gifts he will be stirred to admiration of many a man of another country, and thrilled by many an adventure. The men of mark are a varied company, ranging from Mohammed to Garibaldi, and including such heroes as Charlemagne, Rolf the Ganger, Louis IX. of France, Joan of Arc, Francis of Assisi, Marco Polo, Dante and Beatrice, Christopher Columbus, Napoleon, Bismarck, and many another. Mr. Wilson's style is direct and attractive, and the beautiful illustrations throughout the volume are from the great galleries of the world, and are reproduced in colour.

The Life of Marie Amélie
(*Long*).

THE BOY'S BOOK OF THE NAVY.

By J. CUTHBERT HADDEN. 3s. 6d. (Partridge.)

This is a capital history of the Navy told in a popular and interesting style. It starts with the very first sailors, and outlines the wonderful story of the Navy from then down to the present day. The feast of information includes tales of torpedoes, submarines, cruisers, ironclads, and the old log-rafts and war-galleys where the poor slaves were chained to their oars, "so that, no matter what happened, they were fastened to their posts," and could not play their masters false in their terror, when a battle was raging around them. Numerous great sea-fights are recounted with a vivid pen, and we learn how our battleships are built, and a deal about guns and explosives. It is just the sort of book a boy would revel in, and the illustrations in colour are remarkably good.

From **Wellington's Battlefields Illustrated. Vol. I. Bussaco** (*Sonnenschein*).

LORD WELLINGTON AT BUSSACO.

From **The Boys' Book of the Navy** (*Partridge*).

SALUTING THE FLAG!
At 8 a.m. every morning the British Ensign is hoisted at the stern of every ship in the British Navy, while every officer and man in the ship stands at s lute.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1910

THE HISTORY OF IRELAND:

From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By the Rev. E. A. D'Alton, LL.D., M.R.I.A. 6 Vols. (Gresham Publishing Co.)

This is a third edition of Dr. D'Alton's monumental history of his own country. That the book has met with such a large measure of success is a sufficient indication that there was need of it and that it worthily supplies that need. There have been many histories of Ireland, but few that are adequate; there has nearly always been a bias for or against that has coloured or discoloured all the writer's views. Dr. D'Alton has, however, made it one of his aims to realise Thomas Davis's ideal of what a history of Ireland should be, and has set himself, and we think with success, to avoid bigotries of race or creed, and to unfold the stormy and often tragic story of Ireland's growth and progress—a ruggedly heroic story in its early phases, and one of hate and misery, often transfigured by a spirit of patriotism and high self-sacrifice, in its later. That the Irish themselves have been largely to blame for the loss of their liberties Dr. D'Alton does not dispute; he is as severe in his handling of their weaknesses of character as in his denunciation of the undoubted injustices of which England has been guilty towards them. It is a book that should be read by every man who in these days is called upon to vote one way or the other in deciding upon the future of Ireland: it is a careful, judicious, reliable history of a country that is too little known to most of us and of a great people who are too little understood. The volumes are admirably produced, and contain a large number of excellent illustrations.

From **The History of Ireland** (*Gresham Publishing Co.*).

King Cormac's meeting with Ethnea. From a drawing by John H. Bacon, R.A.

From **Christina Rossetti's Poems** (*Melrose*).

THE STORY OF A YEAR.

By Mrs. Molesworth. With Illustrations by Gertrude Demain Hammond. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Is there any necessity to praise the work of Mrs. Molesworth nowadays? To name her books to any of the multitude of younger readers who know and love them is to praise them, and to say that here is another new one is to say all that is needful to make them desire to possess it. "The Story of a Year" is the story of Fulvia Derwent; how when she was ten years old a great change came over her life, that had until then been a life of unclouded happiness; how suddenly her home was broken up, and she and her deft and delightful mother were separated from her father, and the mother and the little girl were left to go through very trying experiences before he could come back to them. It is just such a romance as children delight in—full of brightness and incident, harassing its most lovable characters with vicissitudes, but bringing them triumphantly through after all. The humour and the pathos of the story are exactly in the right pleasant key, and the manner of the father's return is edged with a dramatic surprise and a poignancy that bring tears that are half of laughter to the eyes. When you are making out your list of Christmas books for the young people—for the girls especially—you must by no means omit to include in it "The Story of a Year." It is a book that appeals in particular to the girl of sixteen or so, but it is difficult to believe that any one is really too old to enjoy it. A word of praise must be added for Miss Gertrude Demain Hammond's clever illustrations.

From **Out of the Dark** (*Elkin Mathews*).

"SUCH WAS ARÂS THE KING."

OUT OF THE DARK.

By the COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Although the Countess of Cromartie does not, so far as we know, write verse, she has the poetic sense very strongly developed, and in her second volume it is well to the fore. "Out of the Dark" is a weird little tale of a Phœnician prince, who, for his sins, was condemned to immortality upon this earth. He is saved by the love and devotion of the teller of the story, who elopes with him, and leads a curious life of uncertainty for a time. However, deeper knowledge comes, and the utter joy of their life is beyond description. With the character of her heroine the author scores a considerable success, and, though we should have liked her sometimes to have been a little more explicit, we hope that she will do more in the same vein.

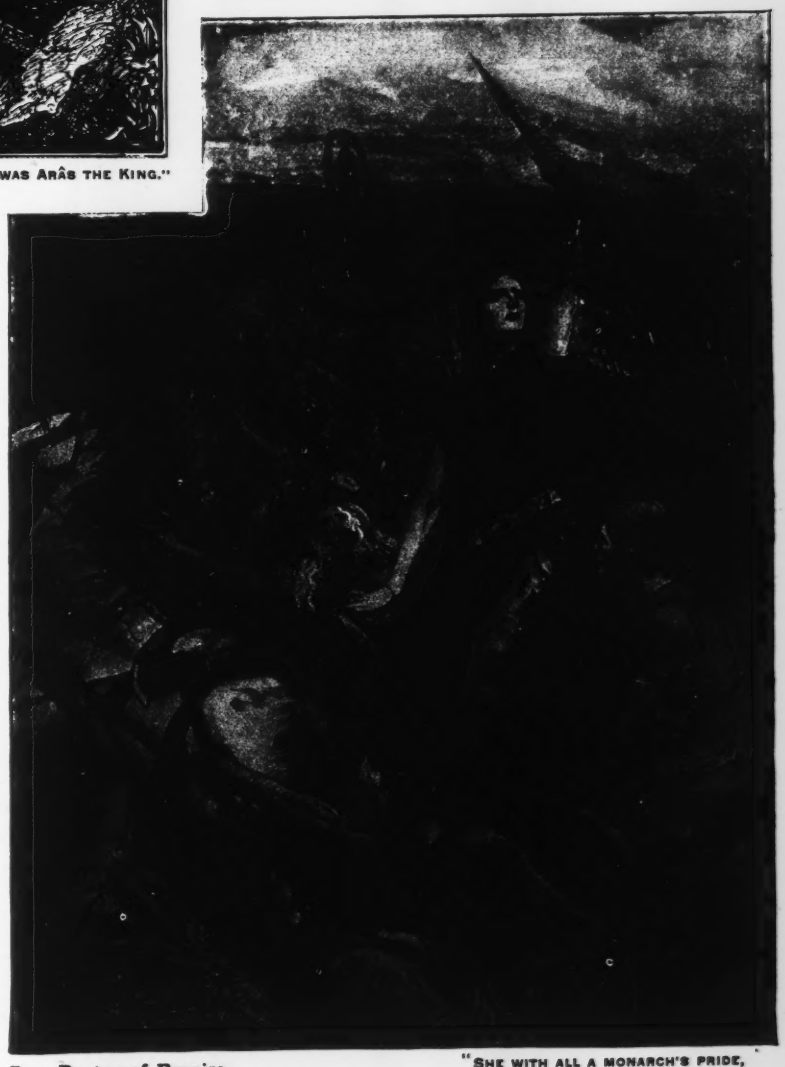
POETRY OF EMPIRE:

Nineteen Centuries of British History. Selected and Edited by JOHN and JEAN LANG. With 16 Drawings in Colour by W. RAINEY. 7s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

There could not well have been a better idea better carried out as a Christmas publication than this stirring and handsome volume. It is in itself an inspiration to heroism, for it records heroic events, fine incidents, and the dauntless courage of British men and women. It forms a continuous picture of British history, beginning with Cowper's simple yet forceful poem, "Boadicea," and ending with the arresting and touching lines by John Sandes written after the death of King Edward this year, "What the Kings Heard, 1910":

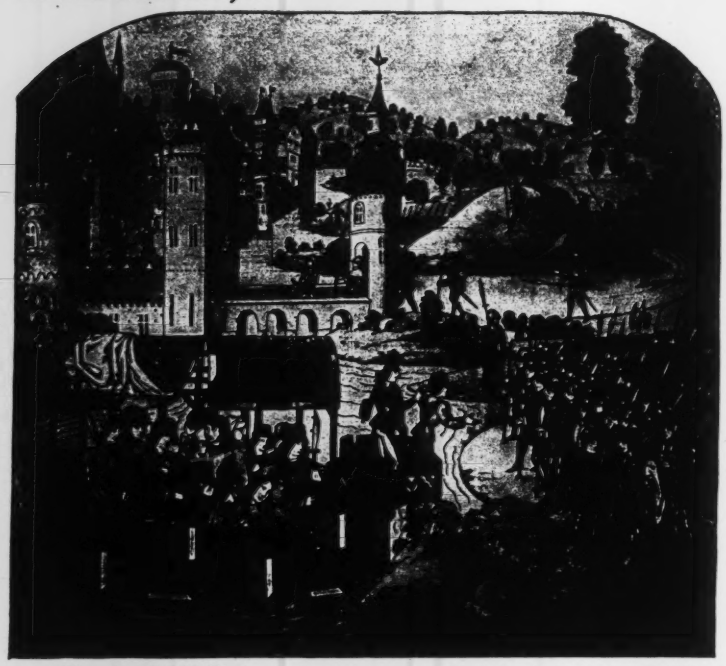
> "Slow through the silent street,
> And bowed for the dead King's sake,
> Marching with mournful feet
> The road that they all must take;
> Looking nor left nor right,
> Heeding nor sob nor cry,
> In the pride of their short-lived might
> The kings of the earth pass by."

The editors have brought sound knowledge and equally sound taste to their pleasant but difficult task, and the collection is not only good history, but it is unhackneyed poetry to an unusual extent in a book of this nature. We could not spare, of course, such fine things as Drayton's "Agincourt," "Toll for the Brave," and others of like fame; but we are surprised and engrossed by the numerous comparatively little known poems which Mr. and Mrs. Lang have included. The volume is a safe purchase, for assuredly no boy or girl in their 'teens should be without it; the elders may borrow it from them—if they can.



From **Poetry of Empire** (*Jack*).

"SHE WITH ALL A MONARCH'S PRIDE,
FELT THEM IN HER BOSOM GLOW;
RUSHED TO BATTLE, FOUGHT, AND DIED,
DYING HURLED THEM AT THE FOE."
—*Boadicea.*



From The Good Old Times (*Unwin*).

RICHARD II. IN HIS BARGE MEETING THE REBELS.
A miniature in the British Museum.
Reproduced from "Froissart in England," by Henry Newbolt, by permission of Messrs. James Nisbet & Co.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

By FREDERICK HACKWOOD. With 44 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The break-up of the Poor Laws and the increasing efforts that are being made nowadays by all political parties to grapple with the problems of poverty give this book a peculiar timeliness. Not that it has any intentional bearing on current economics, nor is it written in such sober style as would satisfy the stern sociologist; its one aim is to present the life of the common people from the historic and picturesque side, and as a result the book is simply alive with human interest. Now it is our aim to put down the mendicant and make utter and hopeless poverty a thing of the past; but in the old Saxon days the mendicant was encouraged: there were no police to move him on or lock him up; there were doors at which he might knock and demand a meal as a matter of right; to read of the joyous freedom of the life he led is to make you almost in love with beggary. But there was another and a tragic side to the picture; and as cities grew, commerce increased, and civilisation became more complex, that picture took on darker and more piteous aspects. Mr. Hackwood unrolls it all before you, as in a panoramic view; you see the evolution of the Saxon thrall into the Norman villein, and trace the advance of the villager out of serfdom into manhood and his development through to these later days, when he is emerging from under the complicated tyranny of Bumbledom into a freer air and more hopeful state of things. The author modestly trusts, in his brief preface, that his book "will be found readable." It is that, and much more: it is delightfully good reading and, incidentally, gives you a fuller and deeper understanding of the wrongs and rights of the poor and the vital need of reform than you can gather from the reading of a hundred-weight of Blue-Books. The many illustrations from old prints lend it an extra value and interest.

THE OLD NORTH TRAIL.

By WALTER MCCLINTOCK. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. McClintock has spent the last fourteen years among the Blackfeet Indians. This fine race, at one time one of the most powerful in North America, is now rapidly dying out, and there is every reason to fear that in a comparatively short time it will be extinct. The Blackfeet have not taken to the ways of their conquerors to anything like the same extent as has been the case with other Red Indian tribes. From Mr. McClintock's account they appear to be suspicious and silent. The author, however, has lived among them for fourteen years, and has been unusually trusted. He has made a special study of their folk-lore and social customs, and the result of his observations is given to the world in the elaborate work which he entitles "The Old North Trail." The book is written in narrative form in the belief that thus it is more readable, and it even goes into

From Sicilian Ways and Days (*Long*).

FILLING THEIR PITCHERS AT A FOUNTAIN.

From The Old North Trail (*Macmillan*).

RETURN OF A VICTORIOUS WAR PARTY.
(Copyright in the United States by Walter McClintock.)

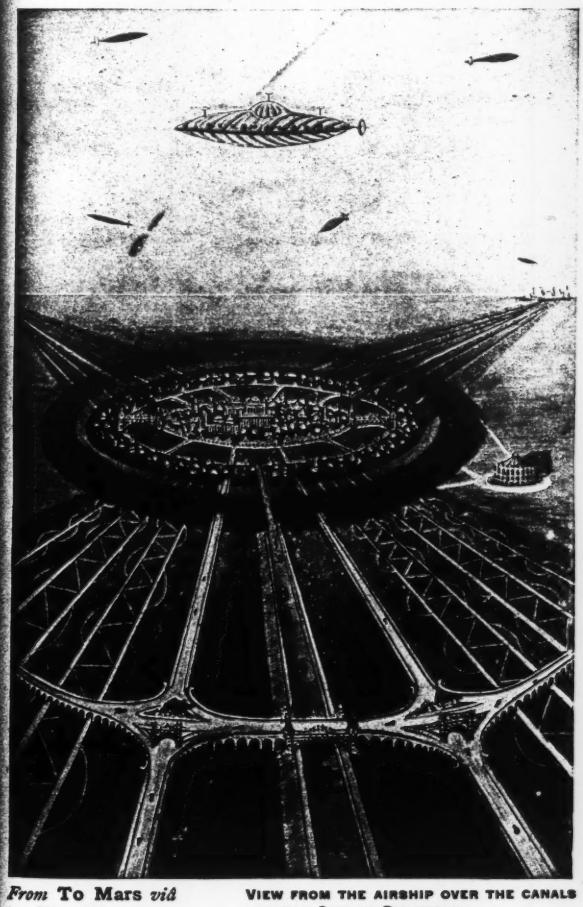
From
THE DOG LOVERS BOOK
Illustrated by EDWIN LANDSEER R.A.
Introduction by MAJOR RICHARDSON.

XUM

From **Overland to India** (*Macmillan*).

A SHADY PALM-GROVE IN NAIBEND.

such detail as to supply the music of nine Blackfeet songs. Probably most of us have drawn our knowledge of the Blackfeet and other Indian tribes from the novels of Fenimore Cooper ; he gave us only the romance of them, but Mr. McClintock's pictures of the reality, though sometimes more sombre and less heroic, are no less rich in romance in their different, more authentic way.



From **To Mars *viâ* The Moon** (*Seeley*).

VIEW FROM THE AIRSHIP OVER THE CANALS AND THE CITY OF SIRAFICON
(Drawn by M. Wickes.)
"What a splendid view we then had over the country all around us!"

CHILDREN'S GARDENS FOR PLEASURE, HEALTH, AND EDUCATION.

By HENRY GRISCOM PARSONS. 4s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

The dedication of this excellent book tells us that its author is the son of Mrs. Henry Parsons, who has done much towards promoting the Children's Garden movement in and around the city of New York. The chief value of the book may perhaps be found in its bearing upon, and constant reference to, this movement, which seems to have done much towards the training of the youth of the poorer classes in the United States. But, in addition, it is crammed with hints and wise observations. It would be safe to say that anybody could learn all that it is necessary to know of horticulture from the pages of this little volume. There are a number of illustrations and diagrams, mostly from photographs taken by the author.

From **Children's Gardens for Pleasure, Health, and Education** (*Gay & Hancock*).

OUR GARDENS.
(Photo by Levick.)

XUM

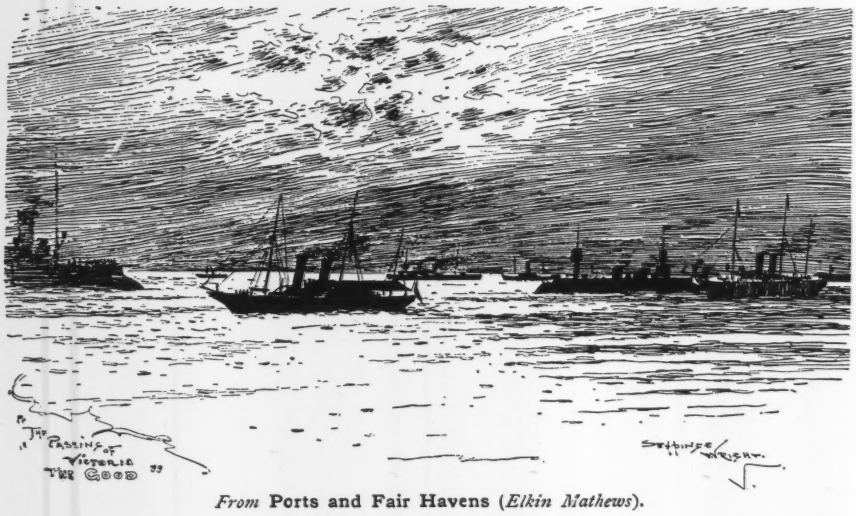
From **Fighting Admirals** (*Smith, Elder*).

A STRAGGLER FROM A FORGOTTEN FIGHT.

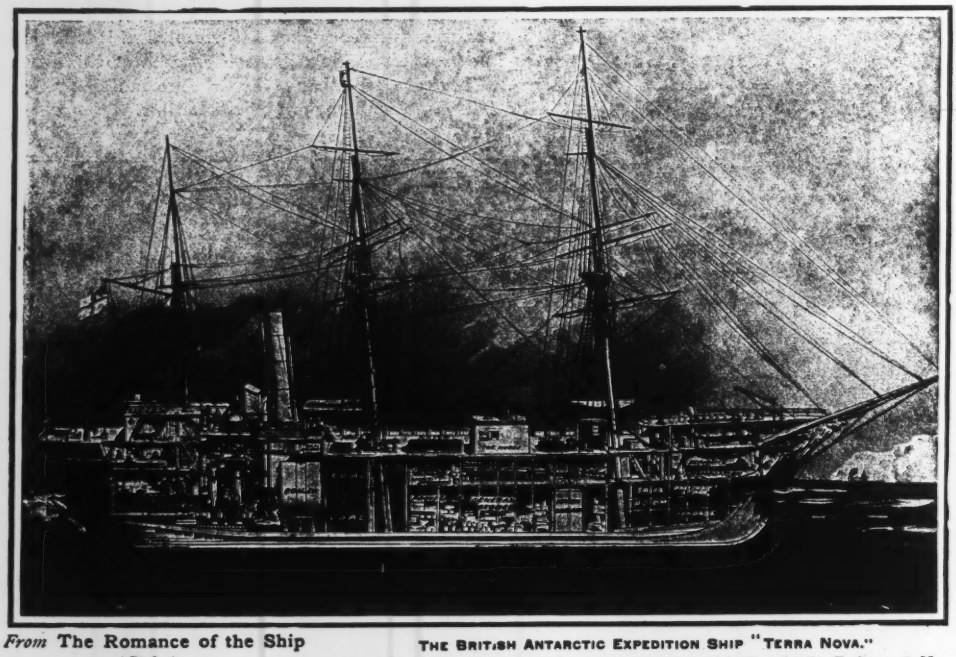
FIGHTING ADMIRALS.

By JOHN BARNETT. With Illustrations. 6s. (Smith, Elder).

It is ever an inspiring and a salutary thing for English men and women to be told afresh some of the stories of the sea. And in this volume Mr. John Barnett gives a baker's dozen of chapters calculated to stir the blood of boy or man. Mr. Barnett's list begins with a fine fighter, Edward Plantagenet, who in the mid-fourteenth century sailed in person to the attack of the French and again of the Spanish invaders. And the tale of his unquenchable courage and daring proves to us triumphantly how old is our history of English sea heroism. Another chapter, and one of continuous interest, is that telling of Prince Rupert on the sea. Prince Rupert to most of us is the brilliant young soldier who came to the help of Charles I. and fought for him so unsparingly in the great Civil War. But here we have Prince Rupert, brave and fiery-hearted as ever, in his work upon the sea. It makes good reading, this account of Prince Rupert the Palatine, and his romantic days in the loyal service of English kings. Other names there are here, names which bring a glow to the heart—Hawkins, Rodney, Benbow, and Cloudesley Shovel—"Fighting Admirals" every one of them, and gentlemen in the truest sense of the word.



From **Ports and Fair Havens** (*Elkin Mathews*).



From **The Romance of the Ship** (*Seeley*).

THE BRITISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION SHIP "TERRA NOVA."

This shows a fore-and-aft section of the ship by which Captain R. F. Scott, R.N., hopes to reach the South Pole. The *Terra Nova* is an old whaler, and was specially strengthened and equipped for her hazardous voyage.

They lived and fought in the glamorous pre-Dreadnought days, before sea-fighting had been reduced to so much of a mechanical science as it has now become, and when the men themselves counted for more in the hour of battle even than the ships and the guns. It is a handsome collection of men, too, this group of heroes painted by some of the great artists of the period, fine and dignified of figure, frank and fearless of face; there is life in them and the touch of fire and hardihood that we expect to see in the expression of such men. The book is beautified to no small extent by its admirable series of portraits.

From **Farthest West** (*Long*).

THE ARID WEST: "TEA-KETTLE BUTTE," MONTANA.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SHIP.

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. 5s. (Seeley.)

Mr. Keble Chatterton is an authority upon the subjects of naval architecture and history, and certainly no better writer could have been engaged for the subject of Messrs. Seeley's latest addition to their "Library of Romance" series. The author has already covered the subject in his two books, "Sailing Ships and Their Story" and "Steam Ships and Their Story," but he still contrives to find a good deal of fresh material. In "The Romance of the Ship" he gives a complete sketch of the history of shipbuilding from the earliest days of the dug-out and the first ships on the Nile—somewhere between 4,000 to 6,000 B.C.—down to the super-*Dreadnought*, the *Mauretania*, and the submarine. The author handles his fascinating subject with the clearness which goes with complete understanding; his book is well illustrated with thirty-three plates, and, in fine, it is in every way worthy of a place in the "Library of Romance."

PORTS AND FAIR HAVENS.

By EDITH KING-HALL. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Miss Edith King-Hall has, first, considerable journalistic ability, and secondly, two brothers, one of whom is a Vice-Admiral and the other a Rear-Admiral. The first possession certainly has a good deal to do with the appearance of "Ports and Fair Havens," and we shall be surprised if the second has not had some weight also. We note that the contents of the book have been reprinted from the *Queen*, and, though it must be confessed that they are a little slight, on the whole they justify their appearance in book form. The volume opens with a number of sketches upon various subjects connected with naval affairs, passes to a series of articles upon "Our Dockyards," and finishes with another series upon "Ship Names." The author writes well, with a clear appreciation of naval character, which shows itself in several ingenious touches, and apparently with rather more than the ordinary observer's knowledge of naval matters. The book has the further advantage of being illustrated with some very charming pen-and-ink sketches by H. Seppings Wright.

FARTHEST WEST:

Life and Travel in the United States. By C. REGINALD ENOCK, F.R.G.S. 15s. net. (John Long.)

The purpose of this book is to present a survey of life in the United States, considered in the light of present social evolution. The pictures drawn are not hasty generalisations, but the result of some years' travel and residence in the country, informed by much thought about the American people and sympathy with their development. Mr. Enock devotes several chapters to the topography and scenery of the country, and then proceeds to deal with the

From **The City of Beautiful Nonsense** (*Chapman & Hall*).

"THEY COULD NOT CALL OUT TO EACH OTHER, SAYING, 'HOW DO YOU DO?'"

From **On the Wool Track** (*Alston Rivers*). THE WOOL PRESS.

straits of the people, discussing their trusts, their tariffs, their workers, their newspapers, and many other things besides. We are glad to note that he concludes with a note of optimism. The objectionable elements in modern American life will gradually disappear; they may be likened to "the fires and floods and earthquakes of the planet's dawning years." We heartily share the belief which Mr. Enock expresses at the end of his thoughtful volume, "that the New World shall yet redeem its promise, that Americanism and nobility are meant by nature to be synonymous, and that evolution is working on towards its due fulfilment within those mighty regions Farthest West." The book contains thirty-two illustrations and a map.

From **A Drama of the Telephone** (*Digby, Long*). "HE LIFTED HIS HEAD AND LISTENED."

From **The House of the Secret** (*Clarke*).

THE HOUSE OF THE SECRET.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. 6s. (Clarke.)

Mrs. Hinkson's restrained and effective manner is now known to a wide circle of readers. She can always be depended upon for a good story told in a quiet and charming manner. Even when she is dealing with sensational events, her self-possession never leaves her. An excellent example of her style is "The House of the Secret," which seems destined to a popularity at least as great as that of any of its predecessors. As ever, it has a well-developed and well-constructed plot, its characterisation is effective, and, in spite of its excitements, it is pervaded by an atmosphere of quiet charm. We have thoroughly enjoyed this excellent story, and can recommend it very strongly.

THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL NONSENSE.

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. Illustrated by EMILE VERPILLEUX. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Among the most widely read novels of recent years "The City of Beautiful Nonsense" has taken a high

place. The general public—for once, at any rate, in agreement with the critics—has decided very emphatically that it likes the book, and the general public is usually right when it is very emphatic about a book. In this case it certainly is right—righter than usual, possibly. Of course, nearly all our readers will have read Mr. Thurston's most charming novel, but perhaps they may know some people who have not. Here is the ideal Christmas gift for such people. It is not too expensive (the outer jacket, which has the price upon it, can easily be destroyed), and it is exceedingly well illustrated with over a hundred and twenty clever drawings by Emile Verpilleux. It is also possible, of course, that some people who have read the book may not possess a copy of it. Here is *the* copy for them. There can be no mistake about that.

THE RUSH FOR THE TUCK-SHOP.

From **Westminster School** (*Pitman*).

A DRAMA OF THE TELEPHONE.

By RICHARD MARSH. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

It is almost axiomatic that Mr. Richard Marsh is never dull, and his latest volume proves no exception to the rule. "A Drama of the Telephone," which very properly opens the book, is a "long-short" story which makes about 120 pages of breathless reading. It is the most ambitious tale of the collection, and is one of the murder mysteries in which the author so delights. It is a real mystery but not one completely unsolvable, which, to our way of thinking, is the ideal for a tale of this description. The remainder of the stories, though good, can hardly call for detailed criticism. "The Cigarette," however, contains a new idea, and "A Fortune at a Find" is well managed. The volume is one which should please the author's admirers.

THE BLINDING LIGHT.

By COLIN COLLINS. 6s. (Greening.)

Mr. Jasper Weird's clever illustrations give the key to this book at once. They show conclusively that what we have here is a sensational novel. What they cannot be expected to show is that "The Blinding Light" is good sensation. But it is. It is one of those which are so nice to read, but if translated into actual fact would be so uncommonly nasty. Bland is an inventor who makes the discovery of his life. It is that of a light which is so bright that the human eye cannot stand it, with the result that it spreads dense and blinding darkness. Bland knows that he has ready to his hand a means whereby he can be independent for the rest of his life. He has only to switch on his light, protect his eyes with special glasses, and he can walk into the nearest bank and help himself to the money. He does this for a time, but other people begin to suspect, and a gentleman whom he takes into his confidence turns traitor and steals the light for

From **The Blinding Light** (*Greening*).

"MADE A BLIND DASH FOR THE THROAT OF THE THIEF."

his own base uses. And the light has a curious effect upon all who come in contact with it, completely killing

From **The Reminiscences of Admiral Montagu** (*Arnold*).

LORD GEORGE PAGET ON HIS CHARGER, TALKING TO COLONEL DOUGLASS AFTER THE BALACLAVA CHARGE. THE MANE AND TAIL OF HIS HORSE WERE NIBBLED BY OTHER HORSES OWING TO THEIR HUNGER.

From **The French Revolution** (*Chapman & Hall*). THE WHIFF OF GRAPESHOT.

their moral sense. So come fearful disasters in London, and a great deal of thrilling incident, and eventually a holocaust of all the unpleasant characters. Perhaps it is a little bewildering at the end, but people who read sensational novels usually like to be bewildered. Anyhow, it is a very well-constructed story, there is a lot of dash about it, and the main idea is magnificent.

PUBLIC SCHOOL LIFE:

Westminster. By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. 2s. net. (Pitman.)

Westminster is one of the most interesting of our great public schools, and in the hands of Mr. Teignmouth Shore, himself an enthusiastic "old boy," it loses nothing of its charm. The book appears to be the fourth of a series devoted to public school life—the earlier volumes have been written around Eton, Harrow, and Rugby—and it deals in a brief but effective manner with the main points of interest which are connected with the school. The five chapters are variously devoted to the history of the school, its buildings, sports, institutions, manners and customs, and old boys. Mr. Shore's manner is attractive, and he has many a good tale to tell. The book is one which no old or present Westminster boy will dream of denying himself.

THE REMINISCENCES OF ADMIRAL MONTAGU.

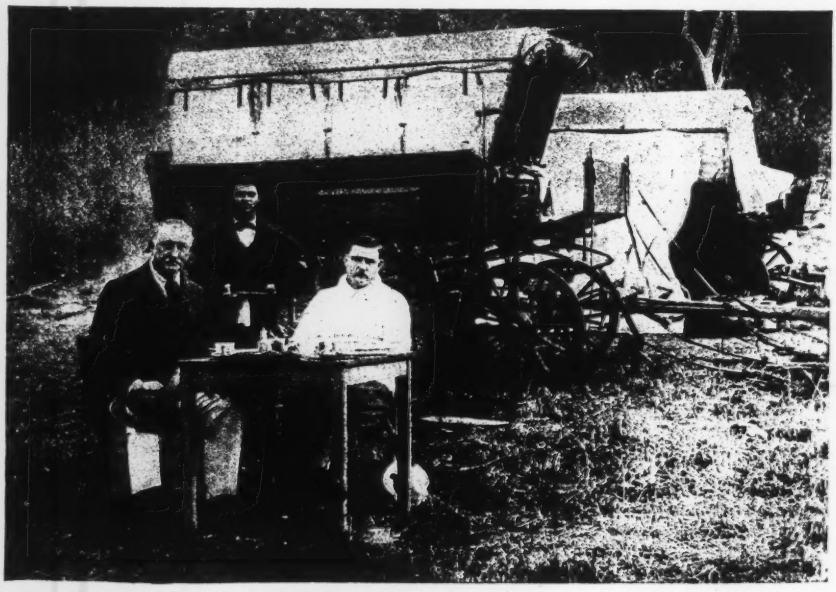
By Admiral the Hon. VICTOR A. MONTAGU, C.B. With Illustrations. 15s. net. (Edward Arnold.)

Admiral Montagu writes with the genial breeziness, the frankness, and vigour that we have come to associate with the typical British sailor. He has had an unusually large share of adventures and sea-exploits, and narrates them here with characteristic modesty and humour. He has been an all-round sportsman in his time, and writes entertainingly of hunting, fishing, shooting and cricket, and he has won distinction as a yachtsman, and was once among the best-known figures at Cowes in the season. Also he has been fortunate in his friends, among whom he was able to number our late King and the German Emperor. A man of such varied attainments and of such wide interests, who has lived a long life, much of it spent afloat on active service, and much of it mingling in the best society in town and country, must needs have many memories that are worth recording, and Admiral Montagu has recorded them in the happiest possible vein, interspersing his personal record with capital anecdotes and spicing it with some sharp criticism of financial methods in the City that will be agreed with and enjoyed by all except the class of financiers referred to. The book is illustrated with two good portraits, a *Vanity Fair* cartoon, and some photographs.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION:

A History. By THOMAS CARLYLE. With Illustrations by EDMUND J. SULLIVAN, A.R.W.S. 2 Vols. 21s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

In the series of drawings with which he has illustrated this new edition of "The French Revolution," Mr. Edmund



From **Cecil Rhodes: His Private Life.** By his Private Secretary, Philip Jourdan. (*John Lane.*)

J. Sullivan has pictured with an amazingly graphic power the dark and inhuman horrors of the Revolution, and the satirical scorn and contempt for the corrupt forces which brought it about that gloom and blaze throughout Carlyle's wonderful descriptive passages and didactic outbursts. For their vivid force and effectiveness the drawings rely largely on symbol and allegory. Here in this of "The Sword of Damocles" you have Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette seated on their throne, little winged cupids fluttering all about them scattering roses, but the supports of their silken canopy are the posts of the guillotine, the blade of it slants above their heads, and just behind, a skeleton Death holds the rope, and is ready to let the blade fall. More forceful, more terrible in its grim suggestiveness is the presentment of "Democracy Enthroned"—an abhorrent figure hissing with many serpent heads, grasping ball and sceptre, and treading its defeated enemies under clawed feet, while the little winged cupids fly, scattering in terror. Nothing could well surpass in sheer concentrated meaning and ghastly expressiveness such masterly black-and-white studies as "The Reign of Terror," "The Gods are Athirst," and "Love Looks through the Little Window"—here you have the madness, the murderous delirium, the callous, reckless, jesting, dreadful spirit of the time made manifest. The two volumes have some thirty-two full-page pictures, and a large number of portrait-sketches are scattered through the text. If it is possible to give adequate pictorial expression to Carlyle's sombre, lurid imaginings and fiery irony, that high and difficult achievement has been accomplished in these vigorous and unique illustrations of Mr. Sullivan's.

From **The Antiquary** (*Clarendon Press*).

MRS. HENKBANE AND MRS. SHORTCAKE INSPECTING THE LETTERS AT THE POST OFFICE.

From **Little Jenny Jarrold** (*Melrose*).

"I CAN D'ESS MYSELF."

LONDON:

The City. By SIR WALTER BESANT. Illustrated. 30s. net. (A. & C. Black.)

This book begins the second part of Sir Walter Besant's great "Survey of London." The historical section of the work has been published in seven volumes, and here is the first of the topographical section, dealing with the square mile of London that is called "the City." Sir Walter Besant himself wrote the greater part of this volume, which he had named "The Antiquities of the City," but for the topographical side of it he employed many assistants; these collected material for him, and wrote the detailed accounts of the City Companies, City Churches and other buildings. The book is arranged on an excellently simple plan: the streets are divided into seven groups, and in

From **London: The City** (*Black*).

THE POST OFFICE, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, AND BULL AND MOUTH INN, LONDON.

From **The Romance of the Fiddle** (*Rebman*).

each group are dealt with minutely street by street, the outlines of the different groups being indicated on a large map bound up with the volume. The result is a wonderful series of vivid and permanently interesting pictures of the City of London as it was and as it is. The hundred and odd illustrations add greatly to the attractiveness and to the value of a book that all future historians of London will find indispensable and invaluable.

MR. PICKWICK:

Pages from "The Pickwick Papers." Illustrated with Plates in Colour by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I. 15s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is not surprising that "Mr. Pickwick" is already proving one of the most popular gift-books of the season. Dickens's name is still a name to conjure with, and every lover of Dickens who sees these pictures will feel that in Mr. Frank Reynolds Mr. Pickwick has found his ideal illustrator. His colouring is always effective; more than that, into his scenes and characters Mr. Reynolds has painted without exaggeration the breezy, genial merriment of the book itself. No other artist has interpreted the humour of Dickens with fuller sympathy or such entire success, and never have Mr. Pickwick and his glorious company been more handsomely housed than they are in this beautifully bound and printed volume.

From **Sicilian Ways and Days** (*Long*). "WASHING WAS GOING ON."

SICILIAN WAYS AND DAYS.

By LOUISE CAICO. 12s. 6d. net. (John Long.)

Signora Caico conducts us to a veritable land of romance, of which she has a very perfect knowledge, for she has had the advantage of having lived for many years among the Sicilian islanders. From a description of the costumes and manners of the people, she proceeds to deal with their mode of life and their institutions. The christening, the betrothal, the wedding, and the funeral ceremonies are portrayed at length, as also are the many curious religious observances which prevail, and the extraordinary ritual which is practised on saints' days and holy days. To sum up the scope of the Signora's work, it may be said that every department of life and occupation is brought under review, with the result that we get a complete picture of an essentially picturesque land and people.

From **The A B C of Collecting Old English China** (*Stanley Paul*). BRISTOL: SPECIMENS FROM A TEA SERVICE.

XUM

METEOROLOGY, PRACTICAL AND APPLIED.

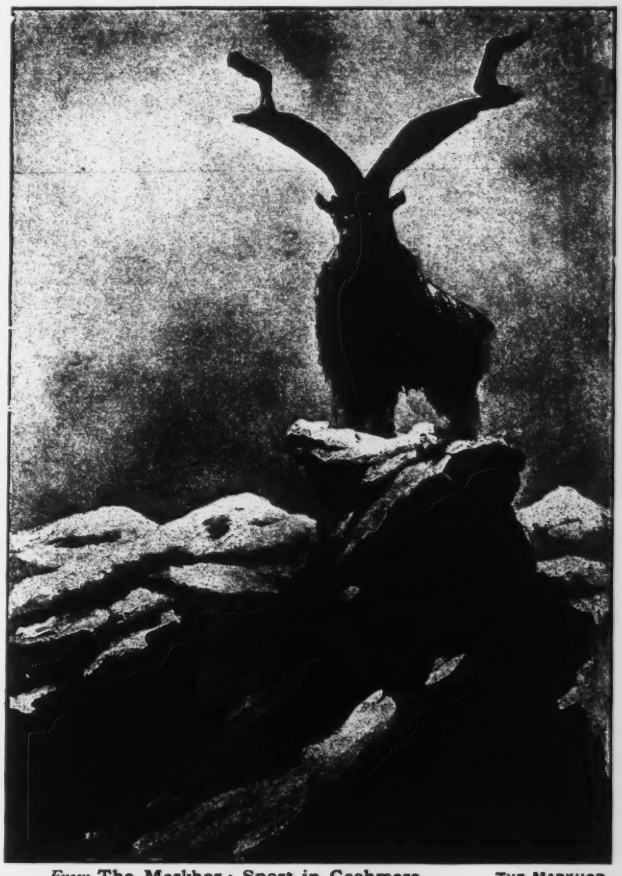
By Sir John Moore. 10s. 6d. net. (Rebman.)

The first edition of this volume was published in 1894, and received an enthusiastic reception. Since that time, the author tells us that he has been anxious to revise it and to bring it up to date, but the pressure of other work has hitherto prevented him from doing so. This unavoidable delay, however, can only make the second edition more popular. The whole of the book, the author tells us, has been revised, and considerable additions have been made to the text, while a new chapter has been added upon the Investigation of the Upper Atmosphere. Another new move has been the inclusion of about a hundred illustrations, while a fresh and most elaborate and praiseworthy index has been compiled by Sir John Moore's son. The book itself needs little introduction to an already appreciative public, but for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with it we may mention that, while preserving the best characteristics of an elaborate and exhaustive work of science, it is so simply and clearly written that it can easily be understood by the novice or the student. We wish this second edition the success which it deserves.

THE MARKHOR: SPORT IN CASHMERE.

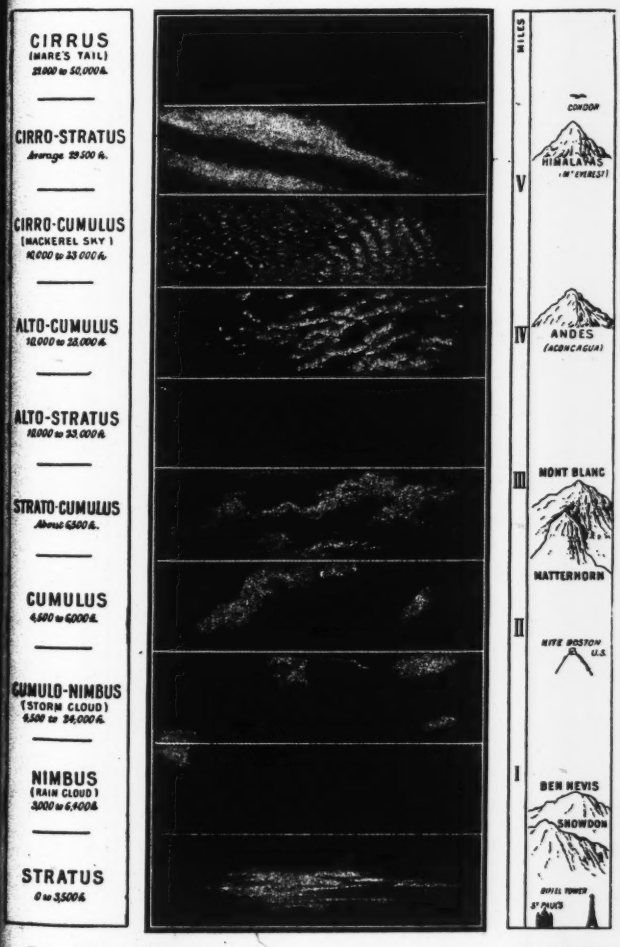
By Count Hans von Koenigsmarck. 3s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

The markhor is a large, amazingly horned animal that lives in the lofty, snow-bound hills beyond Cashmere, and the author of this book set out on a journey that had for its object the shooting of one of these recluse beasts. It is a lively and exhilarating narrative, written with the breeziest gusto. The writer tells of his entry into India; the lavish hospitality with which



From **The Markhor: Sport in Cashmere** *(Kegan Paul).* THE MARKHOR.

his British military hosts entertained him wherever he went; the capital sport he had by the way; his coming in due course to Cashmere's happy valley and passing on to the steep, uninviting, magnificent mountains in the rocky deeps of which the coveted markhor makes his home. All the while you are lured on by the anticipation of finding the markhor; other shooting is well enough in the interval, but it is all tame by comparison with what is to come. The excitement rises as you near the goal; the markhor is, after many difficulties and disappointments, discovered; he is visible before you, and you are in a flurry of apprehension whilst the intrepid sportsman takes aim and fires—and apparently misses, to his own and his bearers' and beaters' overwhelming despair. But it turns out not so badly. The shot had reached its mark, the markhor had fled, but with the bullet in him; and when all hope has been abandoned, his dead body is found amidst a tumult of frantic rejoicings. "The Markhor" is a decidedly amusing book of travel and sport, picturesquely written, and as interesting for the reader who is not a sportsman as for the reader who is.

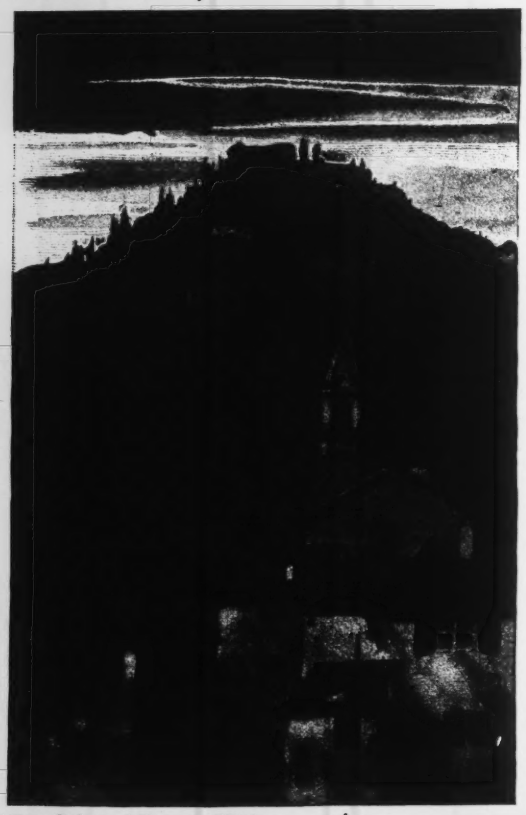


From **Meteorology, Practical and Applied** *(Rebman).* CLOUD FORMS.

SELECTED POEMS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

Arranged and Illustrated by E. A. Pike. 2s. net. (Melrose.)

Browning is one of the poets whose work is a strong temptation to the selector and the editor. There is so much of it, and so much that is only his second-best—so flawed with obscurities of phrase and perversities of rhyme; and so much that is purest and finest gold of poetry, both in thought and expression. Mr. Pike has made a small but very satisfying selection from "Men and Women" and the "Dramatic Lyrics," and has added to this "Christmas Eve," "Easter Day," "Pauline," "Pippa Passes," a few choice extracts from "Sordello," and the best of "Paracelsus." It makes a charming gift-book. Mr. Pike's foreword is adequate, and his illustrations excellent.



From Selected Poems of Robert Browning (*Melrose*). FIÉSOLE.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE PARISH OF KILMERSDON.

By THE LORD HYLTON, F.S.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Taunton: Barnicott & Pearce.)

Kilmersdon is a Somersetshire village near the small town of Radstock. It possesses, as the author says, "no striking natural features or curious buildings, neither has it ever given birth or shelter to any celebrity; moreover, the chronicler lacks literary [here we disagree with him] or scientific qualifications with which to elucidate even such objects of topographical interest as the parish may be held to contain." Nevertheless, this quiet village—typical of many another in the West Country—possesses several points of undoubted interest. Romano-British pottery has been found, there is an ancient camp, the church contains Norman work and was connected for four hundred years with the Priors of St. John of Jerusalem. Two famous Elizabethan families—the Horners and the Pophams —were connected with the parish, and the village saw some strenuous life during the Stuart period. The author has done his work with much skill, and has produced what to our mind is almost the ideal village history. The book contains many points of antiquarian interest.

LIGHT REFRESHMENT.

By W. PETT RIDGE. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It has become something of a custom to label the new writer about London "a new Dickens"; but the present reviewer has always consistently held that the only living author who has any real title to that label is Mr. Pett Ridge. He knows the lives of the London poor from the inside; you never find him patronising them, or painting them as unusually brutal or hopelessly miserable; he has a sympathetic understanding of them, has realised their sense of humour, their innate sentimentality, their patience, their courage, their irritability, their large-heartedness, and so it is that you meet them in his pages acting and talking with a convincing naturalness. "Light Refreshment" is admirably named; the sketches and stories are in his lightest, most amusing vein, and if you are tired of the plentiful average novel of the unlikely plot, here is a pick-me-up of a book to fill your lungs with laughter and your heart with Christmas kindliness.

THE MYSTERIOUS TWINS.

By BRENDA GIRVIN. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

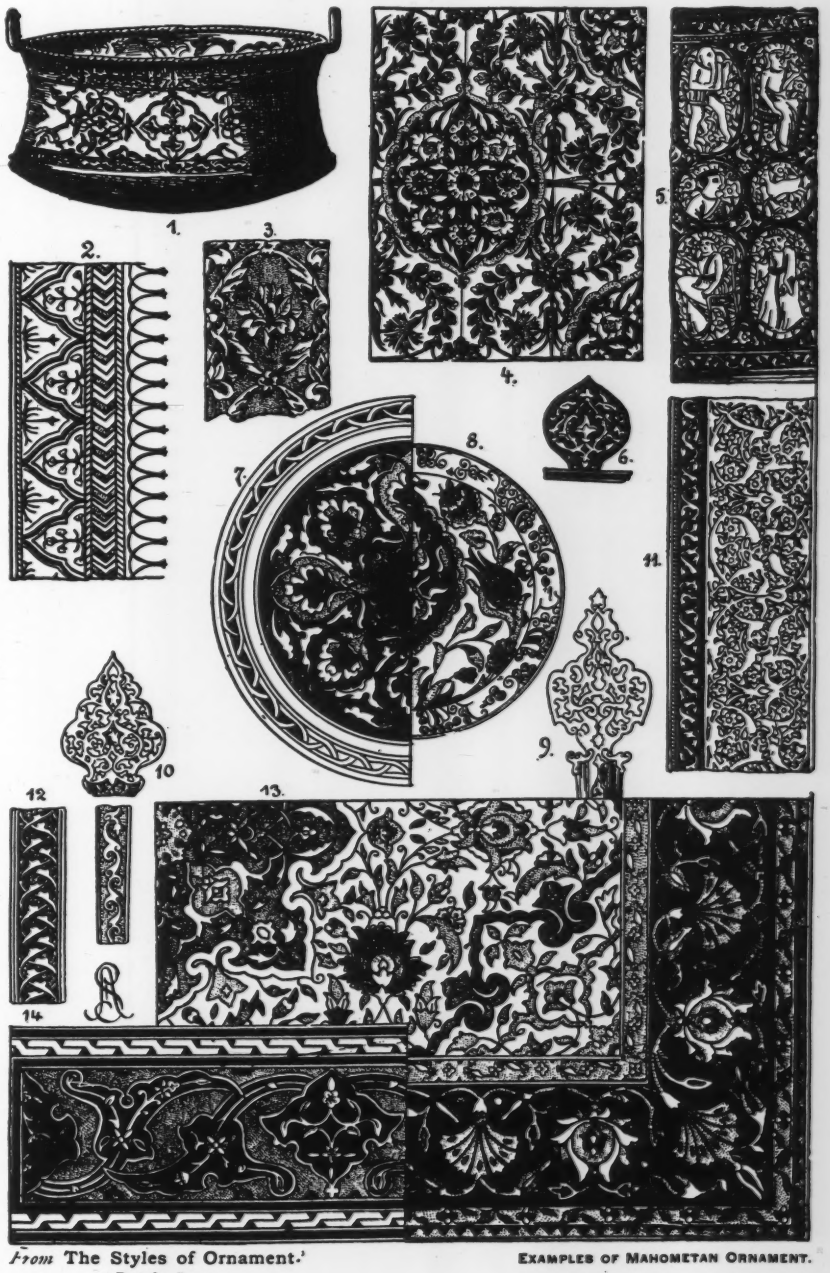
The twins were as like as two peas, except that Vi was strong and Vic was rather delicate. But that fact meant a good deal more than it sounds, for it meant that Vi was able to be sent away to school, and Vic was kept at home, because she needed more special care. Vi and Vic were very, very fond of one another, and the parting was hard to bear. It is a usual thing for twins to be fond of one another, of course; but this fact, too, led to more important results than might have been anticipated. In truth the great likeness between them and their fondness for one another make up this school story for girls, and no doubt many little girls will be much amused at the way in which the twins changed places when circumstances became unexpectedly difficult. Miss Hilda Cowham contributes four coloured illustrations in her well-known style.

From Notes on the History of Kilmersdon (*Barnicott & Pearce*). THE OLD CHURCH HOUSE, KILMERSDON.

THE STYLES OF ORNAMENT:

From Prehistoric Times to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century. By ALEXANDER SPELTZ and R. PHENÉ SPIERS. With Illustrations. 15s. net. (B. T. Batsford.)

It is no over-statement to say that this book must be seen, if it is to have full justice done to its excellence and worth. It is, indeed, what it claims to be, "a veritable encyclopædia of the evolution, development, and application of ornament in architecture and the decorative arts throughout the ages." It is a perfect panorama of historic ornament, arranged chronologically, and also classed systematically; and the result of the labours of its author and its editor is a volume which is an inspiration and a practical guide. Three thousand five hundred examples of ornament are given in these pages, capably arranged on numerous plates; and whether you look for an Egyptian column or an eighteenth-century chair; an Indian jewel-case or an Adam fireplace; a Greek frieze or an Empire footstool; an Etruscan carriage or an English pillar; an Early Christian arch or a Celtic twist, each and all will be found within these covers. Every scroll and leaf design known to man, every line and curve, seems to be represented here. It is a volume to browse over for pleasure, to read for instruction, to refer to for guidance. Great care has evidently been expended on the production of the book, and it forms a notable addition to the literature of Arts and Crafts, admirable throughout, from its summary of contents to its workmanlike index.



From **The Styles of Ornament.'** (*Batsford*). EXAMPLES OF MAHOMETAN ORNAMENT.

TO MARS VIA THE MOON.

By MARK WICKS. 5s. (Seeley.)

Stories of such impossible expeditions as those foreshadowed in the title of this book are seldom regarded seriously, but in this case the usual judgment must be suspended. Mr. Wicks knows what he is writing about to a degree which no other retailer of fiction of this variety possesses. It is his aim to appeal to a large section of the general public, and to teach them astronomy—especially as it applies to the Moon and Mars—by means of the pleasant form of the novel. His book, he says, has been made as correct as possible, especially with regard to the latest discoveries of Professor Lowell, and it has been his aim to separate fact from fiction so far as possible, so that it may be referred to as confidently as the ordinary text-book. This curious experiment has been entirely successful. The story which Mr. Wicks tells must be more or less familiar, but the mass of detail and information which may be culled from it shows that it has been undertaken in the most serious spirit. It makes exceedingly good reading, and it is never dull. "To Mars *via* the Moon" must be regarded as a successful and justifiable experiment. The book may be strongly recommended to readers of all classes.

FAIR INES.

By ETHEL TURNER. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

All Miss Ethel Turner's best stories are of life in Australia. The scenes of "Fair Ines" are laid in Australia, and it is certainly one of the prettiest and most attractive romances Miss Turner has ever given us. The father of fair Ines is an English artist who has gone to Australia for the sake of his health; he dies there, and she is left to win her own livelihood. The story is of the vicissitudes she has to face, and of the love that comes to her and brings her much trouble and much unhappiness before it brightens to an ideal ending. The manly, self-sacrificing hero is very pleasantly drawn; there is a good deal of humour in the tale and some delightfully quaint minor characters. The pictures of Australian life in country and town, are presented with intimate knowledge and great skill; Miss Turner has a nice sense of style, and a wonderful understanding of the girl-mind. "Fair Ines" is an altogether wholesome and charming romance and one that is bound to be popular with Miss Turner's large and increasing circle of girl readers.

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Christmas Books for Children

The Little Fishes and Thumbeline
From "The Big Book of Fairy Tales," by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. (Blackie)
Reviewed on page 136

From Lives of the Fur Folk (*Longmans*). "LONELINESS AND LONGING."

LIVES OF THE FUR FOLK.

By M. D. HAVILAND. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

We will admit that when we opened this book we did not anticipate its reading with very much pleasure. A large number of volumes have already presented—or set out to present—lives of animals in a wild state, and our personal taste has never found them quite satisfactory. However, this is just where we were wrong. "Lives of the Fur Folk" is a delightful book, as suitable for adults as it is for children. The author has not made the mistake of dealing with too many animals in one book. Very wisely he has restricted himself to four—the fox, the rabbit, the cat (the domestic variety which wanders), and the badger. He tells just enough of the story of each to avoid the charge of sketchiness and to retain the reader's interest throughout. Perhaps his greatest triumph is that his animals are real animals, and nothing more. They possess no marvellous reasoning faculties; they are entirely creatures of instinct. Mr. Haviland writes from actual knowledge and appreciation of the characteristics of his protagonists, and his book may be very warmly recommended to all classes of readers. It is well illustrated and decorated by E. Caldwell.

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From The Book of the Animal Kingdom (*Dent*). DINGO PUPS.

From The Black Bear (*T. Werner Laurie*). "THE NEXT DAY WE CUT A HOLE IN THE SACK SO THAT HE COULD RIDE WITH HIS HEAD OUT."

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In this magnificently illustrated volume Mr. Percival Westell supplies a comprehensive survey of nearly all the known mammals of the world. His method is straightforward and accurate, and the brief account which he gives of each animal is well written and interesting. Mr. Westell's personal knowledge seems to have been considerably supplemented by his knowledge of the London Zoological Gardens, and his frequent references to them make his book especially suitable for London children. Mr. Charles Barrett contributes an admirable chapter upon the mammals of Australia, and the Rev. C. S. Cooper has written that entitled "Animals of Long Ago"—a chapter which should drive any boy to a study of geology. Special mention must be made of the 260 magnificent illustrations, mostly from photographs of the living animals made by Mr. W. S. Berridge. The publishers also include fourteen coloured plates. In every way this is a most fascinating book, and for scope and succinctness it will be found to be very hard to beat.

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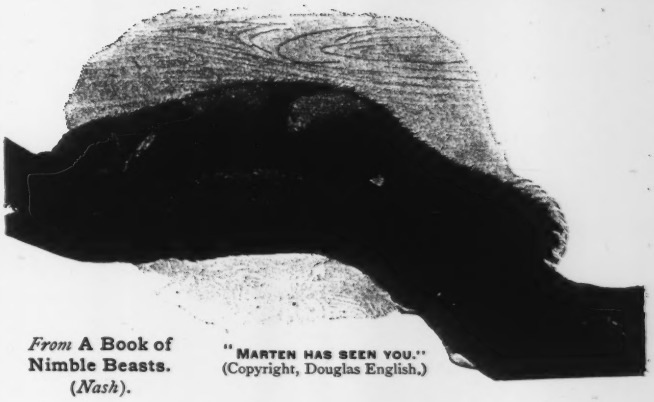

From **A Book of Nimble Beasts.** (*Nash*).

"Marten has seen you."
(Copyright, Douglas English.)

From **The Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse** (*Warne*).

See page 168.

THE BOY'S LIFE OF GREATHEART LINCOLN.

By W. Francis Aitken. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. (Partridge.)

Hardly any biography of a great man is more fascinating or more inspiring than the story of the life of Abraham Lincoln. Rising from humble beginnings, educated at home and chiefly self-taught, he climbed by sheer force of personality, fitness, and integrity of purpose, until he took his place on the highest seats of the mighty and became the uncrowned king of America. Mr. Francis Aitken has written the history of that great career sympathetically, vividly, and with the right fire of enthusiasm. There can be no half measures with Lincoln—you have either to love him or to hate him, and it is obvious that Mr. Aitken is among the vast majority who love him. In him was vindicated, as Phillips Brooks said, "the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness." You have the tale here of his early years in the backwoods, his primitive schooling, his passion for reading, his keen and growing interest in the vital problems that faced his generation, his vigorous entry into the political world, his fearless championship of the Indian, his noble fight for the emancipation of the Southern negro-slaves, his high courage and resolution all through the bitter war between North and South, his justice, his conscientious labour and finely unconventional methods as President—the whole great, immortal romance to that black day of his assassination; and it is more absorbingly interesting than any fiction and more thrilling because you know it is true. And everywhere Mr. Aitken strews his pages with capital anecdotes,

From **A Book of Nimble Beasts** (*Nash*).

"He sank from his hindquarters forward, slowly, grounded his nose between his paws, and stared."
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"THE WATER-NYMPHS CARRIED HIM DOWN UNDER THE LAKE TO BE THEIR PLAYFELLOW."

humorous and pathetic, many that were told by Lincoln and many about him. Mr. Aitken has done his work carefully and well; his book is sound biography and makes excellent reading.

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Mr. George Soper is probably the person to be thanked for this attractive re-issue. His illustrations, it may be said at once, are exceedingly clever, for they retain admirably the spirit of Kingsley's tales, and at the same time are in no way above the heads of children. His interpretation may be strongly recommended. Kingsley's "Heroes" has always been a popular re-issue, but a large audience should still be left for Messrs. Headley's delightful volume. We can think of no better Christmas gift for a child.

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In the days before the Battle of the Nile, a young boy talked with his boy-friend in the orchard of Appledeane Manor. He was sore, puzzled, and chafing; and his heart longed to make things clear and right. His own father, from whom he should have inherited this lovely estate, was dead, and by his will had left, it seemed, everything to his own brother, the boy's uncle. The two boys discussed the sad business, and Hal Mainwaring, the disinherited boy, threatened to run off to sea, to serve as common sailor, if he could serve as nothing else. The discussion was interrupted, and an interview between Hal and his grim, sneering uncle followed, in which Sir Jervis told his nephew a tale of the dead man's shame and wrong-doing. Hal, indignant and incredulous, determines to spend his life in clearing his father's name; and before long is shipped off to sea in a most undesirable vessel. In the story which follows this opening, Captain Shaw has provided stir and fight, adventure and victory sufficient to set any boy's blood tingling. There are hard work and hard fare in it, but there are also triumph and recognition by the great man, Nelson himself. How the truth was revealed and the great wrong righted we leave the boys who are lucky enough to get this volume at Christmas to find out for themselves.

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We do not think that Mr. Gerald Young will take it amiss if we say that Mr. Pogány's illustrations contributed as much to our enjoyment of "The Witch's Kitchen" as his own text; and perhaps Mr. Pogány will not mind if we admit that we enjoyed the story as much as his pictures. In fact, "The Witch's Kitchen" is one of those delightful books in which author and artist are in perfect accord. The story is fanciful, and, perhaps an unusual combination, exciting, and, we should think, is just the sort of thing to attract juvenile readers. Those who are on the look-out for gift-books can hardly do better than take note of it. It should, perhaps, be mentioned that Mr. Pogány's illustrations are very numerous, while several of them are reproduced in colour.

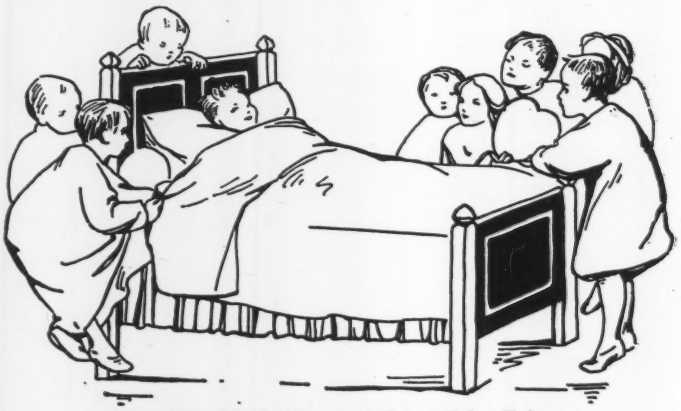
ANIMALS' TAGS AND TAILS.

Written and pictured by LOUISE M. GLAZIER. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

The title is thus accounted for on the fly-leaf:

"Most animals end in a tail that can wag,
And a moral that ends up a tale is a tag,"

and then follow the tales, with a tag at the end of each of



From **The Magic Key, and Other Fairy Tales**
(*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

From **The Witch's Kitchen** (*Harrap*).

them. They tell of the conceit of "the Cock"; and why the Rabbit's tail is stumpy and white; why the Snail cannot give a party; and all sorts of other things about all sorts of other animals and birds. Here is the very short tale about "The Fox" (not so much a tale, perhaps, as a philosophical reflection):

"I cannot sit upon the top
Of water, though I've tried;
Somehow it always seems to break,
And down I go inside.

"I can't think why, when silly ducks,
That only live to quack,
Can lie there safely all
day long,
And never make a
crack.

"The moral of this is: Though swimming is grand,
It's usually safer to *sit* on dry land."

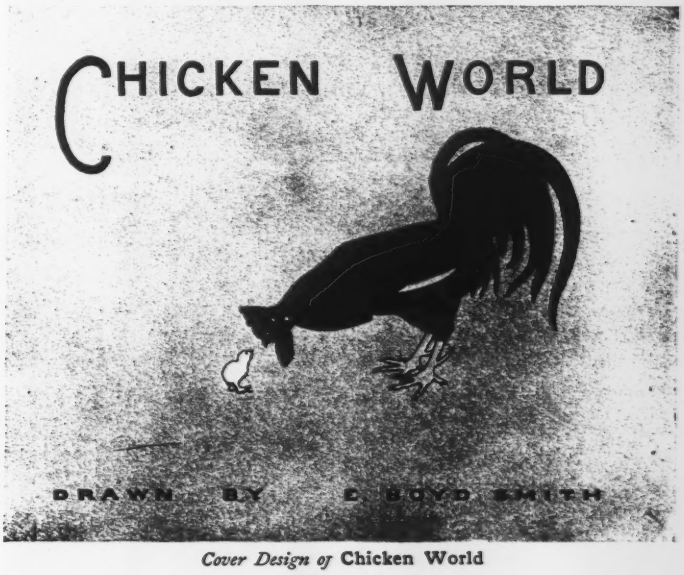
From **Animals' Tags and Tails** (*Elkin Mathews*)

Miss Glazier's original woodcuts are very quaint, and very excellent examples of the wood-engraver's art. The tales were written "for nothing at all but for fun," and the pictures were evidently drawn with the same end in view, and the result is a delightfully odd and amusing little book that may be warranted to keep any nursery bubbling with laughter. The verse-stories have exactly the right touch of whimsical, irresponsible humour, and make up an ideal nonsense-book for children.

SYLVIA'S VICTORY.

By E. L. HAVERFIELD. Illustrated in Colour by JAMES DURDEN. 3s. 6d. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Miss E. L. Haverfield's stories of school-girl life are deservedly among the most popular stories of their kind. Readers of "Dauntless Patty" and "Audrey's Awakening" will need nothing to recommend "Sylvia's Victory" beyond the statement that it is by the same author. Sylvia is a very charming heroine, cleverly and sympathetically drawn; the kindly Mrs. Hughes is mistaken in thinking she is "too sensitive to be happy"; she is only too sensitive to make others unhappy. "She is an extraordinary person," as Myrtle remarks to Phyllis; "she doesn't seem to have the smallest notion how good she is, or how much we all want her just as she is, without being a bit better." It is safe to say that Sylvia will win thousands of girl-lovers and that this tale of her varied adventures at school will rank with, if not above, the best of Miss Haverfield's novels.



Cover Design of **Chicken World** (*Putnam's*).

From Sylvia's Victory
(*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

"IN ANOTHER MOMENT SHE FELT HERSELF GRIPPED."

FIGHTING THE ICEBERGS.

By FRANK T. BULLEN. 6s. (Nisbet.)

No living author is better at telling a sea yarn for boys than Mr. Frank T. Bullen, and the one he has to tell in "Fighting the Icebergs" makes the best book he has ever written for them. Angus McFie, a rugged, somewhat shiftless, good-hearted seaman, is saved from drifting into a life of careless folly by his finding in the streets of Dundee a little abandoned waif: a winsome, small lad whom he adopts, and who gets such hold upon his heart as to bring about his reformation. It is a stirring and excellent story of how Angus and the little fellow, who is like a son to him, go to sea together; and later the boy serves as chief mate under his adoptive father. They meet with many and varied adventures, and for Angus,

From Beset by Savages
(*Nisbet*).

"TOUCH AND GO."

the boy, there comes in due course a winsome and delightful heroine in Doris, the sister of his close friend Dick, and a dainty romance that ends happily with the ending of the book. The perils faced by Angus and his boy in the frozen seas are vividly and vigorously narrated; there are some of the finest and most living descriptions of whale-fishing that we ever remember to have read. If you are looking for an ideal Christmas book for a boy with the right boyish taste in reading, you cannot possibly do better than get him "Fighting the Icebergs."

From Fighting the Icebergs
(*Nisbet*).

THE TUSSLE WITH THE WHALE.

BESET BY SAVAGES.

By HERBERT HAYENS. 5s. (Nisbet.)

Mr. Hayens's new book is a glorious mixture of adventure, mystery, and detection. The title gives the savages away, but it makes no mention—it would have to be voluminous if it did—of the book's other attractions.

In the second chapter the hero is left alone on a raft without means of sustenance, in the third he is rescued, in the fourth he is adopted by a mysterious gentleman who has lost his daughter, and in the fifth he begins his career of detection. There are villains galore—civilised and savage. And then there is the girl, and last of all—but as befits a writer for boys, the author lays little stress upon this—she marries the triumphant hero. "Beset by Savages" is really a splendid book of its kind, and it ought to be one of the most popular gift-books of the year.

INDIAN AND SCOUT.

By Captain F. S. Brereton. 5s. (Blackie.)

Captain Brereton has made a big name for himself as a story writer for boys, and his latest book may, at a low

From **Indian and Scout** (*Blackie*). "Jack swung his head round."

estimate, be placed among his best. Jack Kingsley, a fugitive from justice, seeks refuge in California at the time of the gold rush. Incidentally, of course, he is also on the look-out for money, and naturally he is not guilty of any crime. Captain Brereton, with his vigorous manner, and his high ability in the construction of exciting narrative, is just the man to make the best of a story of this description. Anyhow, here we have heaps of excitement and hairbreadth escapes, an excellent portrayal of the California of those days, and, last but not least, virtue triumphant. The boy will be difficult to please who does not care for "Indian and Scout."

THE ROMANCE OF THE POLAR SEAS.

By J. Kennedy Maclean. 6s. (Chambers.)

The romance of Arctic—and, for that matter, Antarctic—exploration has been turned to excellent account by Mr. Maclean in this finely produced book. It is a volume

From **Heroes of the Polar Seas** (*Chambers*). "Looked earnestly to the south and east, and afterwards sat down together and wept bitterly."

From **The Adventures of Dick Trevanion** (*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*). "Dick rushed like a whirlwind on the man."

From **Adventures among Red Indians** (*Seeley*).

A STARTLING EXPERIENCE.
"The world seemed to turn over and slip from under him."

From **Pam and Billy** (*Allen*).

"'BILLY, WE'RE PROUD OF YOU.'"

which contains full measure, but the author is ambitious as to scope, and necessarily it gives but a comparatively brief account of the trials and adventures of the separate Polar expeditions. Nevertheless, there is contained in Mr. Maclean's vivid chapters as complete a summary of Polar exploration as we have ever read. The book has, of course, been written primarily for boys, and to that end the author has included "adventurous" material of the sort which is bound to please them. It should be mentioned that it is quite up-to-date, including excellent accounts of Shackleton's expedition and Peary's discovery of the North Pole. It has eight clever illustrations by W. H. C. Groome, and two good maps.

THE ADVENTURES OF DICK TREVANION.

By HERBERT STRANG. Illustrated in Colour by W. RAINEY, R.I. 6s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a vigorous and picturesque romance of the glorious old smuggling days, and Dick Trevanion, the son

Cover design of **True Dog Stories** (*Harrap*).

BRUNO THE BRAVE.

of the testy, impecunious squire of Polkerran, a little village on the Cornish coast, finds himself in the thick of many adventures involving the running of contraband cargoes in despite of all that can be done by the preventive officers, and the landing of a rascally French force from a lugger to attack the squire's residence, "The Towers," and capture the squire and hold him to ransom. There is a strong and absorbingly interesting plot, and some of the finest and most whole-hearted fighting we have found in any pages. Doubledick the informer is drawn vividly and well; so, too, are Tonkin and the smugglers, and the bluff, simple fishermen of Polkerran. The whole book is alive with incident, and a certain discovery that is made upon the squire's land paves the way to a pleasant and thoroughly satisfactory ending of a brilliantly imagined and ably written story.

ADVENTURES AMONG RED INDIANS.

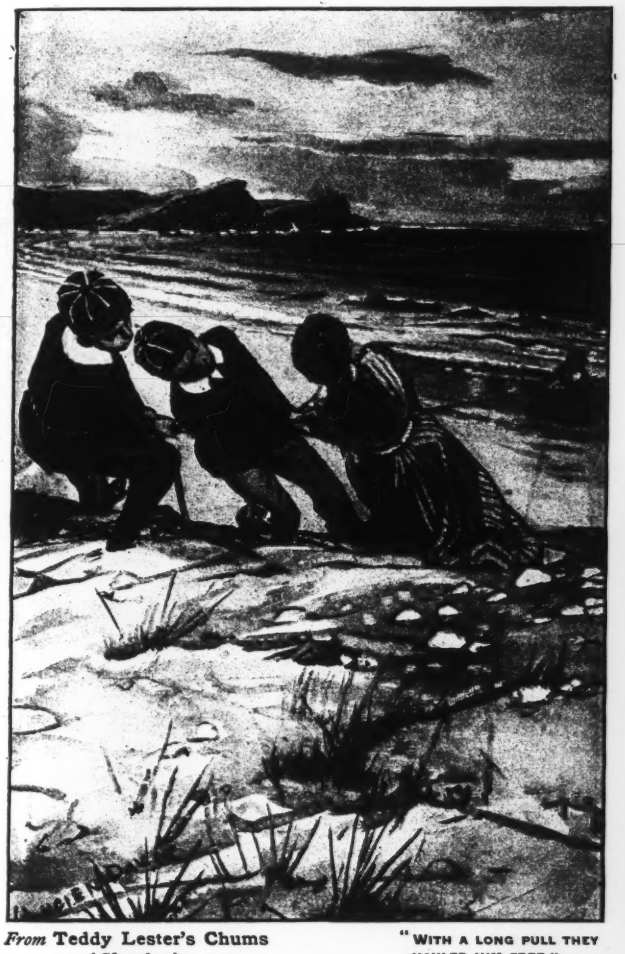
By H. W. G. Hyrst. 5s. (Seeley.)

The latest addition to Messrs. Seeley's excellent "Library of Adventure" is one which is fore-ordained to a great popularity among juvenile readers. Its character is sufficiently indicated by its title, but we would lay especial stress upon the fact that the "adventures" described are all true—or, at any rate, very nearly true. Mr. Hyrst writes with a facile pen, and he makes the most of some very thrilling material. He has clearly studied his subject to some advantage. The volume—which, by the way, is well illustrated—is one of real interest and ability.

PAM AND BILLY.

By Brenda Girvin. 3s. 6d. (Allen.)

"Pam and Billy" is one of those delicate, sentimental little stories which Christmas brings us. There is much



From Teddy Lester's Chums (*Chambers*).

"With a long pull they hauled him free."

charm in Miss Girvin's manner, but there is equally an appreciation of the difficulties which bestrew the lives of the very poor. The figure of Billy, the dreamy boy-violinist, whose real genius bursts upon an appreciative world at the end of the book, makes an attractive hero of rather an unusual type, and it finds a foil in that of the motherly Pam, who dances in a pantomime and has gained the dignity of lines to speak:

> "Whither goest, pretty mortal,
> Slight of form and fair of face?"

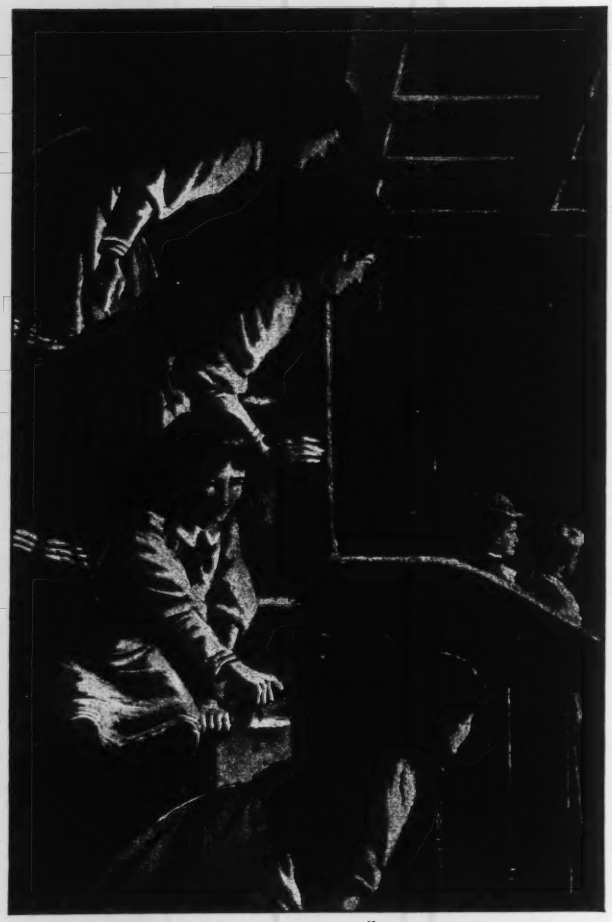
Honestly, of course, the tale is not so very likely; it is not, we fear, quite typical of the lives of poor children. But it does not pretend to be realistic, and it would be churlish to cavil at the delicacies of a charming little book. The volume has several clever illustrations by Horace Quick.

From The Boy Bondsman (*Partridge*).

"The white horse and his riders had swept over the precipice."

From Poetry of Empire (*Jack*).

"No stay—no pause. With one accord
They grasped each other's hand,
And plunged into the angry flood,
That bold and dauntless band."
—*The Island of the Scots.*



From Pretty Girl and the Others (*Chambers*).

"THE GIRLS SAW A STIFFLY BUT WELL-DRESSED LADY GOING DOWNSTAIRS."

TRUE DOG STORIES.

By LILIAN GASK. 3s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

Miss Lilian Gask's attractive compilation is one which has long been worth making. In simple yet effective language she tells a number of true anecdotes which concern themselves primarily with the dog's affection for his master. In such a book as this it must be difficult to find the variety which the series needs, but the author turns her material to remarkably good account, and we cannot say that we remember having heard any of her tales before. Sympathetic and well written, the book is just such a one as will attract the average child, and it should make a very popular gift-book. It contains several pleasant illustrations by E. S. and Dorothy Hardy.

TEDDY LESTER'S CHUMS.

By J. FINNEMORE. With Illustrations. 5s. (W. & R. Chambers.)

No doubt there is many a boy who remembers with satisfaction Mr. Finnemore's earlier book, "His First Term," and no doubt any boy who knew that earlier book wanted, when he came to its last chapter, to know more of Teddy and his Japanese friend Ito. Teddy and Ito are to be met with again in this new story, and when they come back to Slapton School after the holidays, they have as a third chum an odd-looking new boy named Jimmy West. Jimmy West, otherwise "The Bat," is unusually ugly, has a bad squint, a half-open mouth, a stammer, and long ungainly arms. But, as Teddy told Ito, "the old Bat isn't half such a fool as he looks." This fact was well proved on the Bat's first evening at Slapton, and his early adventures with two of the bullies of the school quicken the reader's attention and make him anxious to learn more of the new boy's experiences. Mr. Finnemore knows boy nature both in a book and out of it, and he is wise enough to pack his tale with incident and give every chapter a distinct interest of its own. Sport is well described in these pages, and the ordinary routine of school life is very naturally portrayed. Altogether it is a lively tale well told and well illustrated, and will prove a safe investment for parents and uncles and aunts at Christmas-time.

THE BOY BONDSMAN:

or, Under the Lash. By KENT CARR. 5s. (Partridge.)

Mr. Kent Carr has written a very capable and effective melodrama of North America in the year 1718 which should be popular with boys. The hero, Anthony Shipley, is shipped to the North American Colonies as a convict, and he has at first an extremely bad time. However, later on he wins the confidence of his masters, and finishes the book by distinguishing himself, taking a leading part in the defeat and slaying of Blackbeard, the famous pirate, rapidly becoming Duke of Whitby, and marrying the girl of his heart. There is naturally a lot of minor detail which leads up to this very desirable finish, and it is in its concoction that Mr. Carr especially excels. "The Boy Bondsman" is a stirring and well-constructed book, which should meet with much approval. It is illustrated in colour.

PRETTY-GIRL AND THE OTHERS.

By L. T. MEADE. 3s. 6d. (W. & R. Chambers.)

"Mother said I was to be Pretty-girl, because I was—because I was—*ugly*. She said it would sort o' comfort me," explains one of the four little Irish girls who figure as the heroines of Mrs. Meade's new book, "Pretty-girl and the Others." It would be difficult to find a more uncommon set of heroines. On the death of their mother, which occurs at the beginning of the story, they are left practically penniless in their old tumble-down house in the wilds of Ireland; they have been brought up in a

From Sarah's School Friend (*Chambers*).

"'I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE CALLED ME 'LASS!' I WAS SO HOPING SOME ONE WOULD."

From The Adventures of Jasmin (*Jarrold*). "THE MAN WAS BIG AND STRONGLY BUILT, WITH AN EVIL-LOOKING FACE."

free, happy-go-lucky style, and greatly object to leaving their beloved Ireland and going over to England to live with an uncle in an orderly parish rectory. So unbearable is the idea to Meg, the eldest one, that she runs away, and the uncle and three younger girls are obliged to cross over without her. What becomes of Meg, the reception of the three at the rectory, their wild escapades, and the way in which their aunt, who says she "was never made to manage children," fails dismally to get on with them because she has not the heart of a mother, is told in an able and sympathetic manner. The four little orphans will certainly appeal to the heart of every girl reader who picks up the book.

SARAH'S SCHOOL FRIEND.

By MAY BALDWIN. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (W. & R. Chambers.)

Although a story about school friends, this is not a story of school-life. Sarah Clay is the beautiful daughter of a very rich mill-owner, a man who has risen from being a mill-hand to be the master of scores of mill-hands himself. He is rough and rich and over-bearing; and Sarah on her return from school to the over-decorated, over-furnished home, finds it hard work to be even civil to the father who jars upon her sensitive, cultured nature. Sarah's mother was a pretty little London milliner when Mark Clay married her, and her nature is not one to adapt itself to her risen fortunes. Altogether life is not very happy for Sarah in a home where only her brother George, who has been educated at Eton and Cambridge, is in any way suited to the elaborate and luxurious surroundings. To this household comes Sarah's school friend, Horatia, a well-born, merry, and sensible girl. She becomes a favourite with all, and from her Sarah learns gradually the difference between true gentility and false. Miss Baldwin finds scope for her story in the home and in the mill-yard, and from both she draws incident and dramatic situations. The development of Sarah's character, and of that of George, the polite and seemingly indolent young man of the house, is skilfully shown; and, as usual, Miss Baldwin has woven her material into a lively story, with a moral for those who think about it.

THE ADVENTURES OF JASMIN.

By L. E. TIDDEMAN. With 5 Illustrations by ELIZABETH EARNSHAW. 2s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

Jasmin is a very charming heroine for a girls' book. She is decidedly not too good, but she is very anxious to do good, as are so many girls, and her incidental adventures make excellent reading. Miss Tiddeman writes with a nice appreciation of the girl character, and with a quiet humour which is singularly effective. We have enjoyed her book, and we believe that it is fairly safe to say that most other people are likely to do the same. The volume is one of Messrs. Jarrold's series of "Empire Rewards," which means that it leaves nothing to be desired from the point of view of production.

THE PROBATIONER.

By A. M. IRVINE. 2s. 6d. (Partridge.)

There is an irresistible spirit of youth and zeal about "The Probationer" that makes it a decidedly refreshing book to read. The story is supposed to be told by a young girl, a member of a well-to-do family, who suddenly wakes up and realises the uselessness of her selfish, aimless life, and determines to become a nurse. She manages to make her amazed and protesting parents and sisters understand that she is in earnest, and enters a children's hospital to serve her time as a probationer. After her spoilt and petted home-life she cannot at first grasp the

From The Probationer (*Partridge*). "WITHOUT STOPPING TO THINK I SLIPPED INTO THE STOREROOM."

From Picnic Fairy Tales (*Elliot Stock*).

"THE MAGICIAN HASTENING ALONG WITH GREAT STRIDES AND ANGRY MUTTERING."

fact that in the hospital she is a mere nonentity. She makes fearful mistakes, and finds that she is absolutely ignorant, stupid, and helpless over many trivial everyday things; this knowledge gradually forces its way home, breaks down her pride, and forms the foundation-stone for the building up of the finer side of her character. The story is a mixture of pathos and humour, and is told in a delightfully frank and straightforward way.

PICNIC FAIRY TALES.

By E. TATTERSALL. 2s. 6d. (Elliot Stock.)

A young hospital nurse takes her three little convalescent charges out for a series of picnics up a river, and at each picnic she relates a fairy tale to them. The stories are delightfully entertaining, and the following titles give an idea of some of the things the children hear about: "The Wicked Queen and the Dragon's Spring," "The Obstinate Princess," "The Waters of Truth," "The Princess and the Magician," and "The Golden Acorns." But the children are not the only people who enjoy the nurse's tales. Close beside them is moored another boat, hidden from sight by the overhanging trees, and inside is some one else who sits and listens to the fairy stories. And who this some one else is and what happens at the end of the last story give an added interest to an exceedingly attractive book.

From The Imp and the Elf and the Ogre (*Nisbet*).

"'LOOK INTO THE WATER, MY DEAR,' SAID THE GODMOTHER."

THE IMP AND THE ELF AND THE OGRE.

By ARTHUR RANSOME. Illustrated. 2s. net. (J. Nisbet & Co.)

"This is a little book all about two children who live in a grey house with ivy on its walls, set in the middle of a garden with an orchard at its back." Four people belong to the garden: "the Imp, the Elf, the gardener, and me." The Elf is a little girl, the Imp a little boy. Also belonging to the garden are the Feathered People, and the "little folk" such as spiders, snails, bees, wasps, earwigs, worms, and caterpillars, to say nothing of the cat. The Ogre himself tells the story, and a very prettily fanciful and delightful story it is, all about the garden and the garden creatures, and the things that happen to them in sun and rain and snow and storm all through the changing year. It is a nature book for children, but they will not guess that they are reading any more than a pleasant, quaint tale, so lightly and cleverly is it all done.

From A Child's Rhyme Book (*Melrose*).

THE LILAC FAIRY BOOK.

Edited by ANDREW LANG. With 6 Coloured Plates and Numerous Illustrations by H. J. FORD. 6s. (Longmans.)

The Lilac Fairy Book is in every respect worthy of its many and many-hued predecessors, and contains a number of splendid illustrations, some coloured, some black-and-white, by H. J. Ford. In a whimsical preface to the book Mr. Andrew Lang recommends the only three fairy books he has ever written himself, and makes some confessions in order to give "credit where credit is due." The fairy book series, he says, "have been almost wholly

the work of Mrs. Lang, who has translated and adapted them from the French, German, Portuguese, Italian, Spanish, Catalan, and other languages. My part has been that of Adam, according to Mark Twain, in the Garden of Eden. Eve worked, Adam superintended. I also superintend. I find out where the stories are, and advise, and, in short, superintend." Mr. and Mrs. Lang are to be heartily congratulated on their joint work, which has brought, and continues to bring, delight and pleasure to so many. The stories in the new volume are gathered from all over the world; there are over thirty of them, and every one of them a good one, and a fairy story of the right, true sort.

From **The Lilac Fairy Book** (*Longmans*).

"THE 'CHAIR' WAS TAKEN BY AN APE, A HUMAN OURANG FROM THE CAPE."

From **Rumbo Rhymes, or The Great Combine** (*Harper*).

RUMBO RHYMES;

or The Great Combine: A Satire. By ALFRED C. CALMOUR. With Illustrations in Colour by WALTER CRANE. 5s. net. (Harper.)

The *raison d'être* of this book is undoubtedly the fine series of pictures which Mr. Crane gives us. These are reproduced in colour in a manner which is probably as satisfactory to the artist as it will be to the general public. The drawings cover pretty well the whole range of the better known members of the animal kingdom from the flea to the elephant. They display to the fullest advantage Mr. Crane's rich sense of colour and of decorative effect. Mr Calmour's verses go with a swing, but we cannot honestly say that they reach a very high level of satire, the conclusion especially being disappointing. The idea is good:

"Men in their purblind selfish dream
Say, 'We are Gods, divine, supreme,
You lower creatures are for us,
To eat, enjoy, *de gustibus*;
Accept that fact, don't make a fuss.'

"In sum, that is the view of man,
And so he acts upon that plan;
And has done since the world began:
Or since his present graceless shape
Was modified from Father Ape.

"The time has come when he must learn,
Though *man* may be condemned to burn,
That fish and fowl and pigs and kine
—Since they have formed a big 'combine'—
This doubtful honour must decline."

And as Mr. Crane's pictures hang upon that idea we have no cause to grumble.

THE ORANGE CAT

and Other Verses. By FFRIDA WOLFE. Pictured by P. A. STAYNES. 1s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Children who have tired of the old nursery rhymes

From **The Orange Cat, and Other Verses** (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

"THE FATAL DOOR, THE LAST (BUT ONE) OF ALL."

From **Stories from Shakespeare** (*Harrap*).

PERDITA.
"The prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the greensward."

will welcome the merry, swinging verses found in "The Orange Cat." Both the verses and illustrations have a charming quaintness and a fascination that is all their own. One of the brightest little poems the book contains is "My Holiday," which begins:

"Oh if I had a holiday!—a day! a day! a holiday!—
A day that no one planned for me, but all my very own,
I'd seek a boat and sail away—away! away! and far away!—
With no one to look after me, just John and me alone."

And particularly well done is the picture of the High Street. It is altogether a book that children will thoroughly enjoy.

STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

Retold by THOMAS CARTER. With 16 full-page Illustrations by GERTRUDE DEMAIN HAMMOND, R.I. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

In this well-printed handsomely bound volume Mr. Thomas Carter tells, or retells, the stories of eleven of Shakespeare's plays—five of the great tragedies, four of the romantic dramas, and two of the comedies. He has a delightfully easy and natural narrative gift that makes him an ideal writer of such a book as this; and Miss Hammond's colour-pictures are altogether charming. Her Cordelia standing before Lear telling her father she can say nothing more than her sisters have said to draw to herself a larger share of his opulence is the very type and fashion of maidenly gentleness and dignity; her Shylock and Jessica are admirable. It is a volume that younger readers will find good both to read and to look at, and should be among the most popular of the Christmas gift-books.

NEVER-NEVER LAND:

or, Rhymes for You and Me. Fireside Library. 1s. 6d. (Nelson.)

This is an attractive little anthology of poems which should be suitable for reading to young children. The selection seems to us to have been excellently made, and among the authors we notice the names of R. L. Stevenson, Blake, Tennyson, Coleridge, Christina Rossetti, Miss Betham-Edwards, and E. V. Lucas. Good children's poetry is comparatively rare, for, so far as we can see, the publishers have made no omission of importance. The book has eight attractive illustrations in colour, and a number of black-and-white decorations upon each page. It is to be hoped that it will meet with the success it deserves.

From **The Never-Never Land** (*Nelson*).

THE SLOWCOACH.

By E. V. LUCAS. With Coloured Illustrations by M. V. WHEELHOUSE. 6s. (Wells Gardner & Co.)

Mr. Lucas's freshness of thought and fertility of invention have certainly not failed him in his new book. He has woven the most interesting day-by-day chronicle for children out of a fortnight's holiday in the Midlands. "The Slowcoach," be it understood, was a caravan, and this book is "a story of road-side adventure." The "Slowcoach" drove into the yard of the Avorys' house one day, quite unexpectedly: a gift from an anonymous friend—at least, so the Avorys thought. And at once a most beautiful and exciting caravan holiday was planned, the Avory children and three friends being allowed to go off by themselves, seven of them, with only old Kink, the gardener, and Diogenes, the dog, as driver and protector respectively. The journey began at Oxford and ended at Farringdon, and included Stratford-on-Avon, Evesham, Cheltenham, and Cirencester, and was full of fun and hard work and adventures and friends and surprises. In the end it turned out that the Slowcoach was not intended for the Avorys at all, but that was *after* the glorious holiday was over; and, as things turned out, the mistake will not prevent them from having another caravan holiday next year. Mr. Lucas has become a dangerous rival to Mr. Andrew Lang, with his annual

book which every child must have. Certainly every household must have "The Slowcoach" this Christmas.

CHILDREN OF JAMAICA.

By ISABEL CRANSTOUN MACLEAN. With 8 Coloured Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

CHILDREN OF JAPAN.

By JANET HARVEY KELMAN. With 8 Coloured Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

These are two delightful and tastefully produced gift-books that will be read with interest and with pleasure by both children and adults. The one is a history in brief of Japan, and the other of Jamaica, but it is all in the form of stories and sketches of the country and the people, the history coming in easily and naturally here and there by the way. There are charming chapters in "Children of Japan" on Childhood, on Games and Feasts, one on the Dim Background of the Past, and another on what Japan was "before the coming of the West," and in addition several of the quaintest and most fascinating of folk-tales. The "Children of Jamaica" is on much the same lines; some of the best sketches deal with Fairy

From **The Slowcoach** (*Wells Gardner*). "THEY WERE SITTING AT TEA UNDER THE CEDAR, TALKING ABOUT A GREAT TRAGEDY."

Tales of Jamaica, the Babies at Home in Jamaica, Jamaican Children at Play, and the Coming of the Missionaries. Both books are brightly and entertainingly written, evidently by authors who are thoroughly at home with their subjects. The colour illustrations are excellent.

CHICKEN WORLD.

Drawn by E. BOYD SMITH. 7s. 6d. net. (Putnam's.)

This attractive series of drawings—reproduced in colour—illustrates the life of a chicken from the laying of the egg until the end of its first year. Such a subject may seem at first blush sufficiently hackneyed, but Mr. Boyd Smith's drawings are imbued with a freshness and vitality which are bound to make them welcome. It is to be noted, moreover, that the artist does not strain himself in an effort to be wildly and farcically humorous. He sticks, instead, closely to life—tinging it ever so delicately with a fine sense of comedy. The brief explanatory text printed below each illustration is fairly satisfactory, but the book stands entirely on its pictures, which, by the way, are exceedingly well reproduced. We predict a great success for "Chicken World."

STARS SHOWN TO THE CHILDREN.

By ELLISON HAWKS. 2s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

Even on the cover of this book we found information. We had been told long ago that two of the stars of the Great Bear point to the Pole Star. No doubt we were also informed which the particular stars were, but that had been forgotten. It was with joy, therefore, that we beheld the neat little diagram upon the outside cover of "Stars Shown to the Children." It has resolved our doubts for ever, and henceforward a certain portion of the heavens will always be to us the cover of a book. And the interior justifies the high expectations formed from the outside. Mr. Hawks's pages are packed with information, and he writes so simply and clearly that anybody—even the dullest of grown-ups—cannot help understanding him. The book is exceedingly well illustrated with fifty plates, and it is remarkably cheap at the price. We wish every success to this latest volume of an excellent series.

PARABLES FROM NATURE.

By MARGARET GATTY. Illustrated by ALICE B. WOODWARD. 5s. net. (Bell & Sons.)

Perhaps Mrs. Gatty herself scarcely realised how many parables could be drawn from nature when she published

From **Children of Japan** (*Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier*). "THE BABY IS BOUND ON TO ITS MOTHER'S BACK."

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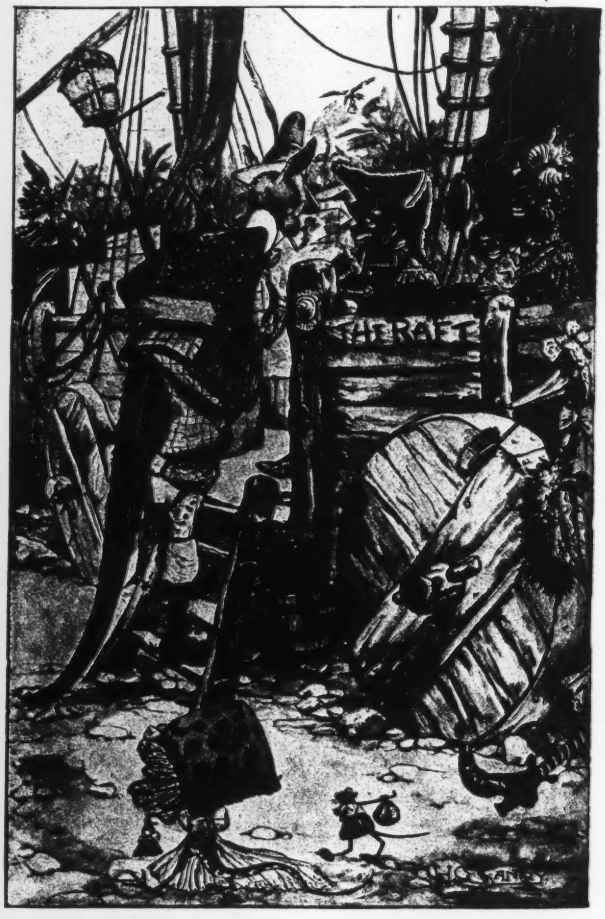

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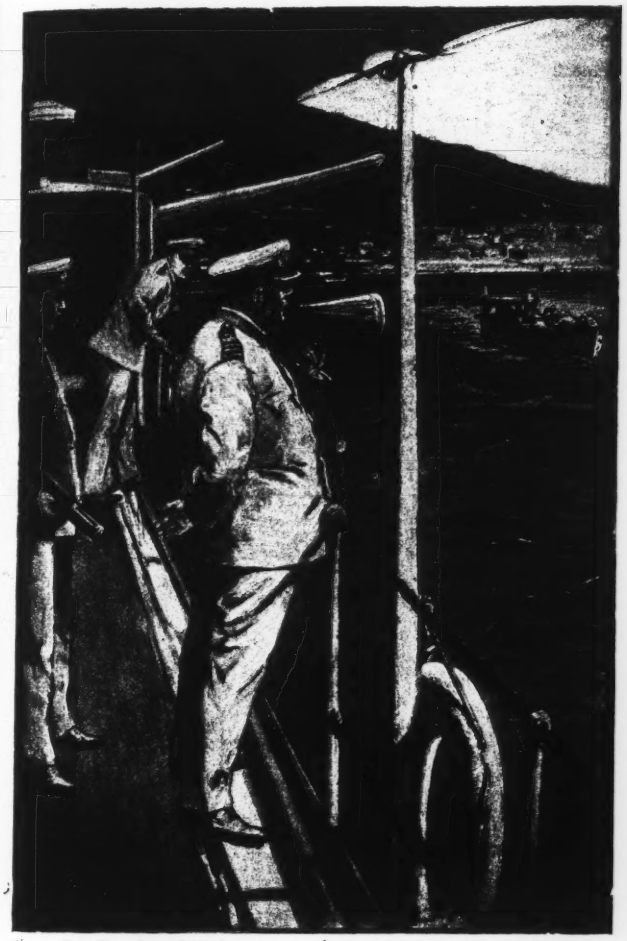

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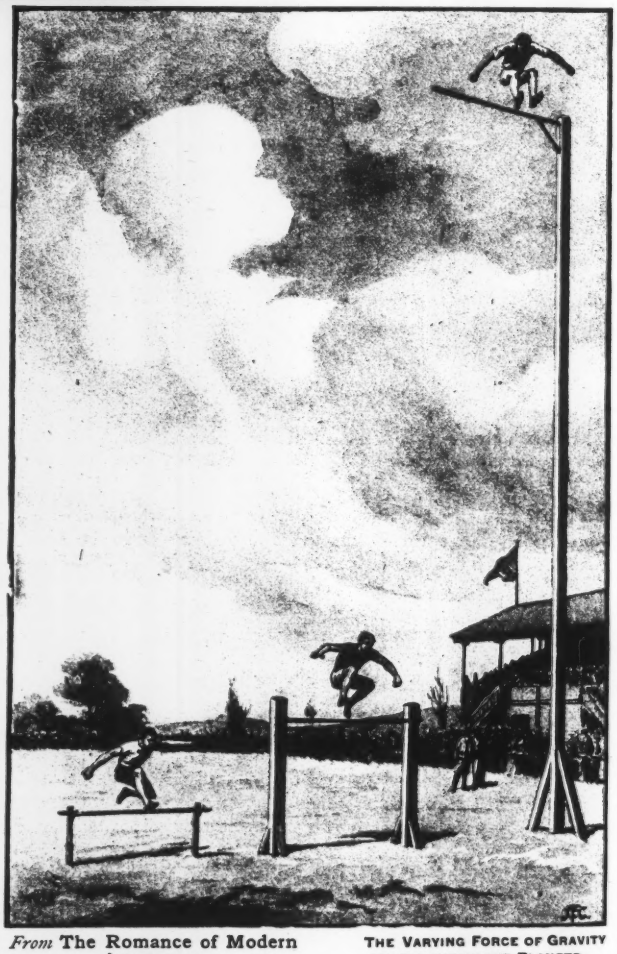

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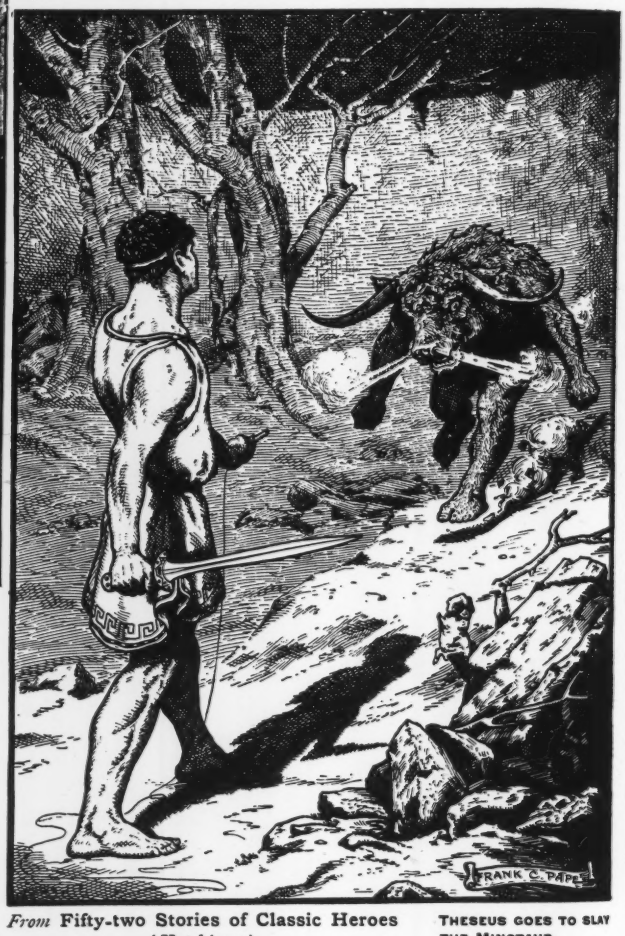

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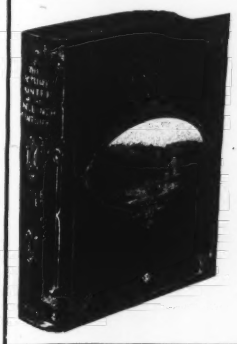

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From **The Child of the Air** (*Duckworth*). THE MAID AND THE EAGLE.

THE FARM THAT GLUE MADE.

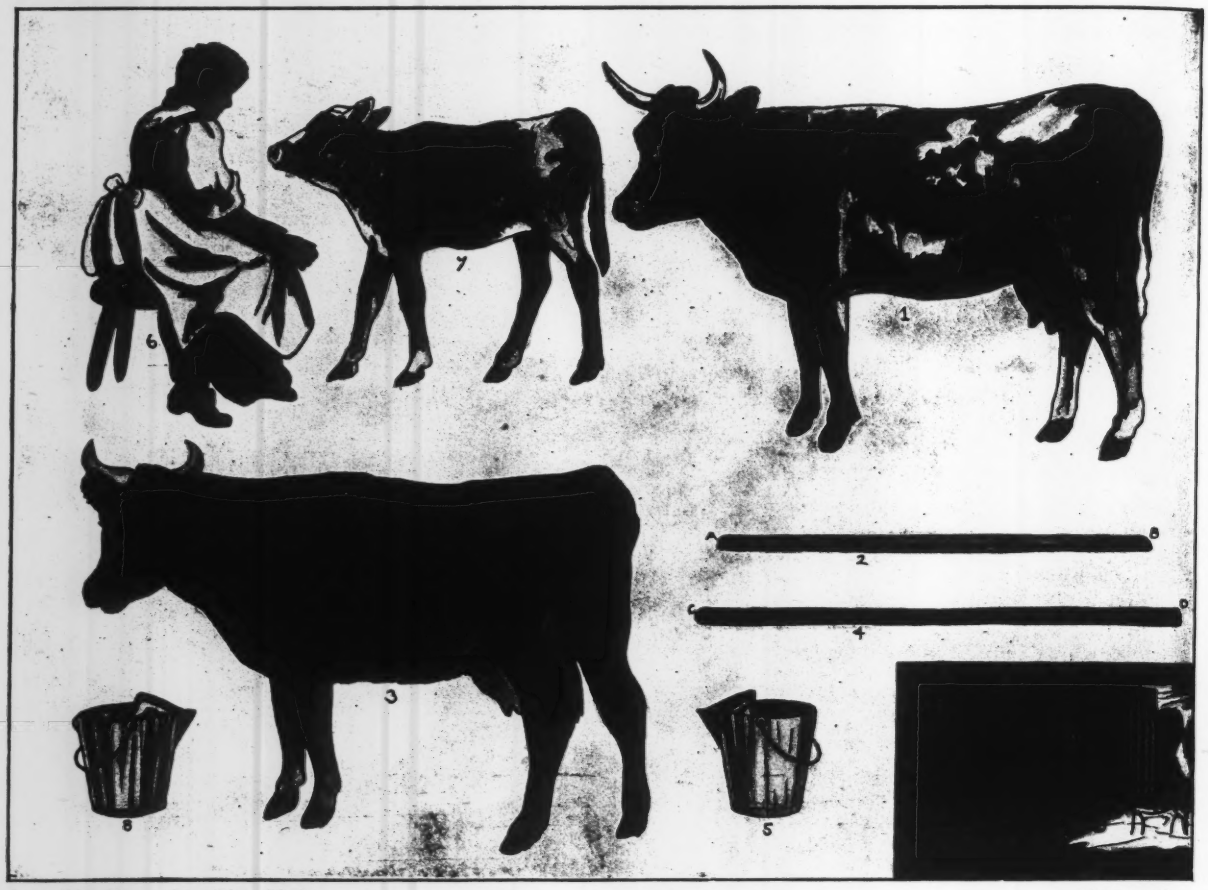
By CLARA ANDREWS WILLIAMS. Illustrated in colours by GEORGE A. WILLIAMS. (W. & R. Chambers.)

This is an ingenious and entertaining book that appeals particularly to children who love the country, and will serve to teach those who are less familiar with it many things about the farm and farm life. It contains by way of backgrounds several scenes on a farm; on other pages are the figures of the farmer, the farm animals and tools, children playing, and the farmer's men and maids engaged in their various occupations. These are to be cut out and pasted in their proper positions on the scenes given, the text simply and clearly explaining how it is all to be done. It is the sort of toy-book that should keep children amused for hours at a stretch, supplying them with a task that is at once a capital game and a sort of lesson in how a farm is worked.

HALF-HOLIDAYS WITH ANIMALS.

By L. BEATRICE THOMPSON. 6s. (Gay & Hancock.)

Miss Thompson is an American writer with a considerable knowledge and appreciation of the natures of wild and domestic animals. Her pleasant little sketches are written in a bright and easy manner, which should be appreciated by children. For the purpose of making her book easy to understand, she has written it mainly in the form of dialogue—improving dialogue, of course, but it has the advantage of appearing natural. By this means she conveys a great deal of information in an attractive manner. Although the book is written principally for the American



From The Farm that Glue Made (*Chambers*).

MILKING TIME.

child there seems to us to be no reason why his cousin on "the other side" should not benefit by it. The illustrations, drawn by the author, are numerous and effective.

THE MEAN-WELLS.

By MABEL QUILLER COUCH. 3/6. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)

Those children who number the Carrol girls, Troublesome Ursula, and Kitty Trenire among their friends will hasten to welcome "The Mean-wells," the latest family of children introduced to us by Miss Quiller Couch. And those who have not yet made the acquaintance of the Carrols, Ursula, and Kitty will want to do so at once after reading about Priscilla, Loveday, and Geoffrey Carlyon. They are

From Half-Holidays with Animals (*Gay & Hancock*).

SPANISH CATTLE.

three of the most natural and lovable little children imaginable. Their father is a doctor, and they live in the small village of Trelint, about fifteen miles from the sea. When the story opens the house is all bustle and excitement, for Loveday, the littlest one, has consented to have a wobbly tooth pulled out. The way in which Miss Quiller Couch describes the importance of Loveday and the dissatisfaction and envy of Priscilla because the heroine of the tooth-pulling occasion is to receive a shilling and some sweets for her bravery is irresistibly funny. One is in sympathy with the Mean-wells from the first, and follows their adventures with keenest interest to the last page of the last chapter. Miss Quiller Couch's sympathetically humorous

From The Mean-wells
(*Wells Gardner*).

"THEY SHOOK OUT THEIR PINAFORES OVER THE DIZZY HEIGHTS"

pen has won her a place in the foremost rank of present-day writers for children; and "The Mean-wells" will strengthen her position there.

From The Spy
(*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

"HE HAULED HIM BACK, AND THREW HIM TO THE GROUND."

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From **A Fourth-Form Boy**
(*Macdonald & Evans*).

AFTER THE FIRST SMOKE.

From Stories from Dante (*Harrap*). THE SALUTATION OF BEATRICE.

A FOURTH-FORM BOY.

By R. P. Garrold, S.J. 5s. (Macdonald & Evans.)

We had occasion last year to draw the attention of our readers to an excellent school story by Father Garrold, entitled "The Boys of St. Batts." It is a pleasure to find that he has followed up this book with a more ambitious effort, and one which in our opinion places him in the front rank of writers in this particular *genre*. "A Fourth-Form Boy"—described as "a day-school story"—is something more than the average plotful school book. There is a story, certainly, and a very excellent one; but the book's chief merit lies in the author's sense of the boy character. His boys are just boys: unheroic, prosaic, imperfect. And the school is just an ordinary school, with the addition of certain variations in minor detail which will give the book a touch of piquancy to the non-Catholic reader. "A Fourth-Form Boy" is something more than the ordinary, or gift, tale which is so much to the fore at Christmas; it is a serious effort in a very difficult medium. The book is one which will interest adults just as much as boys, and boys just as much—though possibly for different reasons—as adults.

THE SPY.

By Captain Charles Gilson. Illustrated in Colour by Cyrus Cuneo. 6s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

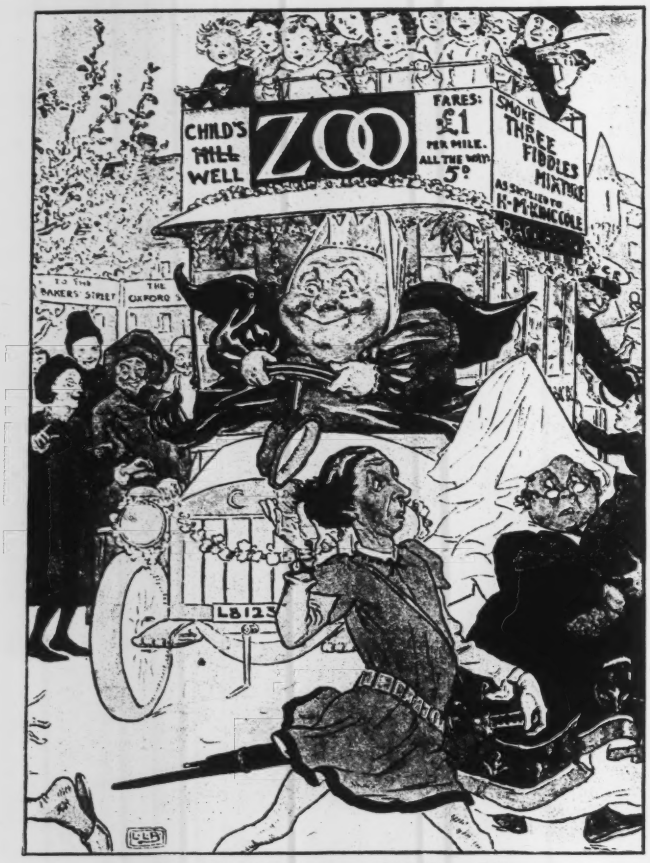
This is a story of the Peninsular War—Sir Jeffery Jones's own story of how he fought at Badajoz and won for himself the love of the Spanish girl whose portrait hung above his fireplace at Heatherford Hall in the days when he was old and sat down to write his memoirs. He was only sixteen when he obtained a commission in a foot regiment and went under Sir Arthur Wellesley's command into Portugal, to restore to his kingdom that King of Portugal whom Napoleon had dethroned. Before he is out of England, Sir Jeffery falls in with a French spy, has an exciting chase after him and nearly succeeds in capturing him, and this same spy plays a sinister and picturesque part in his varied and adventurous career. There is some capital fighting in the book; Captain Gilson's knowledge of military history and his gift of vivid imagination stand him in good stead. The story has humour; it is alive with incident and rises to several finely dramatic situations. Every boy who loves tales of war and perilous enterprise—and what boy does not?—will read "The Spy" with unqualified enjoyment.

STORIES FROM DANTE.

By Susan Cunnington. With Illustrations in Colour by Evelyn Paul. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

The first two chapters in this book give an account of Florence, and Dante's connection with it, and of the poet's relations with Beatrice. These are followed by a series of well-informed and interesting chapters, introducing the great figures of "The Divine Comedy"—relating the stories of their lives and something of the histories of their times and countries. As a guide and help to the study of Dante the work is of great value; but it is so interesting in itself as a collection of stories of great heroes and great tyrants and of people who are remarkable now only because of the place Dante gave them in his poem, that it is before all a book full of good reading, and its use as a Dante concordance becomes a matter of rather secondary importance. There is a beautiful colour reproduction of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Beatrice" for frontispiece, and fifteen clever colour-plates by Evelyn Paul that add appreciably to the attractiveness of the volume. . . .

From Three New Chum Girls (*Ward, Lock*). "THEY BEGAN TO FEEL THEY HAD KNOWN ONE ANOTHER FOR A VERY LONG WHILE SOMEWHERE ELSE."



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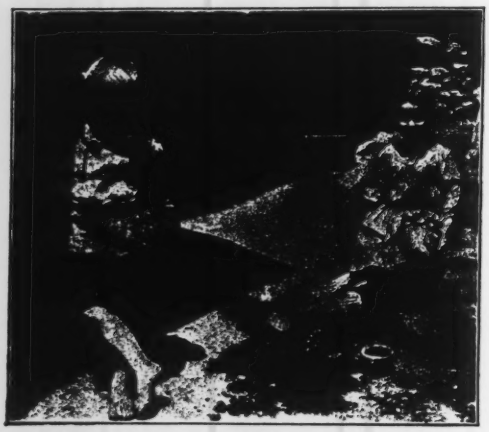
The work of Lilian Turner (Mrs. F. Lindsay Thompson) is as sound and readable as that of her better-known sister, Ethel Turner. This, of course, is saying a good deal. In her latest book, which is admirably suited for the elder variety of schoolgirl, she again makes excellent use of her knowledge of Australian life and manners. The plot, perhaps, is not strikingly original, but at least it has the merit of being well tried; while the book's real value may be sought for in the pleasant glimpses it affords of life in a "new" country. "Three New Chum Girls"—which, by the way, is admirably illustrated by Mr. J. Macfarlane—should have a considerable popularity.



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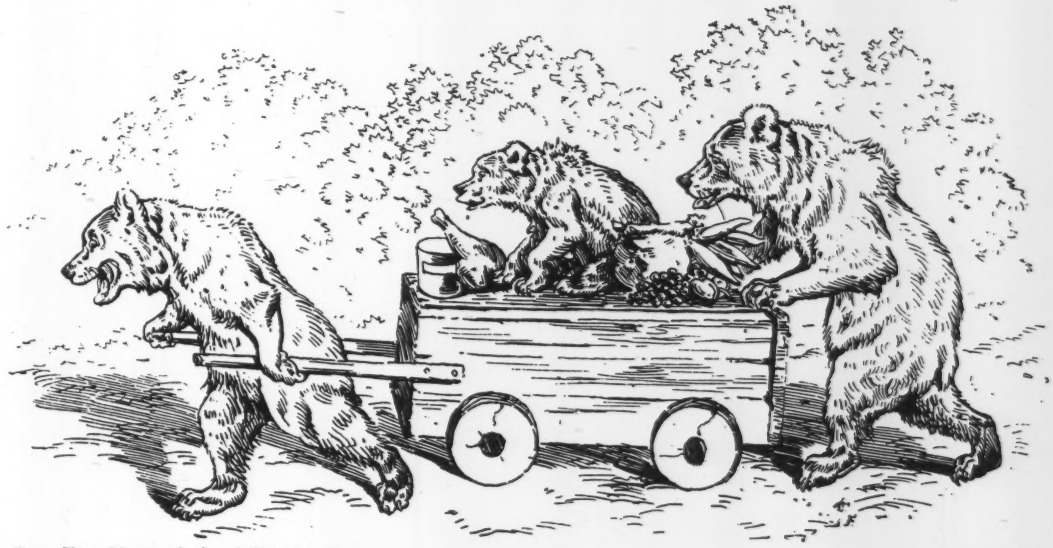

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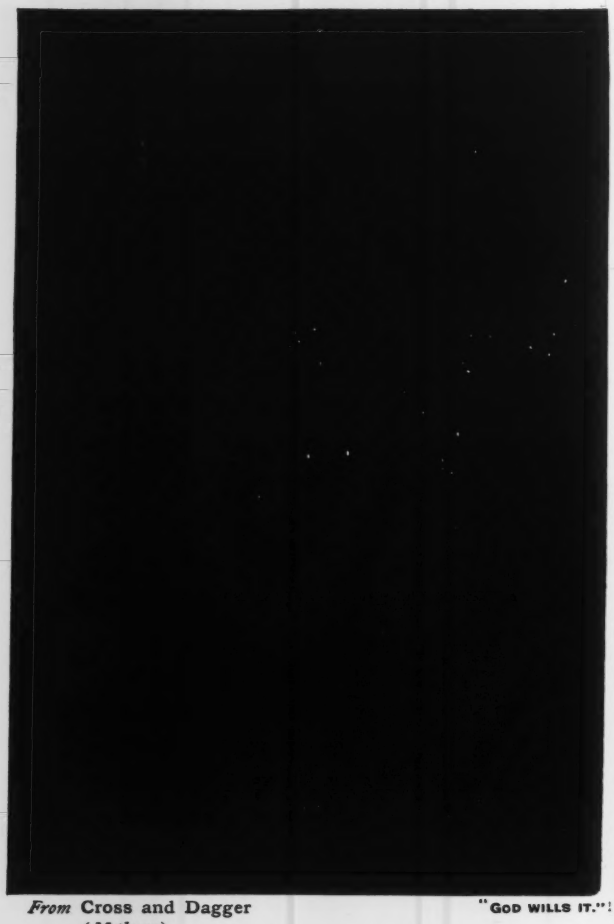

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